

A REEVALUATION OF THE LITERARY WORKS OF
EDWARD ALEXANDER [ALEISTER] CROWLEY

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by
Charles Nicholas Serra II
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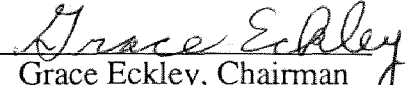
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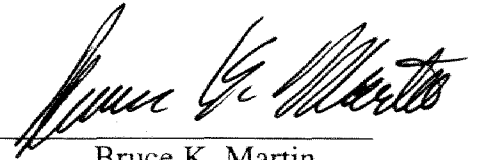
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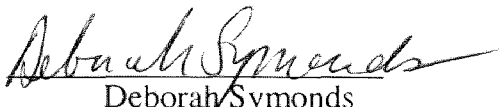
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Dedicated to four instrumental people:

For Aleister Crowley, who quested after “the light that never shone on land or sea”; for B. H. who provided patronage and patience; for Grace Eckley, who managed to nurse me through; and for L. L., “my Gitana, my Saliya,” who has all the answers I lack, now in the ineffable.

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A REEVALUATION OF THE LITERARY WORKS OF
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Abstract

For the last fifty years the poetry and prose of Edward Alexander [Aleister] Crowley (1875-1947) has been systematically ignored by scholars and critics on the narrow grounds that it deals with the occult sciences, is pornographic, or simply because detractors did not agree with Crowley's personal philosophy or life. Since the mid 1970's, however, academics have become increasingly interested in the mystical and occult content of William Butler Yeats's poetry, praising it for the same characteristics which have always been labeled "defects" in Crowley's work.

Section One, "Yeats and the Golden Dawn," describes the formative matrix to which both men belonged, and to a certain extent their relations with each other as members of an esoteric fraternity. It comes as no surprise that the magical system of the Golden Dawn shaped the poetry of both; however, one finds that the mystical content is much more pronounced in Crowley's poetry as typified in six pieces from this period of his life. Among these also is one which has traditionally been considered a detraction due to its "pornographic" content. A close examination is given to the topics of sex and mysticism as Crowley perceived them.

Section Two, "*Augoeides*, Maturity and Mysticism," explores and analyzes how Crowley advanced on his own after the original Golden Dawn split into various schismatic subgroups, again as typified by six works of poetry and prose. Though

the emphasis is on Crowley's maturation as both a poet and an adept, so that the thread of symbolism from the Golden Dawn forms a basis for comparison, other experimental pieces which are of only marginal magical significance are considered in order to portray the breadth of his interests.

Section Three, "Literary Decline, the War Years," focuses on the work which Crowley did at the end of his life, and how he was influenced by the trend of world events to write in "popular" forms. It further traces the germ of the Golden Dawn magical system through the permutations of Crowley's own "magickal" belief, and gives a picture of the poet as he was at the end of his life.

My thesis suggests, quite simply, that Crowley was a poet whose work demands a critical reappraisal. If modern critics still used the mores of Victorian culture as a yardstick to judge the "worth" of a piece of writing, then perhaps this would not be necessary. That this measure is *not* still in use is evidenced by the recent trends in Yeats scholarship. This being the case, it is obvious that Crowley's writings should be given more than a passing glance. The question of which of the two is *better* is immaterial to the discussion; if one applies a new standard, as has been done with Yeats and his occult interests, then all who fit under its aegis deserve like treatment.

Section One

Yeats and the Golden Dawn

Perhaps the most debated question that faces the critic of today is “Which texts shall be accepted into the canon and which shall be relegated to the apocrypha?”¹ David Richter has pointed out that out of the whole body of the *canon* of literature, evaluations are constantly changing; there are phases, so that writers such as Longfellow and James Russell—classics to the pre-World War II generation—are virtually unknown to students entering American schools today. Despite this apparent openness to change, the writings of the late Victorian poet and novelist Edward Alexander [Aleister] Crowley (1875-1947) have been neglected and/or ignored by serious modern critics in the nearly forty-five years since his death. A survey of eighteen representative works throughout his early association with Yeats, his middle period of maturity and mysticism, and the literary “decline” of the war years will help to clarify the merits of Crowley’s literary contributions.

Crowley’s main obstruction to recognition comes from the fact that he has been seen, by critics, both his contemporaries and those of a later generation, as the most infamous “magician” of modern times. Thankfully, this stigma is being slowly removed by serious scholars; however, at this point, investigation of the “occult” and its place in art concerns those figures like William Butler Yeats, who already occupy a place in the canon. Statements such as this by William H. O’Donnell abound: “Today, most readers are willing to admit the existence of Yeats’s interest in ritual magic, even though they only vaguely understand the implications of that admission,”² or this by Curtis B. Bradford:

I said next that my work [on Yeats’s manuscripts]
had forced me to discard as untenable the widely
accepted notion that Yeats’s esoteric interests were,

so to speak, the price we had to pay for his poetry; that though I could not yet define the relationship between the poetry and the esoteric studies, I was now convinced that the two were utterly involved together and could not be separated.³

Modern scholars have gotten away from the so-called traditional critiques of poetry which rigidly define what *does* and *does not constitute* art on the basis of content, message, and the “inspiration of the Muse.” These were the prevailing judgmental criteria when Yeats was accepted into the canon; however, as times have changed, readers must recognize that he has since been *canonized* for a different (but interlinking) reason: his attempt to merge art and magical adeptship. As one must concede that Yeats has been canonized for this specific reason by a widening group of critics, it is not too much to expect then that Crowley might be at least looked at in an unprejudiced light for the same reasons. Also, since Yeats and Crowley were both members of the same esoteric Rosicrucian fraternity, it seems that the surge of interest in Yeats and his occult studies is a perfect jumping off place for the modern critic of so-called “borderline” areas.⁴

Laurence Fennelly remarks:

When the young W. B. Yeats joined several mystical orders in the 1880s and 1890s, it is doubtful if many eyebrows were raised[His] involvement with the occult was dictated by . . . the spirit of the age Many persons of all classes were swept up by the occult revival that occurred during the last years of the nineteenth century; this was part of the inevitable reaction against the rationalism and materialism of the Victorian culture.⁵

All this is in spite of the blatant bias against *Crowley's* involvement with mystical orders. Some of the better known personalities with whom Yeats and Crowley mingled as members of the Golden Dawn were Mrs. Constance Mary Wilde, Florence Emery (an actress and mistress of Bernard Shaw), Maud Gonne, the novelist Violet Tweedale, possibly Sax Rohmer, and Annie Horniman, patron of the Abbey Theatre. None of these people are remembered primarily as practicing occultists, Yeats included. Indeed, O'Donnell notes of Yeats's work *The Speckled Bird* that

In comparison with the vast array of symbols that Yeats encountered in occult texts and rituals, he made public use of very few, and many of those he did use are confined to incidental details that are either self-explanatory or easily accessible in non-occult traditions. The process of selection was so random that the individual items cannot be combined into a significant, comprehensible aggregate.⁶

Despite this paucity of usage, however, one is constantly finding lauds given to him, as in the following statement by Reynolds and O'Driscoll:

It is no small part of the measure of Yeats's genius that he persisted, against the intellectual current of his day, in exploration and experiment within a great tradition that, for three centuries, had had only a subterranean life.⁷

Aleister Crowley conducted his own researches into a melding of art with adeptship; in regard to the depth of his investigation and persistence against contemporary feelings, he far outshines Yeats. Crowley has been systematically vilified and shelved for the same reasons for which others have been awarded

laurels. John Symonds, writer of the most well-known biography of Crowley, has totally dismissed the worth of his poetry in saying, “He was not a great poet, although he wrote a few good poems,” though the reason he is *not* a great poet is given as “In most of his verse there are rarely found those strains which result from a surrender to the poetic moment; instead, he mainly harnessed his talent to his occult interests . . . which are unsuitable for poetry.”⁸ The current trends in Yeats scholarship cast serious doubt upon this assertion. Further, P. R. Stephensen, who wrote the only real biography of Crowley *during his lifetime*, has this to say: “Crowley’s lyric powers are certainly not inferior to those of Yeats, his [Crowley’s] mystical thought is superior.”⁹ Obviously, as Keith Rhys notes in his new introduction to Crowley’s anthology *The Stratagem and Other Stories*, “The fiction [including poetry] of Aleister Crowley (1875-1947) is long overdue for a critical reappraisal.”¹⁰ With this in mind the three obvious divisions of his work are the early period, while he was still a member of the Hermetic Fraternity of the Golden Dawn along with Yeats, the “middle” period which encompasses works which Israel Regardie roughly equates with his performance of the Abramelin Operation—the *Augoeides* period—and the late period, from approximately the start of World War II until the end of his life.¹¹ The early material, which dates from his association with Yeats, can be further divided into subjects drawn explicitly from the Golden Dawn experience, sexual magic and erotic poetry.

From these examples, it is apparent that the place to begin an initial survey of Crowley’s work is with the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, as both he and Yeats were members, and as Timothy d’Arch Smith notes:

Rail against it though he might (and did), it was the magical order he [Crowley] had joined as a young man of twenty-three . . . [it] exerted, throughout his life, the very strongest influence; and it is in the light

of that Order's teaching that we must study [him].¹²

Dr. Israel Regardie has set the same sentiment down in this fashion: "Any student who has a bird's-eye view of the [Golden Dawn] Order system will recognise traces of every aspect of it in the different volumes of Crowley's literary fecundity."¹³ What Yeats is alleged to have captured implicitly in his writing, and Crowley explicitly, is the esoteric hermetic teaching of this order. Regardie further comments that "An Order is simply a temporary vehicle of transmission—a means whereby suitable individuals may be trained to awaken within their hearts the consciousness of the boundless Light."¹⁴

The first overt indication of the explicit Golden Dawn phase is in Crowley's poem "The Quest," which was published in 1898 as part of the larger collection *Songs of the Spirit*.¹⁵ There are many superficial details which bespeak of this text's importance. For one, the thing for which Crowley was seeking at this time in his life was mystical enlightenment. Thus this is the *Quest* that he has embarked upon. Also, the entire volume is dedicated to Julian L. Baker, a chemist/alchemist whom he met in the summer of 1898. Baker introduced him to George Cecil Jones; both men were instrumental in Crowley's subsequent acceptance into the Golden Dawn.

This poem gives evidence that Crowley possessed all that O'Donnell claims Yeats is lacking. He makes it explicit that he is pursuing a mystical understanding of the universe:

Now backwards, inwards still my mind
Must track the intangible and blind,
And seeking, shall securely find
Hidden in secret places
Fresh feasts for every soul that strives,
New life for many mystic lives

And strange new forms and faces.¹⁶

The “Fresh feasts,” “intangible,” and “New life” which is to be found in “secret places” all betoken his involvement in some sort of search for higher wisdom or gnosis; and yet the imagery which he uses to provoke and display his awareness of the mystical world is anything but random or incidental. One only has to look at his use of Gematria, a method of mathematical exegesis (footnoted in the *Collected Works* by an editor identified only as I. B. rather than the author) to see how involved and purposeful the hermetic teachings became in his writing, and with what skill he used them.

Crowley, like Baudelaire and other poets (including Yeats), sought some new form of symbols which had not been worn thin by centuries of usage. Again like Yeats, he turned to the old but arcane symbols found in the teachings of the Golden Dawn and tried to meld them with art in a new fashion. As a result, one of the most damning libels against Crowley, which has stuck through the years and precluded his recognition as an author of anything (“good”) but “occult” works is the statement that he was a “satanist.” Presumably this came about initially from the fact that he was a member of the Golden Dawn (which was at one point involved in a trial concerning sexual perversion),¹⁷ a conclusion which would seem to throw a shadow on the entire order and its teachings. This observation is borne out in the writings of his main biographer John Symonds, who categorically states “Crowley had long abjured Christianity in favour of his own religion, which was anti-Christian in spirit and pagan in content.”¹⁸ Oliver Marlowe Wilkinson repeats the same thing in essence when he holds up to the reader a portrait of Crowley as gleaned from the tabloid press, including a report of one of his followers (who incidentally died from enteric fever brought on by drinking unpurified water): “Driven to Suicide by Devil-worshippers.”¹⁹ Yeats however, who remained a member of the order long after its initial schism (and long after Crowley left), has

not suffered at all from publicity of this nature—as one might expect if the Golden Dawn and allegations of mysticism as “devil worship” have any real bearing on the issue. It is difficult to believe these intimations of a man (like either Crowley *or* Yeats) whose formative magical influence, while not totally Christian, at least had overt Christian influences to the extent that at one point the postulant for the inner order was bound to a cross as a symbolic reinforcement of the solemnity of his vows.²⁰

This man, an alleged “Devil-worshipper,” writes in “Vespers”²¹

The incense steams before the Christ;
 It wraps His feet with grey,
 A perfumed melancholy mist,
 Tears sacred from the day;
 An awe, a holiness, I wist,
 More sweet than man may say.²²

The same man proclaims that “The fragrance of his skin begets/ Desire of holy things.”²³ This is not the writing of a man who has abjured the entire Christian ethic, rather one who is trying to meld the mythologies, the archetypes, to come out with some cohesive whole. Indeed, he utilizes a symbolism that is both old and new, that is invigorating in its freshness. “Vespers” is a poem of hope for those who *are* condemned by their doubts. The form that Crowley is attempting is a form of hope, a new way for the poet and visionary to look at the world.

The continuance of these ideas can be found in Crowley’s long work of 1901, *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, from which the following three selections are taken. The poem itself is set up in such a way so as to be a microcosm of the system of initiation that Crowley underwent, divided as it is into sections titled “The Court of the Profane,” “The Gate of the Sanctuary,” “The Holy Place,” and “The Holy of Holies.” The first poem, taken from “The Court of the Profane,” sets the

stage for a new thematic element, the melding of the “sacred” and “secular” elements of mysticism.

“Mors Janua Amoris,”²⁴ death at the threshold of love, brings the love of women or, loosely, passion, into the whole scheme of the mystical experience. A well-known (though scarcely unique) example of this same technique is found in the *Canticle of Canticles*, where the love of God is personified and shown as the (sexual) love of a bridegroom for his bride. Crowley introduces the idea in this way: “I had discussed religion and philosophy with all sorts and conditions of men. Further, I had studied the sacred books of all religions of antiquity.”²⁵ One of the illuminations which he garnered from the study was that

It seems impossible to make men see what to me is obvious; that the only love worth having or indeed worthy of the name is the spontaneous sympathy of a free soul. Social conventions which trammel love are either extensions of this stupid selfishness, or expressions of the almost universal shame which results from false ideas on this subject. Mankind must learn that the sexual instinct is in its true nature ennobling.²⁶

It was only a short step, therefore, for him to incorporate passion and the sexual drive into the Golden Dawn magical system.²⁷ Indeed, Crowley was later made the Supreme and Holy King of Ireland, Iona, and all the Britains that are in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis by a German masonic organization, the O.T.O., because they found that he had discovered through his own researches (and was publishing) their innermost secret; “the KEY which opens up all Masonic and Hermetic secrets, namely, the teaching of *sexual magic*.”²⁸ Crowley, in defining his ideals for the mystical rite in one concise statement, says: “the sexual exitement must be

suppressed and transformed into its religious equivalent.”²⁹ John Symonds, though painting a rather one-sided portrait in his biography, notes something of this same idea: “To hurl himself over the brink of consciousness, was an urge by which Crowley was constantly possessed. It arose out of a state of tension which he normally relieved by sexual intercourse. It is the key to his personality and his philosophy.”³⁰ Though their writings are often at odds with each other, Regardie concurs, with the observation that the orgasm reflex “is a natural organismic discharge of tension in a series of body clonisms . . . during coitus, and which eclipse consciousness. . . . [Crowley was] dedicated to gaining access to a different level of psychic functioning.”³¹

This may seem to be a radical shifting of themes, but it can be seen that the imagery he uses does not in any way fundamentally change.

In the night my passion fancies
 That an incense vapour whirls
 That a cloud of perfume trances
 With its dreamy vapour-curles
 All my soul, with whom there dances
 The one girl of mortal girls.³²

Here Crowley is speaking of a tryst, and it has been suggested by many critics that he was *too* much of a roué, but the reader must take note of the imagery of the first lines. The incense imagery is lifted straight out of a milieu such as is found in “Vespers.” Indeed this theme is implicit in the microcosmic/macrocosmic imagery of creation found in “The Quest” where “vapours”³³ convey the Jewish idea that “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. But . . . the earth did not come into sight, but was covered with thick darkness, and a wind moved upon its surface.”³⁴ Thus Crowley ties the profane with the sacred,³⁵ for by “put[ing] my spells about her” and weaving “Garlands of strange sorceries,”³⁶ he accomplishes

his tryst and samples

New desires and mystic passion

Infinite of starry fashion;

The mysterious desire

Of the subtle formless fire.³⁷

This last is indicative of the higher, non-earth-bound knowledge, the gnosis which comes upon transcending material boundaries. Crowley does defy social conventions, for he flaunts repressive religious ideas and declares

. . . I forged the chains of fire

Round our single-souled desire.

Heaven and Hell we reck not of,

Being infinite in love,³⁸

all of which is concluded by symbolism which is both sexual and mystical as at the culmination "our bodies meet and mix/ On the spirit's crucifix."³⁹ This makes it perfectly clear that though he may perhaps be criticized for his use of carnal language and situations, he is also paralleling the sexual experience with mystical states which both transcend the body, or state of matter, and purify in some way the soul and spirit.⁴⁰

As the adept, or poet, or Crowley approaches the gate of the sanctuary, this "profane" wantonness is modulated into something softer and more harmonious. Gone is the rushing driving meter of "Mors," replaced by a sedate series of octosyllabic tetrameters in "To Laura."⁴¹ Still, however, one finds the same recurring initial imagery:

MISTRESS, I pray thee, when the wind

Exults upon the roaring sea,

Come to my bosom, kissed and kind

And sleep upon the lips of me!⁴²

This poem does not hammer the reader with the imagery of a sexual/spiritual crucifixion; rather the emphasis is more on the tantric ideal of communing, of sleep and dreaming, and embrace as a way to mystical fulfillment. Thus one finds languorous lines such as "Dream, while my restless brain probes deep/ The mysteries of its magic power,/ The secrets of forgotten sleep,/ The birth of knowledge as a flower!"⁴³ The wind (as well as the breath) here again is seen as a vehicle for spiritual escape,⁴⁴ so that "my spirit flies/ Beyond the iron walls of death,/ And seeks strange portals, pale and wise."⁴⁵ As the speaker is only just entering the gate of the sanctuary, however, there is an uncertain resolution, culminating with

Pass, be no more! The beckoning dawn

Woos the white ocean: I must go

Whither my soul's desire is drawn.

Whither? I know not. Even so.⁴⁶

The path of the adept leads ultimately to the innermost mystical secrets, the Holy of Holies from which the poet proclaims the final goal of his quest through a fervent "Litany:"⁴⁷ "O Mother Mout,⁴⁸ O Mother Night,/ Give me the Sun of Life and Light!"⁴⁹ The narrator has achieved a sort of syncretic unity, a key to all mythologies through the adoption of the Golden Dawn system. All differences are swept away in the search for the higher Truth, the "boundless Light" which Regardie mentions.

Thus he calls upon Mout, Hormakhou, Kephra, Harpocrates, Nuit, Horus, Osiris, Ta-hu-ti, Themis, Hathoor, Ra, Shu, Isis, Nepthys, Chomse, and Amoun. The futility of his endeavor as a human is made clear over and over in stanzas, such as

In darkness, in the void abyss,

I groped with vain despairing arms.

The silence as a serpent is,
 The rustle of the world alarms.
 O Horus,⁵⁰ Light and Darkness, bless
 My failure with thine own success!⁵¹

Though the narrator/Crowley is calling upon Græco-Egyptian gods for aid, there is a blending of both form and intent. The Judeo-Christian background with which Crowley was raised, and which was also present in the Golden Dawn, shows through in the over-all format of the piece. Therefore one finds him asking the goddess of the stars for help, while at the same time conveying Christ imagery:

My sorrows are more manifold
 Than His that bore the sins of man.
 My sins are like the starry fold,
 My hope their desolation wan.⁵²

Further, he deplores his human life, and the sins of the flesh that accompany it; his search for “the Sun of Life and Light” is in many ways a quest for spiritual perfection. However, the narrator realizes that there is no way he can accomplish it alone; thus the need for help from all quarters:

The burden is so hard to bear.
 I took too adamant a cross;
 This sackcloth rends my soul to wear;
 My self-denial is as dross!
 O Shu,⁵³ that holdest up the sky,
 Hold thou thy servant, lest he die!⁵⁴

So that even though “the perfumes of the dawn/ Intoxicate, deceive the soul./ Let every shadow be withdrawn!/ Let there be Light supreme and whole!”⁵⁵ there is a sense of helplessness; fervent with desire and aware of the narrow chance for success, the narrator is brought to the brink of despair where, like Christ, he cries

out “Eli, lama sabacthani!”⁵⁶

At the very pinnacle of both success and despair, when

Beyond the Glory of the Dawn,

Beyond the Splendour of the Sun,

The Secret Spirit is withdrawn,

The plumes of the Concealed One.

The narrator then identifies himself, as *per* the methodology of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* with the godhead, and in this case, the resurrection from two intertwined mythologies: “Amoun!⁵⁷ upon the Cross I cry, / “I am Osiris, even I!”⁵⁸ In this way he is carried beyond the realms of human experience, the finite, and into the infinite in a search for spiritual union with whatever higher intelligence is there to be found. Presumably this is the Golden Dawn, the “Sun of Life and Light.” The final word of the adept’s litany, from the Hebrew, Greek and Latin, is a spiritual affirmation, a guarantor of truth: Amen.

Coupled with his magical affirmation, some of Crowley’s other works provide an holistic overview, just as Yeats wrote of things which did not touch upon his magical training. Keith Rhys has stated, “In Crowley’s earliest published fiction he consciously experimented with literary form, usually as a vehicle for philosophical exposition. These include the Jataka story, magical allegory, pornography”⁵⁹ The pornography definitely has added to his negative publicity.

As Martin Starr has observed,

Crowley’s erotica has been much talked about but little seen by the reading public, in large measure due to the initial limited circulation of the first editions and the subsequent destruction of the remaining stock of these titles by British Customs officials.

Pudibondery and censorship aside, this little book of satirical erotic prose and poetry is a monument to Crowley's casual wit and mastery of English both refined and vulgar.⁶⁰

One must not look at Crowley simply as a pornographer, for that is a societal distinction. "The Nameless Novel," which is the first section of the collection *Snowdrops from a Curate's Garden*, was written for his wife while she was pregnant with their first child. During her confinement she became terribly bored, as she did not care to play games or cards, and could not comprehend most of Crowley's books of "serious" poetry, philosophy or metaphysics with which their library was stocked. As her taste ran more toward *romantic* novels, Crowley composed a book that was the "biggest and most extreme erotic tale that was ever told . . . a book she would understand and enjoy."⁶¹ Lest this sound like whitewashing, the background of Crowley and Victorian England supports it.

Crowley was brought up in a fundamentalist sect, the Plymouth Brethren, before the turn of the century. Indications of the sexual repression that went along with this upbringing can be found in his autobiography, such as "I remember one licking I got—on the legs, because flogging the buttocks excites the victim's sensuality!" or the fact that he was always being watched for signs of masturbation, but was never told what this sin was: "I nowise connected the organ of reproduction with any voluntary act."⁶² In Victorian England, sex was the great tabu, the thing that everybody did, but no one talked about and was likely to deny it if at all possible. Crowley, on the other hand, expresses his derision towards this attitude by saying

With the exception of the Chinese classics and one or two of the Hindu and Buddhist, all authors of antiquity are wholly or partially concerned to

discourse frankly, joyously, amusingly, of the
sexual act.

He goes on to name the modern authors—Shakespeare, Sterne, Swift, Rabelais, Villon—and compare some of their works to the “smoking room story,” albeit better done. These authors are not pornographic, he says, because there is no consciousness of guilt:

Whether that ecstasy is the divine spirituality
of Visvarupadarshana, or the sexual splendour of
Epipsychidion, or the laughter of Catullus, all is pure
and perfect.

It is the vision of the God that is pure; it is the
veils that stain. Whether the curtain of falsehood be
moral, or ethical, or romantic, it is a stain.
Weakness is evil and impure; strength is divine and
clean.⁶³

Therefore, if to the pure all things are pure, it is not unusual to find him poking fun
at Victorian society and the progress of science with a bit of doggerel like
“Automatic Girl,”⁶⁴ which concerns an automaton who “performs” for pennies:

The minor bard who got a hard was often forced
to be

Familiar friends with odds and ends from Street
to A.B.C.

But now at once the merest dunce may pluck the
purest pearl,

By just—his pennies in the slot of the Automatic
Girl.⁶⁵

Before one reviles Crowley for being tasteless and obscene, one should

consider modern society and the amount of material available, in a plain brown wrapper, for *adults only*. Economics being what it is, these appliances would not be there if people did not have a desire for such things. A similar proposition can be found—more subtly stated—in John Barth’s *Lost in the Funhouse*: “If a man lived by himself, he could take a department store mannequin with flexible joints and modify her in certain ways.”⁶⁶ This is simply the honest voicing of a common adolescent fantasy among men. James Joyce provides an even closer example with “a handsome sovereign was freely pledged their pennis in the sluts maschine.”⁶⁷ Crowley, like these others, has done nothing else except make this urge humorous and satirical.

Section Two

Augoeides, Maturity and Mysticism

All of the preceding has been from Crowley's writings when he was roughly on the same level with Yeats; that is, they were both fairly young men who had an interest in the occult sciences and poetry, and who belonged to the same fraternal order. On the first of April, 1904, Crowley was to stride (magically) far beyond Yeats. Though Yeats's wife took automatic writing from a "departed spirit," Crowley effected a bond with what he perceived as a higher power, an angelic force; a relationship which would last for the rest of his life. He was in Cairo with his wife when he was contacted by a preternatural intelligence called Aiwass, and over the course of three successive days a 220-verse text was dictated. This text was the *Book of the Law Liber AL vel Legis sub figurâ CCXX as delivered by XCIII=418 to DCLXVI*,⁶⁸ and it was to be the pivotal point in Crowley's magical life. The full account of its reception is given in the *Genesis Libri AL*⁶⁹ and is too long to go into in a work of this scope. Suffice it to say that though the base of Crowley's symbolic poetry retained the fundamentals which he had learned from the Golden Dawn, after about 1909 these symbols became modified by his own personal revelation and gnosis.⁷⁰

When compared with his "magickal" poetry and prose, his "novelissim," *Not the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam*,⁷¹ like the poem "Automatic Girl," seems to be an anomaly. However, as Keith Rhys has stated earlier, Crowley was constantly experimenting with literary form. *Roger Bloxam*, though discursive, is simply another of his didactic experiments.

It is an unfinished lampoon, written while he was in America around the time of the first World War. Thus, it pokes fun at all that Crowley did not like about the country, while lambasting such general topics as societal hypocrisy, the publishing industry, the censorship of books (which later accounted for the loss of

many of his works through Customs), the anti-drug laws, the war, the press, and (perhaps most of all) the poet [Crowley] himself.

One does not have to sort through all of the endless digressions to realize that he is borrowing heavily from Sterne and Rabelais; indeed, in chapter thirty-two [“Apologia Pro Novellissimo Suo”] he goes so far as to state “Well, Louis says, that we cannot help thinking a little of Laurence Sterne and Rabelais.” Wading through his languid and disjointed prose is unnecessary, as a few glimpses will suffice to show the mastery of English which he commanded, and the type of humor that he attempts to evoke.

Chapter “Suppose We Say Forty-Four: Knobsworthy Bottoms” begins the text—coming immediately before chapter one—and has absolutely nothing to do with the characters or themes of the main work. Chapter Seven—“chapters four, five and six—except four—have proved too pianissimo to print,” he tells the reader—begins (bettering Sterne) long before the conception of the main character; indeed, takes the reader into some far-off nebula where the spark that may one-day be the hero Roger Bloxam sojourns. Crowley then discards this whole episode two chapters later and talks about the actual genealogy of Roger Bloxam, which is in itself a parody on his own autobiography.

Chapter nine, “Alas! Poor Yorick!,” bears the interesting note that “(*This chapter may be omitted with advantage.*)” while the following chapter is prefaced by the statement that

This is the last but one of those chapter-headings which have been designed merely to attract the favourable notice of the reading public; in future they will have some connection with the text, possibly even a discoverable one, in certain cases of great gravity.

In like fashion chapter 678 ("Kissed at Last"), which falls between chapters ten and eleven, has been, the reader is told, "suppressed by the censor."

By this time the reader is both thoroughly befuddled and thoroughly amused (or bemused). He forgets any thread of continuity for most of the work, and concentrates his energy on a series of satires instead, as this Swiftian allusion from chapter thirty-eight:

Sir Roger did not enter the School of Journalism,
although they promised to teach him to write like this
following:

HUNS CHEW PALS

EXTRA. VIA Amsterdam. June 19.

The Kadaververwertungsgesellschaft have added a kitchen department by direct Imperial Order. Brochette d'Enfant Belge á la von Bissing is now a regular feature of the goulash-cannon, the children being spitted on bayonets, and toasted over burning cathedrals, libraries, Rembrandts, and other combustibles. The officers usually prefer the broiled breasts of violated nuns; sometimes, however, these are seethed in their own milk. But on those parts of the front where the supply of nuns and babies has given out, owing to the rigour of the British blockade, the German soldier subsists almost entirely on the

bodies of his comrades. The men actually in the trenches are said to be lamentably tough, but the Landsturmiers afford excellent tripe. Men who have served in the German colonies and so ruined their livers furnish an admirable *paté de foie gras* for the tables of the higher officials. Bones not only supply glue for the Kaiser to paste his press-cuttings, and gelatine, of which motion-picture films are made, but commands a high price in Catholic Germany and Austria as authentic relics of the Saviour. The tough guts of the mountain regiments are used for violin strings. The blood is invariably drained off and used as a substitute for red wine; this is the favourite drink of the Kaiser himself, Admiral Tirpitz, and Count von Reventlow. Hindenburg, on the contrary, eats British prisoners, raw.

(Pad this to four columns, double-leaded, and add confirmatory "statements of eye-witnesses," "what my wife's brother's wife's aunt's best friend heard from the chauffeur of somebody who once saw the Crown Prince at a review," "affidavit of an American professional divorce court witness," etc. etc.).

Other biting comments are found in the final chapter, which is merely a grocery list

of social commentary compiled by the main character. A fair sampling consists of remarks such as “A philosopher reminds me of a guinea-pig chasing its own tail” and “Half the joy of acquiring a new mistress is relief at getting rid of the old one” or “Humanity did well indeed to honour Charles Darwin; he did his utmost to provide it with decent connections.”

Though this work has not yet been formally published, it is indicative of Crowley’s wide ranging interests and variety of form. Though it may be tedious at times to wade through the entire mass of pages, it is a classic of the “shaggy dog” story, and a delightful parody of the Shandean “system,” or lack thereof.

During this “*Augoeides* period” of his career, Crowley’s writing not only strengthened, inasmuch as he delved further and further into the various mystical systems of the world, but diversified. The writing of *Roger Bloxam* (circa 1916-17) is an indication of this in his prose, while the epilogue to his 1907 work *Gargoyles, Being Strangely Wrought Images of Life and Death* ⁷² shows the same for his poetry.

This epilogue, entitled “The King Ghost,” is not so magically oriented as the poems of initiation dealt with in section one, but it retains the same flavor of the bizarre “otherness” which exists in the universe. Like Goethe’s Erl King,

The King-Ghost is abroad. His spectre

legions

Sweep from their icy lakes and bleak

ravines

Unto the weary and untrodden regions

Where man lies penned among his Might-

have-beens.⁷³

Like “Vespers” this work expresses the seemingly vain striving of mankind for the realms of higher truth. The King Ghost himself is the spectre of failed ambitions

and spoiled triumphs. Despair and lack of ambition for the truth keeps men “penned” among what could have been triumphs, and instead became “Might-have-beens.”

Indeed, the King Ghost is the icon of despair and vanished hopes. He

... wears a crown of hopes

forgotten;

Dead loves are woven in his ghastly

robe;

Bewildered wills and faith grow old and

rotten

And deeds undared his sceptre, sword, and

globe.⁷⁴

This is the adept who loses the drive to continue, who has had a taste of the Light and yet decides to turn his back upon it. Crowley has painted a grisly picture of hopelessness, of the adept who turns his back on the endless quest, on the vows of the Golden Dawn neophyte which bound the individual, as Crowley interpreted them, to the search for the Light in Extension.⁷⁵

Yet again there is the gleam of hope. Aside from the damning “Might-have-been” and “Should-have-done,”⁷⁶ there are the adept’s gods, “Thus-will-I” and “May-be-yet.”⁷⁷ These are the spiritual affirmation of the individual will, the will that causes the silver, rose and gold flame of gnosis to resurge.⁷⁸ Thus according to Crowley is the King Ghost driven back to his “grey malefic slumbers.”⁷⁹ And like “A Litany” whereby the poet/adept enters the Holy of Holies, the narrator of “King Ghost” also begs aid from higher powers: “Lord, let Thy Ghost Indwell/ And keep us from the power of Hell!”⁸⁰ and ends with the affirmation of hope and the eternal, “Amen.”

With this poem serving as a bridge, the reader of Crowley must at this point

venture into the metaphysical world where he diverged from the Golden Dawn and struck off on his own. While still a member of the order, Crowley had studied Yoga and Eastern philosophy under the tutelage of Alan Bennett, who later left England and became a Buddhist monk. Using the techniques of concentration and breath control, Crowley undertook the magical operation which he titled “The Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel,” using as his guide *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*, translated by S. L. Mac Gregor Mathers,⁸¹ erstwhile head of the Golden Dawn. The final upshot of this was his reception of *Liber Legis*, but he tells many of the details of the actual *process* of the ritual in his long autobiographical poem “AHA!”⁸²

Crowley gives all the details for the setting of the operation in these few simple lines:

Be thou, devoutly eremite,
 Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly
 A place for thine Academy.
 Let there be an holy wood
 Of embowered solitude
 By the still, the rainless river,
 Underneath the tangled roots
 Of majestic trees that quiver
 In the quiet airs; where shoots
 Of the kindly grass are green
 Moss and ferns asleep between,
 Lilies in the water lapped,
 Sunbeams in the branches trapped
 —Windless and eternal even!
 Silenced all the birds of heaven

By the low insistent call
 Of the constant waterfall.
 There, to such a setting be
 Its carven gem of deity,
 A central flawless fire, enthralled
 Like Truth within an emerald!⁸³

These lines are a precise poetic rendering of the requisites for the Abramelin Operation, as related by Mathers. This is the operation that Crowley himself used to attain new wisdom through direct gnosis, a melding of the finite individual with the infinite rather than the second-hand, somewhat vicarious instruction offered by the Golden Dawn.

Thus one finds the poet/adept affirming the reality of the mystical universe:

Magic is life; the Will to Live
 Is one supreme Affirmative.
 These things that flinch from Life are worth
 No more to Heaven than to Earth.
 Affirm the everlasting Yes!⁸⁴

The will was paramount to Crowley, because it symbolized not only the personal striving and strife of the individual, but also the way in which one placed oneself in the universe. Every person, as an individual, a “star” had his or her own personal will to attend to, a personal destiny. The central tenet that Crowley received through revelation was that everyone must follow this individual True Will, and let others be about theirs.⁸⁵

A purely Christian mystic would say that man has two desires, that of the heart and that of the mind. The mind’s desire is for the finite, the material. The heart’s desire is for union with the infinite, with God. It is the call of the infinite that is the mainstay of each person’s True Will, the wish to find the proper niche in

the universe. This is Crowley's "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law,"⁸⁶ the central phrase of the *Liber Legis*. He calls upon Nuit, the bowed Goddess of the stars in "A Litany."⁸⁷ Likewise the archetype of this goddess is central to the *Book of the Law*; and as this came out of the Abramelin Operation, she returns again in "AHA!":

Do what thou wilt! is the sole word
 Of law that my attainment heard.
 Arise, and lay thine hand on God!
 Arise, and set a period
 Unto Restriction! That is sin:
 To hold thine holy spirit in!
 O thou that chafest at thy bars,
 Invoke Nuit beneath her stars
 With a pure heart (Her incense burned
 Of gums and woods, in gold inurned),
 And let the serpent flame therein
 A little, and thy soul shall win
 To lie within her bosom. Lo!
 Thou wouldst give all—and she cries: No!
 Take all, and take me! Gather spice
 And virgins and great pearls of price!
 Worship me in a single robe,
 Crowned richly! Girdle of the globe,
 I love thee! Pale and purple, veiled,
 Voluptuous, swan silver-sailed,
 I love thee. I am drunkenness
 Of the inmost sense; my soul's caress

Is toward thee! Let my priestess stand
 Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned
 By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon
 Mine iridescent altar-stone,
 And in her love-chaunt swooningly
 Say evermore: To me! To me!
 I am the azure-lidded daughter
 Of sunset; the all-girdling water;
 The naked brilliance of the sky
 In the voluptuous night am I!
 With song, with jewel, with perfume,
 Wake all my rose's blush and bloom!
 Drink to me! Love me! I love thee,
 My love, my lord—to me! to me!⁸⁸

One notices here again, among the central beliefs of Crowley's own mystical system set in verse, the mingling of the sacred and the sensual which began with earlier poems like "Mors Janua Amoris" and "To Laura." His oneness with the universe is typified by a sublime *physical* union not unlike the ecstasies which Qabalistic rabbis described as part of their meditations on the mysteries of the Creator. Crowley has described a "drunkenness," a total filling to the point of lost control in regards to the soul.⁸⁹

The question may be raised as to whether or not the Golden Dawn, the root-source of Crowley's symbolism, taught anything like this. The answer remains a matter of conjecture. The Golden Dawn taught the assumption of God-Forms, an identification with the attributes of deity to effect change (as the poet's identification of himself with Osiris and Christ in "A Litany"), but this is not quite the same thing. Yet, as the supplicant Olympas notes in the closing lines of "AHA!," one

proceeds from the other:

Master, how subtly hast thou drawn
 The daylight from the Golden Dawn,
 Bidden the Cavernous Mount unfold
 Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold;
 Until I saw, flashed from afar,
 The Hawk's eye in the Silver Star!⁹⁰

Crowley took the ideas and symbols of the Golden Dawn and filled them out, thus drawing "The daylight from the Golden Dawn," while the "Cavernous Mount" which the master Marsyas (or Crowley as adept) has caused to open is Abiegnus, the Rosicrucian mountain of initiation wherein is hidden the philosophers' stone.⁹¹ The "Ruby Rose" and "Cross of Gold" are Rosicrucian symbols which played a key role in Golden Dawn teachings.⁹² The "Hawk's eye in the Silver Star" is an affirmation that Crowley discovered, by means of his Holy Guardian Angel, the direction that the inner order of the Golden Dawn should take, and fostered it in his own order, the *Argentum Astrum* or Silver Star based upon the *Liber Legis* where the Conquering Child, the armed Horus, comes forth to avenge his father Osiris. Though he split with the Golden Dawn when the order itself became schismatic, Crowley retained the spirit of his neophyte vows, to endure so that "Light in abundance be increased."⁹³

Another poem from roughly the same time period is *Book LXV, Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente*, the Book of the Heart Girt with the Serpent.⁹⁴ It is a poem of somewhat the same nature as "AHA!," but not of the same type. Rather than describing the Abramelin Operation itself, it is the product thereof. It was not *dictated* as was the *Liber Legis*, rather it was "inspired." Crowley believed that it was the work of an intelligence independent of his own,⁹⁵ which describes in symbolic detail the relationship of the adept with his Holy Guardian Angel. The

first section opens:

I am the Heart; and the Snake is entwined
 About the invisible core of the mind.
 Rise, O my snake! It is now is the hour
 Of the hooded and holy ineffable flower.
 Rise, O my snake, into brilliance of bloom
 On the corpse of Osiris afloat in the tomb!
 O heart of my mother, my sister, mine own,
 Thou art given to Nile, to the terror Typhon!
 Ah me! but the glory of ravening storm
 Enswathes thee and wraps thee in frenzy of form.
 Be still, O my soul! that the spell may dissolve
 As the wands are upraised, and the æons revolve.
 Behold! in my beauty how joyous Thou art,
 O Snake that caresses the crown of mine heart!
 Behold! we are one, and the tempest of years
 Goes down to the dusk, and the Beetle appears.
 O Beetle! the drone of Thy dolorous note
 Be ever the trance of this tremulous throat!
 I await the awaking! The summons on high
 From the Lord Adonai, from the Lord Adonai!⁹⁶

These lines invoke the potential inner power of the adept, the serpent Kundalini which is seated in the base of the spine and ascends through the Sushumnâ channel and into the Sahasrâra Chakra, sometimes described as being either above the head or at the root of the palate, causing the adept to “die” in the sense that he is lost to the material world and awaits the coming of the lord Adonai.⁹⁷ Going back to earlier points,

My head is jewelled with twelve stars; My body is white
as milk of the stars; it is bright with the blue of the
abyss of stars invisible.⁹⁸

The Angel that comes to the adept is crowned with the zodiac and his body, as in
“AHA!,” and the *Liber Legis*, is that of Nuit.

When the adept becomes weary of the cares of the world which press upon
him and which he must abandon, one finds him calling out:

The body is weary and the soul is sore weary and sleep
weighs down their eyelids; yet ever abides the sure con-
sciousness of ecstasy, unknown, yet known in that its being
is certain. O Lord, be my helper, and bring me to the
bliss of the Beloved!⁹⁹

Here one finds that the attainment of the Unconscious Will is the sustaining element
in the life of the adept. The desire to bring one's-self to higher realms of being, the
ecstasy of union with deity, sustains its energy through even conscious fatigue until

I came to the house of the Beloved, and the wine was like
fire that flieth with green wings through the world of
waters.¹⁰⁰

Crowley's own initial commentary to this passage shows how deep his symbols
ran. Not only does this mirror the “drunkenness” found in “AHA!,” Crowley
speaks of the “Pleasure-House of Adeptship” and the “wine of spiritual rapture.”
He further equates the “fire that flieth” with the Hebrew letter Shin (Sh), “green
wings” with Dalet (D,) “love,” and “through the world of waters” with Mem (M).
He then observes that Shin-Mem in the Qabalah is “the name” and “heaven,” Shin-
Dalet is “almighty power” and Dalet-Mem is “blood.”¹⁰¹ Thus there are meanings
within meanings to each of the 325 stanzas.¹⁰²

The entire work ends with the indwelling of the Holy Guardian Angel in the

heart of the adept, and a further affirmation of the Will and the spreading of the Light:

And the Lord Adonai delighteth in me, and I bear the
Cup of His gladness unto the weary ones of the old grey
land.

They that drink thereof are smitten of disease; the
abomination hath hold upon them, and their torment is
like the thick black smoke of the evil abode.

But the chosen ones drank thereof, and became even as
my Lord, my beautiful, my desirable one. There is no
wine like unto this wine.

They are gathered together into a glowing heart, as Ra
that gathereth his clouds about Him at eventide into a
molten sea of Joy; and the snake that is the crown of Ra
bindeth them about with the golden girdle of the
death-kisses.

So also is the end of the book, and the Lord Adonai is
about it on all sides like a Thunderbolt, and a Pylon,
and a Snake, and a Phallus, and in the midst thereof He
is like the Woman that jetteth out the milk of the stars
from her paps; yea, the milk of the stars from her
paps.¹⁰³

In this way Crowley states that though he is bound to participate in the spreading of

the mystical light, it is not for everyone, and the road to adeptship is hard. The solar crown is the final reward, as is the unleashing of the creative energy, the “golden girdle of the death-kisses,” which is Kundalini arising from the Mûlâdhara-Chakka [sic.]. As yogic doctrine tells, however, unbridled or unbalanced Kundalini may be fatal to the psyche; thus death and love are mingled in one single image.¹⁰⁴ In the end there are the same two central figures which appear in the *Liber Legis*: Adonai, or the Holy Guardian Angel, and Nuit, the Lady of the Stars, the recurrent motifs in Crowley’s universal schema.

Though *Liber LXV* and “AHA!” are both in their own ways poetry of invocation, the “Hymn to Pan” is of an entirely different order.¹⁰⁵ One might classify the Abramelin Operation, intoxicating as Crowley paints it, as Apollonian. The reverse of this is the “Hymn to Pan,” a driving poem that unites the id and the ego, the human and the divine in one whirling gyre of revelry. It begins slowly enough with a soft alliteration:

Thrill with lissome lust of the light,
O man! My man!
Come careering out of the night
Of Pan! Io Pan!¹⁰⁶

The careering and “Io,” the Latin cry of exultation, is suitably downplayed despite the exclamation marks. However, as the poem progresses the alliteration becomes more pronounced and the tone becomes more and more plaintive so that the tempo increases:

Dip the purple of passionate prayer
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,
The soul that startles in eyes of blue
To watch thy wantonness weeping through
The tangled grove, the gnarled bole

Of the living tree that is spirit and soul
 And body and brain—come over the sea,
 (Io Pan! Io Pan!)
 Devil or god, to me, to me,¹⁰⁷

The tempo picks up even further while the tone shifts from a complaint to a frenzy, a challenge. The verbs turn from soft and passive, as “thrill” and “weeping,” to much more active and aggressive forms.

I, who wait and writhe and wrestle
 With air that hath no boughs to nestle
 My body, weary of empty clasp,
 Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp—
 Come, O come!
 I am numb
 With the lonely lust of devildom.
 Thrust the sword through the galling fetter,
 All-devourer, all-begetter;
 Give me the sign of the Open Eye,
 And the token erect of thorny thigh,
 And the word of madness and mystery,
 O Pan! Io Pan!¹⁰⁸

The poem reaches its final climax in and exultant paeon, racing faster each line while the adept identifies *himself* with the god and allows his own Dionysian nature to burst forth in the final “Io Pan!”:

I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!
 I am thy mate, I am thy man,
 Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,
 Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.

With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
 Through solstice stubborn to equinox.
 And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend
 Everlasting, world without end,
 Mannikin, maiden, Maenad, man,
 In the might of Pan.
 Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!¹⁰⁹

Despite the dignified beauty of broader works such as “AHA!” and *Liber LXV*, the “Hymn to Pan” remains one of the most forceful and compelling works written by Crowley, whether taken as poem or invocation.

Again, in a similar but distinct vein, Crowley wrote his sublime love poem “La Gitana” to convey the same sense of insistency, without the heavily occult/pagan imagery.¹¹⁰

YOUR hair was full of roses in the dewfall as we danced,
 The sorceress enchanting and the paladin entranced,
 In the starlight as we wove us in a web of silk and steel
 Immemorial as the marble in the halls of Boabdil,
 In the pleasaunce of the roses with the fountains and the yews
 Where the snowy Sierra soothed us with the breezes and
 the dews!
 In the starlight as we trembled from a laugh to a caress
 And the god came warm upon us in our pagan allegresse.
 Was the Baille de la Bona too seductive? Did you feel
 Through the silence and the softness all the tension of the
 steel?
 For your hair was full of roses, and my flesh was full of
 thorns,

And the midnight came upon us worth a million crazy morns.

Ah! my Gipsy, my Gitana, my Saliya! were you fain

For the dance to turn to earnest?—O the sunny land of Spain!

My Gitana, my Saliya! more delicious than a dove!

With your hair aflame with roses and your lips alight
with love!

Shall I see you, shall I kiss you once again? I wander far
From the sunny land of summer to the icy Polar Star.

I shall find you, I shall have you! I am coming back again
From the filth and fog to seek you in the sunny land of Spain.

I shall find you, my Gitana, my Saliya! as of old

With your hair aflame with roses and your body gay
with gold.

I shall find you, I shall have you, in the summer and the
south

With our passion in your body and our love upon your
mouth—

With our wonder and our worship be the world aflame
anew!

My Gitana, my Saliya! I am coming back to you!¹¹¹

Here again the poet begins with alliteration and verbs which, though active (such as “danced”), tend to convey an ethereal feeling of dresses swishing in the breeze. The images are of rose gardens and of fountains playing among stately trees. He does, however, use some unusual images like the “web of silk and steel,” which manage to convey the hard and soft, tensile and insubstantial at the same time.

Further, he turns the sedate rose gardens of the first lines into the symbolic instruments of exquisitely pleasurable pain— “For your hair was full of roses, and

my flesh was full of thorns”—much like the “token erect of thorny thigh” found in the “Hymn to Pan.” Also, like the latter, it builds towards a frenzy of passion; and it must again be mentioned that for Crowley there was no essential difference between passion of a blatantly physical nature and the more subtle ecstasy of the soul. The two were opposite sides of the same coin. Thus, again the verbs shift from passive to active, in order to shift the internal pace faster and faster with the rising action; “soothed” and “trembled” modulate into “aflame” and “alight” and eventually simply to a blunt affirmation whose sibilants provide a silk/steel contrast: “I shall find you, I shall have you!” with “My Gitana, my Saliya! I am coming back to you!”

Section Three

Literary Decline, the War Years

This middle period of his life, when he produced poetry such as “AHA!” along with many works on mysticism and magick for his periodicals *The Equinox* and *The International*, was undoubtedly the most fruitful in a literary sense. Though he continued to write up until his death in 1947, the “good” works in this third period of his life were few and far between. His one undeniable triumph of this period is *The Book of Thoth*,¹¹² a complete guide to the tarot deck that he himself designed. His poetry and literary prose, however, declined sharply.

Many of the things which came from his pen during this third phase, the war years, were satires of one sort or another. “The Moralist ” is fairly typical of these.¹¹³ It is interesting because of the odd technique of watching a man get drunk on paper. This, too, reflects something of Crowley’s views on the Will, if only in an offhand way.¹¹⁴

The poem opens with a very coherent narrator who rationalizes his need to drink early in the week:

Delaying to do the thing that’s right
Is as bad as having a funk on;
Then why should we wait till Saturday night
To get all kinds of a drunk on?
With brandy a century old in sight,
Why should we wait till Saturday night?¹¹⁵

The piece progresses until the narrator is completely intoxicated, in the physical sense, and no longer coherent:

’Fence o’th’ Realm Act, I’m no fool,
All tha’, Tha’s ri’, damnation!
’Member, ’n I wazza boy a’ school,

A-Thanks, Ol' top, jus' trench ration
 Zhero—overra top'sh my rule—
 'Member, 'n I wazza boy a' school—¹¹⁶

Like the earlier works such as *Not the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam* and “Automatic Girl,” Crowley has put aside the serious mantle of authorial intent and indulged in being silly. One may present a good argument that Crowley is here portraying man without any frills or “pulled-punches,” but in relation to the other works from this period, it is more likely that he is simply enjoying himself with a bit of frivolity.

Likewise, “A Toast” is a mockery not only of the Germans, but also of the trite propaganda of wartime England:

Sinking merchant-men is fun;
 Chivalry is senseless,
 Prove your honour as a Hun,
 Murder the defenseless!

Chorus —

Horse and bridle, whip and spur!
Give the Hun the Willies!
Gentlemen! Exeter,
Ajax and Achilles!

Noble Nordic deeds we've done,
 (*Baby-killing German!*)
 Bomb them every mother's son,
 Jewish-English vermin!

(*Chorus*)

Cruiser sighted—time to run!

Well! there's one way surer,

Scuttle quick and say we won,

Trusting to the Führer!

(*Chorus*)¹¹⁷

On the other hand, “England, Stand Fast!” seems to have been a more serious attempt at an actual patriotic poem.¹¹⁸ The rhyme scheme is somewhat forced and the imagery is rather conventional, as “The earth hurls thunderbolts; the sea spurts death;”¹¹⁹ but all in all it is acceptable as a piece of slogan writing, dedicated as it is to “Winston Spencer Churchill for my people,” and ending upon the ringing note of

England, one soul of steel, one heart of oak,

One voice of silver, sound thy trumpet-blast!

Pass round the watchword through the battle smoke;

England, stand fast!¹²⁰

Despite these rather limping attempts of the war years, he did manage to write some very readable poetry for his anthology *Olla*, which also included old favorites such as “King Ghost” and “Hymn to Pan.” Both “Logos” and “Thanatos Basileos” represent Crowley the man, vilified, alone and dying in a boarding-house in Hastings.¹²¹ The former with its pulsing heart which forms the mirror for the gates of death gives the impression that broken by age and overuse, Crowley had still not given up on almost half a century of magical training. The dark, death, holds no real terror for Crowley as it approaches, for he is still able to call upon the gods for aid, the same gods that had sustained him for many years through the Golden Dawn and the Silver Star and the O.T.O. Still at the end he calls out and acknowledges the mystical, the unseen:

Out of the night forth flamed a star—mine own!
 Now seventy light-years nearer as I urge
 Constant mine heart through the abyss unknown,
 In glory my sole guide while spaces surge
 About me. Seventy light-years! As I near
 That gate of light that men call death, its cold
 Pale gleam begins to pulse, a throbbing sphere,
 Systole and diastole of eager gold,
 New life immortal, warmth of passion bleed
 Till night's black velvet burn to crimson. Hark!
 It is Thy voice, Thy word, the secret seed
 Of rapture that admonishes the dark.
 Swift! By necessity most righteous drawn,
 Hermes, authentic augur of the dawn!

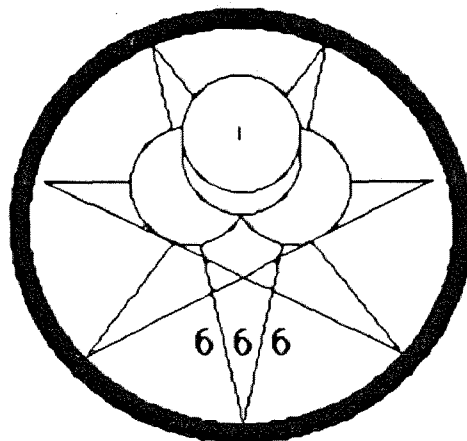
“Thanatos Basileos” treats much the same material, but with a different twist. There is no sharp distinction here between life and death, as they curve into one another with little or no real transition for the individual. They are indeed “curves of one same plan.” At the same time there is an air of hopelessness about the entire poem, so that Crowley, the man, is beaten, no more to do “indomitable deeds” for an audience who looked at him without seeing, who vilified him without knowing of what he spoke. Thus he sinks slowly into death.

The serpent dips his head beneath the sea
 His mother, source of all his energy
 Eternal, thence to draw the strength he needs
 On earth to do indomitable deeds
 Once more; and they, who saw but understood
 Naught of his nature of beatitude

Were awed: they murmured with abated breath;
 Alas the Master; so he sinks in death.
 But whoso knows the mystery of man
 Sees life and death as curves of one same plan.

Since Crowley's view of the universe as one where each individual is free to the extent that he or she does not impinge upon the Will of others has already been explored, I believe his short summation of the rights of man does much to assure the scholar that when his time came, ousted and criticized as he had been, he still held up his beliefs for the world to see, proudly and without reservation.¹²² They need no further explanation:

Liber LXXVII



"the law of
 the strong:
 this is our law
 and the joy
 of the world."



AL. II.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

—AL. I. 40.

"thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no
 other

shall say nay." —AL. I. 42-3.

"Every man and every woman is a star." —AL. I. 3.

There is no god but man.

1. Man has the right to live by his own law—

to live in the way that he wills to do:

to work as he will:

to play as he will:

to rest as he will;

to die when and how he will.

2. Man has the right to eat what he will:

to drink what he will:

to dwell where he will:

to move as he will on the face of the earth.

3. Man has the right to think what he will:

to speak what he will:

to write what he will:

to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he

will:

to dress as he will:

4. Man has the right to love as he will:

“take your fill and will of love as ye will,

when, where, and with whom ye will.”

—AL. I. 51.

5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart
these rights.

“the slaves shall serve.” —AL. II. 58.

“Love is the law, love under will.” —AL. I. 57.

These were the central tenets of Crowley's system of belief, the fruition of a lifetime's study in the varieties of mystical experiences that all systems of metaphysical practice offered. The passages designated “AL” are direct quotations from the *Liber AL*, (*The Book of the Law*) which was in his own eyes his greatest achievement, something which he spent the last forty-three years of his life pondering in order to make meaning out of an experience wholly outside the realm of common experience. Crowley lived with the fact that he was commonly thought of as “the wickedest man in the world” by most of the *informed* public; and by the time he wrote “Thanatos Basileos,” as is evident in the tone of the poem itself, he was resigned to this fact. This is indeed the way the majority of his biographers have portrayed him.

Still, modern editors and the literary community in general are becoming more and more expansive as to the definition of both “good” and “poetry.” Comments like the following excerpt from *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* are becoming more common:

Within the various churches and sects, independent of them all but amazingly persistent, there have always survived a stream of esoteric or hermetic thought—a belief in occult powers, and sometimes magic as well, exemplified by . . . astrology and alchemy but taking many other forms. From the mythical Egyptian seer Hermes Trismegistus through Paracelsus . . . the society of Rosicrucians . . . the line can be traced to William Blake and William Butler Yeats, who both in their different ways brought hermetic Protestantism close

to its ultimate goal, a mystic church of one single
man, poised within his own mind-elaborated
cosmos¹²³

If one takes this statement as authoritative, as presumably many academics do as it comes from one of the most widely-used college texts, then the implications are clear. The phrase “mystic church of one single man, poised within his own mind-elaborated cosmos” might have come directly from a work by Crowley, for this was his life-long goal, the proclamation of *Thelema*, the Individual Will. This is the philosophy espoused in “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law,” and “Love is the law, love under will.” This is the reason that, to Crowley, “Every man and every woman is a star.” Clearly scholars and critics have come to a new understanding about the constitution of art and literature, and have accepted old figures into a new and revitalized, unprejudiced canon. Crowley can be seen here as the innovative poet that he was, not only commanding the language *as* language, but manipulating it in new ways consequent upon his own mystical studies and beliefs. Based upon their own arguments, Aleister Crowley also deserves his long-withheld place within the canon of the critics.

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NOTES

¹ David H. Richter, "Issue Under Debate: The Canon," in The Critical Tradition, ed. David H. Richter (New York: St. Martin's, 1989), p. 1285.

² William H. O'Donnell, "Yeats as Adept and Artist: The Speckled Bird, The Secret Rose, and The Wind among the Reeds," in Yeats and The Occult, ed. George Mills Harper (MacMillan of Canada, 1975), p. 55.

³ Curtis B. Bradford, quoted by William H. O'Donnell, "Yeats as Adept and Artist: The Speckled Bird, The Secret Rose, and The Wind among the Reeds," in Yeats and The Occult, ed. George Mills Harper (MacMillan of Canada, 1975), p. 55.

⁴ The two men did not like each other, however; Crowley alleging that Yeats hated and feared him as a better poet and Yeats considering Crowley "MacGregor's masked man" who made wax images of the Golden Dawn adepts and mutilated them with pins. For respective accounts see Aleister Crowley, The Confessions of Aleister Crowley, ed. John Symonds and Kenneth Grant (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979), pp. 165-66. and George Mills Harper, Yeats's Golden Dawn, (London: MacMillan, 1974), p. 31.

⁵ Laurence W. Fennelly, "W. B. Yeats and S. L. Mac Gregor Mathers," in Yeats and The Occult, ed. George Mills Harper (MacMillan of Canada, 1975), p. 285.

⁶ O'Donnell 57.

⁷ Lorna Reynolds and Robert O'Driscoll, Introd., Yeats and The Occult, ed. George Mills Harper (MacMillan of Canada, 1975), p. xvii.

⁸ John Symonds, The Great Beast (London: Rider, 1953), p. 20.

⁹ P. R. Stephensen, The Legend of Aleister Crowley, ed. Israel Regardie (Las Vegas: New Falcon, 1986), p. 17-18.

¹⁰ Keith Rhys, Introd., The Stratagem and other stories, by Aleister Crowley (Brighton: Temple, 1990), p. xi.

¹¹ Israel Regardie, The Eye in the Triangle (Phoenix: Falcon, 1986), p. 303. *Augoeides* means "of the nature of light," and may roughly be translated as the "inner light," which Crowley attempted to invoke through both the *Preliminary Invocation of the Goetia* and the *Abramelin Operation*.

¹² Timothy d'Arch Smith, " 'The Books of the Beast': Prolegomena to a Bibliography of Aleister Crowley " in The Books of the Beast (Great Britain: Crucible, 1987), p. 15.

¹³ Israel Regardie, What You Should Know About The Golden Dawn (Phoenix: Falcon, 1985), p. 24.

¹⁴ Regardie, What You Should Know 38.

¹⁵ Aleister Crowley, "The Quest," in *Songs of the Spirit*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 31-2.

¹⁶ Crowley, "The Quest" st. 5.

¹⁷ For a further account of the "Horos Scandal" in which the Golden Dawn was erroneously implicated see Regardie, What You Should Know 16-7.

¹⁸ John Symonds, The Magic of Aleister Crowley (London: Frederick Muller, 1958), p. 56.

¹⁹ Oliver Marlow Wilkinson, "Aleister Crowley Rest in . . . ?," in Dark Dimensions, ed. Colin Wilson (New York: Everest House, 1977), p. 103.

²⁰ For more exact details on this part of the Golden Dawn Adeptus Minor ceremony consult Israel Regardie, The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic, 1st ed. (Phoenix: Falcon, 1984), VII, 41.

²¹ Aleister Crowley, "Vespers," in *Songs of the Spirit*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 52-3.

²² Crowley, "Vespers" st. 1.

²³ Crowley, "Vespers" st. 3.

²⁴ Aleister Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris," in *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 175-6.

²⁵ Crowley, The Confessions 509.

²⁶ Crowley, The Confessions 851.

²⁷ Speaking of the mystical experience, William James makes this claim "Intellect and senses both swoon away in these highest states of ecstasy." William James, LL.D., Varieties of Religious Experience, (New York, 1911), p. 412. Crowley recommended the reading of this text to his students.

²⁸ *die Oriflamme: magazine of the German O.T.O.*, 1904, quoted in John Symonds, The Great Beast (London: Rider, 1953), p. 119.

²⁹ Aleister Crowley, "Energised Enthusiasm," in The Equinox (London: 1913; rpt. New York: Samuel Weiser, 1978), I, 9, p. 27.

³⁰ Symonds, The Great Beast 96.

³¹ Regardie, The Eye in the Triangle 314.

³² Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris" st. 1.

³³ Crowley, "The Quest" 31-2. See footnotes to l. 7, 14, 25 and 42 for a justification for this analysis.

³⁴ Flavius Josephus, "Antiquities of the Jews," in The Works of Flavius Josephus, ed. Rev. Samuel Burder, A.M. (New York: Hurst, n.d.), I, p. 11.

³⁵ Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris" l. 16.

³⁶ Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris" l. 25, 44.

³⁷ Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris" l. 45-8.

³⁸ Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris" l. 81-4.

³⁹ Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris" l. 95-6.

⁴⁰ It must be noted that his use of the demon-sister/demon-spouse in this poem does not mean that A.C. was a Satanist, as some have stated. Poe uses the images of dead lovers, ghouls, and demons (see such poems as "Annabelle Lee") and no one ever seriously posits this. In line 94 he "lifts" an unique word, "Aidenn," directly from Poe's "Raven" and thus tacitly acknowledges some of the debt that is owed as far as idea and meter.

⁴¹ Aleister Crowley, "To Laura," in *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 184.

⁴² Crowley, "To Laura" st. 1.

⁴³ Crowley, "To Laura" st. 3. The chakras, or "lotuses" opening as a result of yogic exercises and enlightenment are treated further in his *Liber LXV*.

⁴⁴ Much like the Aion of the Greek philosophers, the spirit or energy that conveys life and is present in subtle bodily fluids and emanations. See his use of "Kundalini" pp. 28, 31.

⁴⁵ Crowley, "To Laura" l. 14-6.

⁴⁶ Crowley, "To Laura" st. 12.

⁴⁷ Aleister Crowley, "A Litany," in *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 211-13.

⁴⁸ Mout, the Vulture Goddess of The Womb of Years.

⁴⁹ Crowley, "A Litany" l. 5-6. "Mother, give me the Sun!" This, the tragedy-word of Ibsen's "Ghosts," served as inception—by reversal—of this poem.

⁵⁰ The Hawk-headed Lord of Strength, the Avenger of Osiris' death.

⁵¹ Crowley, "A Litany" st. 6.

⁵² Crowley, "A Litany" l. 25-8.

⁵³ The Egyptian Atlas—á rebours.

⁵⁴ Crowley, "A Litany" st. 12.

- 55 Crowley, "A Litany" l. 61-4.
- 56 Crowley, "A Litany" l. 88.
- 57 The Supreme and Concealed One. Osiris, justified by trial, purified by suffering, can at the moment of his crucifixion—which is also his equilibration—attain to him.
- 58 Crowley, "A Litany" st. 16.
- 59 Rhys xi.
- 60 Martin P. Starr, ed., "Prolegomenon," Snowdrops from a Curate's Garden, by Aleister Crowley (Chicago: Teitan, 1986), p. ix.
- 61 Starr xii.
- 62 Crowley, The Confessions 65-8.
- 63 Aleister Crowley, The World's Tragedy (Paris: n. p., 1910), p. xxiv-vi.
- 64 Aleister Crowley, "Automatic Girl," in *The Bromo Book*, in Snowdrops from a Curate's Garden, ed Martin P. Starr (Chicago: Teitan, 1986), pp. 174-77.
- 65 Crowley, "Automatic Girl" st. 4.
- 66 John Barth, "Lost in the Funhouse," in Contemporary American Literature ed. George and Barbara Perkins (New York: Random House, 1988), p. 504.
- 67 James Joyce, Finnegans Wake (New York: Viking, 1971), p. 495.22-23. The fact that Joyce (another canonized writer) portrays this "urge" to mock contemporary convention in much the same manner as Crowley is significant in that the Irish sensitive Eileen J. Garrett places Joyce and Aleister Crowley in the Café Royal in Paris, both as habitués of the Café and members of the P.E.N. Club. See Eileen J. Garrett, Many Voices: The Autobiography of a Medium (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1968), p. 58-63.
- 68 Aleister Crowley, The Book of the Law (New York: Magickal Child, 1990).
- 69 Aleister Crowley, The Equinox of the Gods (San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), pp. 39-137.
- 70 Lest one disparage the idea of mediums, spirits, automatic writing and the like as a product of Crowley's imagination, the reader is referred to Yeats' *Preliminary Examination of the Script of E[lizabeth] R[adcliffe]* and the credence with which Yeats invested her. See George Mills Harper and John S. Kelly, "Preliminary Examination of the Script of E[lizabeth] R[adcliffe]," in Yeats and The Occult, ed. George Mills Harper (MacMillan of Canada, 1975), pp. 130-72. Also, any good dictionary of literature will give a listing of Surrealist writers who dabbled with this literary form.
- 71 Aleister Crowley, Not the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam (n.p.: n.d.) Typescript taken from the O.T.O. electronic data network and in possession of the author.
- 72 Aleister Crowley, "The King-Ghost," in *Gargoyles*, in The Works of Aleister

Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), III, pp. 107-08.

73 Crowley, "The King-Ghost" l. 1-4.

74 Crowley, "The King-Ghost" l. 13-16.

75 see Israel Regardie, The Golden Dawn (St. Paul: Llewellyn, 1982), II, p. 29.

76 Crowley, "The King-Ghost" l. 34.

77 Crowley, "The King-Ghost" l. 40.

78 See Aleister Crowley, trans., The Key to the Mysteries, by Eliphas Levi (New York: Samuel Weiser, 1972), p. 150. Compare how the latter deals with the four Qabalistic words.

79 Crowley, "The King-Ghost" l. 7.

80 Crowley, "The King-Ghost" l. 47-8.

81 S. L. Mac Gregor Mathers, trans., The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage (London: 1900; rpt. New York: Dover, 1975).

82 Aleister Crowley, "AHA!," in The Equinox (London: 1910; rpt. New York: Samuel Weiser, 1978), I, 3, pp. 9-54.

83 Crowley, "AHA!" 42-3.

84 Crowley, "AHA!" 45.

85 See Aleister Crowley, Magick in Theory and Practice (London: 1929; rpt. New York: Dover, 1976), pp. xiv-xv, theorems 6-9.

86 Crowley, The Book of the Law I, 40.

87 Crowley, "A Litany" st. 5.

88 Crowley, "AHA!" 47-8.

89 See Crowley, The Book of the Law I, 61.: "I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense . . ."

90 Crowley, "AHA!" 54.

91 Aleister Crowley, "The Stone of the Philosophers which is Hidden in Abiegnus the Rosicrucian Mountain of Initiation," in Konx Om Pax (New York: 1907; rpt. Chicago: Teitan, 1990), pp. 69-108.

92 See Wm. Wynn Westcott, S.M., IX°, The Rosicrucians, Past and Present, at Home and Abroad (Edmonds, WA: Sure Fire, 1989).

93 Crowley, "AHA!" 54.

⁹⁴ Aleister Crowley, "Liber LXV," in The Holy Books of Thelema (York Beach, ME: Samuel Weiser, 1988), pp. 51-83.

⁹⁵ Crowley, The Confessions 559.

⁹⁶ Crowley, "Liber LXV" I,1.

⁹⁷ Kundalini has been described by Crowley as "potential divine energy," see Aleister Crowley, "The Temple of Solomon the King IV" in The Equinox (London: 1910; rpt. New York: Samuel Weiser, 1978), I, 4, p. 87. H. P. Blavatsky (whom Crowley recommended to his students) defines it as "The power or force which moves in a serpentine or curved path. It is the universal life-principle which everywhere manifests in Nature." See H. P. Blavatsky, The Secret Doctrine, 3rd ed. (London: Theosophical Publishing House, 1893), I, 312.

⁹⁸ Crowley, "Liber LXV" I, 28.

⁹⁹ Crowley, "Liber LXV" IV, 29.

¹⁰⁰ Crowley, "Liber LXV" IV, 30.

¹⁰¹ ש, ד, ב; שם, שר, דם respectively.

¹⁰² Aleister Crowley, The Preliminary Analysis of Liber LXV (n.p.: n.d.). From a typescript in the possession of the author.

¹⁰³ Crowley, "Liber LXV" V, 61-5.

¹⁰⁴ For a more complete description of yoga as Crowley knew it, consult Crowley, "The Temple of Solomon the King IV" pp. 41-197.

¹⁰⁵ Aleister Crowley, "Hymn to Pan," in Olla (London: O. T. O., 1946; rpt. San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), pp. 127-8.

¹⁰⁶ Crowley, "Hymn to Pan" l. 1-4.

¹⁰⁷ Crowley, "Hymn to Pan" l. 17-25. Compare this language also with Crowley, "AHA!" 48.

¹⁰⁸ Crowley, "Hymn to Pan" l. 33-45.

¹⁰⁹ Crowley, "Hymn to Pan" l. 57-67.

¹¹⁰ John Symonds has this to say about these last two works: "He could dash off a successful kind of music-hall song [sic.], like "La Gitana," and evocative verses . . . like his "Hymn to Pan" . . . it certainly has a spell-binding quality about it; but he lacked the equipment for the higher flights of poetry." See John Symonds, introduction, The Confessions of Aleister Crowley, by Aleister Crowley, ed. John Symonds and Kenneth Grant (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979), p. 20. Unfortunately for the reader, he never specifically defines what he means by "higher flights of poetry."

- 111 Aleister Crowley, "La Gitana," in Olla (London: O. T. O., 1946; rpt. San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), pp. 116-7.
- 112 Aleister Crowley, The Book of Thoth (London: O.T.O., 1944; rpt. York Beach, ME: Samuel Weiser, 1985).
- 113 Aleister Crowley, "The Moralist," in Temperance a Tract for the Times (London: O. T. O., 1939; rpt. Berkeley: O. T. O, 1985), 5-7.
- 114 See also his treatment of rationalization in regards to drug abuse throughout Aleister Crowley, Diary of a Drug Fiend (London: 1922; rpt. New York: Samuel Weiser, 1973).
- 115 Crowley, "The Moralist" st. 1.
- 116 Crowley, "The Moralist" st. 10.
- 117 Aleister Crowley, "A Toast," in Thumbs Up! (London: Chiswick, 1941), p. 6.
- 118 Aleister Crowley, "England, Stand Fast!," in Thumbs Up! (London: Chiswick, 1941), p. 4-5.
- 119 Crowley, "England, Stand Fast!" l. 5.
- 120 Crowley, "England, Stand Fast!" st. 8.
- 121 Aleister Crowley, "Thanatos Basileos ," and "Logos," in Olla (London: O. T. O., 1946; rpt. San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), p. 103, 119.
- 122 Aleister Crowley, Liber LXXVII (OZ): The Rights of Man, (n.p.: n.d.) Typescript taken from the O.T.O. electronic data network and in possession of the author.
- 123 M. H. Abrams, "Religious Sects in England," in The Norton Anthology of English Literature, ed M. H. Abrams, 5th ed., vol. 2 (New York: W. W. Norton, 1986), p. 2548.

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The Quest¹

APART, immutable, unseen,
 Being, before itself had been,
 Became. Like dew a triple queen
 Shone as the void uncovered:
 The silence of deep height was drawn
 A veil across the silver dawn
 On holy wings that hovered.²

The music of three thoughts became
 The beauty, that is one white flame,
 The justice that surpasses shame,
 The victory, the splendour,
 The sacred fountain that is whirled
 From depths beyond that older world
 A new world to engender.³

The kingdom is extended.⁴ Night
 Dwells, and I contemplate the sight
 That is not seeing, but the light
 That secretly is kindled,
 Though oft time its most holy fire
 Lacks oil, whene'er my own Desire
 Before desire has dwindled.

I see the thin web binding me
 With thirteen cords of unity⁵
 Toward the calm centre of the sea.
 (O thou supernal mother!)⁶
 The triple light my path divides
 To twain the fifty sudden sides⁷
 Each perfect as each other.

Now backwards, inwards still my mind

Must track the intangible and blind,
 And seeking, shall securely find
 Hidden in secret places
 Fresh feasts for every soul that strives,
 New life for many mystic lives
 And strange new forms and faces.

My mind still searches and attains
 By many days and many pains
 To That which Is and Was and reigns
 Shadowed in four and ten⁸
 And loses self in sacred lands,
 And cries and quickens, and understands
 Beyond the first Amen.⁹

Vespers¹⁰

The incense steams before the Christ;
 It wraps His feet with grey,
 A perfumed meloncholy mist,
 Tears sacred from the day;
 An awe, a holiness, I wist,
 More sweet than man may
 say.

I bend my head to kiss the brow,
 Scarred and serene and wide,
 The bosom and the loin-cloth now
 And where the blood has
 dried,
 The blood whose purple tide doth
 flow
 From out the smitten side.

The fragrance of his skin begets
 Desire of holy things;
 Through the dim air a spirit frets
 His closely woven wings;
 Like love, upon my brow he sets
 The crowns of many kings.

(The trembling demons of the sea
 Before the poet bend;
 He greets the angels quietly
 As one who greets a friend;
 He waiteth, passionless, to be
 A witness of the end.)

I chant in low sweet verses still
 A mystic song of dread,

As one imposing all his will
 Upon the expectant dead;
 And lights dip down, and shadows
 fill
 The dreams that haunt my
 head.

I sing starnge stories of that world
 No man may ever see;
 My lips with strong delight are
 curled
 To kiss the sacred knee,
 And all my soul is dewed and
 pearled
 With tears of poetry.

The strong mysterious spell is cast
 To bind and to release;
 To give the devils hope at last,
 To the unburied peace;
 To gladden the reluctant past
 With silent harmonies.

The song grows wilder now and
 strives
 All heaven to enchain,
 As who should grasp a thousand
 lives,
 And draw their breath again
 Into some cavern where he dies,
 A hell of grisly pain.

And now behold! the barren Cross
 Bursts out in vernal flowers;
 The music weeps, as on the moss
 The summer's kissing

showers,
 And there sweep, as sweeps an
 albatross,
 The happy-hearted hours.

My rapt eyes grow more eager now,
 God smites within the host,
 White fires illuminate my brow
 Lit of the Holy Ghost;
 I see the angel figures bow
 On Heaven's silent coast.

Eternity, a wheel of light,
 And Time, a fleece of snow,
 I saw, and deep beyond the night,
 The steady mystic glow
 Of that lamp's flame unearthly bright
 That watches Earth below.

Long avenues of sleepy trees
 And bowers arched with
 love,
 And kisses woven for a breeze,
 And lips that scarcely move,
 Save as long ripples on the seas,
 That murmur like a dove.

I saw the burning lips of God
 Set fast on Mary's face,
 I saw the Christ, with fire shod,
 Walk through the holy place,
 And the lilies rosier where he trod
 Blushed for a little space.

I saw myself, and still I sang
 With lips in clearer tune,

Like to the nightingale's that rang
 Through all those nights of
 June;
 Such nights when stars in slumber
 hang
 Beneath the quiet moon.

Still, in those avenues of light,
 No maid with golden zone,
 And lily garment that from sight
 Half hides the ivory throne,
 Lay in my arms the livelong night
 To call my soul her own.

The Christ's cold lips my lips did
 taste
 On Time's disastrous tide;
 His bruised arms my soul embraced,
 My soul twice crucified;
 And always then the thin blood raced
 From out the stricken side.

The incense fumes, the chant is low
 Perfume around is shed;
 I am as one of Them who know
 The secrets of the Dead:
 The sorrows that walk to and fro,
 The love that hides his head.

O living Head! whose thorns are
 keen
 To bruise and pierce and
 slay;
 O Christ! whose eyes have always
 been
 Fixed fast upon the way,

Where dim Jerusalem was seen
 A city cold and Grey!

The flowers of fire that grow beneath
 And blossom on the Tree
 Are fed from his despair and death
 Who sings of land and sea,
 And all those mountains where thy
 breath,
 Jehovah, still must be.

The censer swings to slower time;
 The darkness falleth deep:
 My eyes, so solemn and sublime,
 Relent, and close, and weep:
 And on the silence like a chime,
 I heard the wings of Sleep.

Mors Janua Amoris¹¹

"None but the dead can know the
 worth of love."

—KELLY.

In the night my passion fancies
 That an incense vapour
 whirls
 That a cloud of perfume trances
 With its dreamy vapour-curls
 All my soul, with whom there
 dances
 The one girl of mortal girls.
 The one girl who wanton
 glances
 Soften into living pearls
 Comes, a fatal, fleeting vision,
 Turns my kisses to derision,
 Smiles upon my breast, and sighs,
 Flits, and laughs, and fades, and
 dies.

By the potent starry speeches;
 By the spells of mystic kings;
 By the magic passion teaches;
 By the strange and sacred
 things
 By whose power the master
 reaches
 To the stubborn fiery
 springs;
 By the mystery of the beaches
 Where the siren Sibyl sings;
 I will hold her, live and bleeding;
 Clasp her to me, pale and pleading;
 Hold her in a human shape;

Hold her safe without escape!
 So I put my spells about her
 And she flew into my
 dreams;
 So I drew her to the outer
 Land of unforgetful streams;
 So I laid her (who should doubt
 her?)
 Where enamelled verdure
 gleams,
 Drew her spirit from without
 her!
 In her eyelids stellar beams
 Glow renascent, now I hold her
 Breast to breast, and shining
 shoulder
 Laid to shoulder, in the bliss
 Of the uncreated kiss.
 Lips to lips beget for daughters
 Little kisses of the breeze;
 Limbs entwined with limbs, the
 waters
 Of incredible blue seas;
 Eyes that understand, the
 slaughters
 of a thousand ecstasies
 Re-embodied as they wrought
 us
 Garlands of strange
 sorceries;
 New desires and mystic passion
 Infinite of starry fashion;
 The mysterious desire
 Of the subtle formless fire.

Vainly my Tyanæan¹²
 Throw his misconceiving eye
 To bewitch our empyrean
 Splendours of the under sky!
 If the loud infernal pæan
 Be our marriage-melody,
 We are careless, we Achæan
 Molders of our destiny.
 Hell, it may be, for his playing,
 Renders Orpheus the decaying
 Love—in Hell if Hell there be,
 I would seek Eurydice!

If she be the demon sister
 Of my brain's mysterious
 womb;
 If she brand my soul and blister
 Me with kisses of the tomb;
 If she drag me where the bistre
 Vaults of Hell gape wide in
 gloom;
 Little matter! I have kissed her!
 Little matter! as a loom
 She has woven love around me,
 As with burning silver bound me,
 Held me to her scented skin
 For an age of deadly sin!

So I fastened to me tighter
 Fetters on her limbs that fret;
 So my kisses kindle brighter,
 Fiercer, flames of Hell, and
 set
 Single, silent, as a mitre
 Blasphemous, a crown of jet

On our foreheads, paler, whiter
 Than the snowiest violet.
 So I forged the chains of fire
 Round our single-souled desire.
 Heaven and Hell we reck not of,
 Being infinite in love.

Come, my demon-spouse, to
 fashion
 The fantastic marriage-bed!
 Let the starry billows splash on
 Both our bodies, let them
 shed
 Dewfall, as the streams
 Thalassian
 On Selene's fallen head!
 Let us mingle magic passion,
 Interpenetrating, dead,
 Deathless, O my dead sweet
 maiden!
 Lifeless, in the secret Aidenn!¹³
 Let our bodies meet and mix
 On the spirit's crucifix!

To Laura¹⁴

MISTRESS, I pray thee, when the wind
 Exults upon the roaring sea,
 Come to my bosom, kissed and kind
 And sleep upon the lips of me!

Dream upon my breast of quiet days,
 Kindled of slow absorbing fire!
 Sleep, while I ponder on the ways
 And secret paths of my desire!

Dream, while my restless brain probes deep
 The mysteries of its magic power,
 The secrets of forgotten sleep,
 The birth of knowledge as a flower!

Slow and divine thy gentle breath
 Woos my warm throat: my spirit flies
 Beyond the iron walls of death,
 And seeks strange portals, pale and wise.

My lips are fervent, as in prayer,
 Thy lips are parted, as to kiss:
 My hand is clenched upon thine air,
 Thy hand's soft touch, how sweet it is!

The wind is amorous of the sea;
 The sea's large limbs to its embrace
 Curl, and thy perfume curls round me,
 An incense on my eager face.

I see, beyond all seas and stars,
 The gates of hell, the paths of death
 Open: unclasp the surly bars
 Before the voice of him that saith:

A Litany¹⁷

"I will!" Droop lower to my knees!

Sink gently to the leopard's skin!¹⁵
I must not stoop and take my ease,
Or touch the body lithe and thin.

Bright body of the myriad smiles,
Sweet serpent of the lower life,
The smooth silk touch of thee defiles
The lures and languors of a wife.

Slip to the floor, I must not turn:
There is a lion in the way!¹⁶
The stars of morning rise and burn:
I seek the dim supernal day!

Sleep there, nor know me gone: sleep there
And never wake, although God's breath
Catch thee at midmost of the prayer
Of sleep—that so dream turns to death!

Pass, be no more! The beckoning dawn
Woos the white ocean: I must go
Whither my soul's desire is drawn.
Whither? I know not. Even
so.

The ghosts of abject days flit by;
The bloated goblins of the past;
Dim ghouls in soulless apathy;
Fates imminent, and dooms
aghast!
O Mother Mout,¹⁸ O Mother Night,
Give me the Sun of Life and Light!¹⁹

The shadows of my hopes devoured,
The crowns of my intent cast
down,
The hate that shown, the love that
lowered,
Make up God's universal frown.

O Lord, O Hormakhou,²⁰ display
The rosy earnest of the day!

The mighty pomp of desolate
Dead kings, a pageant, moves
along;
Dead queens unite in desperate,
Unsatisfied, unholy song.
O Kephra,²¹ manifest in flesh,
Arise, create the world afresh!

The silence of my heart is one
With memory's insatiate night;
I hardly dare to hope the sun.
I seek the darkness, not the light.
O Lord Harpocrates,²² be still
The moveless centre of my will!

My sorrows are more manifold
Than His that bore the sins of

man.

My sins are like the starry fold,

My hope their desolation wan.

O Nuit,²³ the starry one, arise,

And set thy starlight in my skies!

In darkness, in the void abyss,

I groped with vain despairing
arms.

The silence as a serpent is,

The rustle of the world alarms.

O Horus,²⁴ Light and Darkness,
bless

My failure with thine own success!

My suffering is keen as theirs

That in Amenti taste of death;

Not mine own pains create these
prayers:

For them I claim the living
Breath.

O Lord Osiris,²⁵ bend and bring
All winters to thy sign of Spring!

Poor folly mine: I cannot see

Save from one corner of one
star!

So many millions over me;

So many, and the next, how far!

O Wisdom-crowned Ta-hu-ti,²⁶
lend

Thy Magic: let my light extend!²⁷

I cannot comprehend one truth.

My sight is biassed, and my
mind—

One snake-skin thought is of its
youth;

Grows old, and casts the slough
behind.

O Themis,²⁸ Lady of the Plume,
Shed thy twin godhead in the gloom!

How ugly is this life of mine!

How slimes it in the terrene mud!
Clouds hide the beauty all-divine,

The moonlight has a mist of
blood.

O Hathoor,²⁹ Lady of the West,
Take thy sad lover to thy breast!

Even the perfumes of the dawn

Intoxicate, deceive the soul.

Let every shadow be withdrawn!

Let there be Light supreme and
whole!

O Ra,³⁰ thou golden Lord of Day,
The Sun of Righteousness display!

The burden is so hard to bear.

I took too adamant a cross;
This sackcloth rends my soul to
wear;

My self-denial is as dross!

O Shu,³¹ that holdest up the sky,
Hold thou thy servant, lest he die!

Nature is one with my distress.

The flowers are dull, the stars are
pale.

I am the Soul of Nothingness.

I cannot lift the golden veil.

O Mother Isis, ³² let thine eyes
Behold my grief, and sympathise!

Unto that Self which is in Thee!

I cannot round the perfect wheel,
 Attain not to the fuller end.
In part I love, in part I feel,
 Know, worship, will, and
comprehend.
O Mother Nephthys,³³ fill me up
Thine own perfection's deadly cup!

AMEN

My aspiration quails within me;
 “My heart is fixed,” in vain I
cry;
The little loves and whispers win me:
—

 “Eli, lama sabachani!”
O Chomse,³⁴ moon-god, grant thy
boon,
The silver pathway of the moon!

Beyond the Glory of the Dawn,
 Beyond the Splendour of the
Sun,
The Secret Spirit is withdrawn,
 The plumes of the Concealed
One.

Amoun!³⁵ upon the Cross I cry,
“I am Osiris, even I!”

O Thou! the All, the many-named,
 The One in many manifest:
Let not my spirit be ashamed,
 But win to its eternal rest!
Thou Self from Nothing! bring
Thou me

#12

The Auyomatic Girl³⁶

I

The march of science in the land now marks another stride:
 Not all in vain was Darwin's pain, that Bruno lived and died.
 From Newton's toil we gained the oil to ease men's woes that whirl,
 We now produce for public use the Automatic Girl.

II

She's warmed by electricity, she wags her arse by steam,
 Her eye displays Marconi rays, a chemist makes her cream.
 An antiseptic pussy-cat assures suspicious churls
 That Jonathan has guaranteed our Automatic Girls.

III

Besides these marks of progress there's another gain to reap.
 French girls are dear and Dutch, I fear, are dirty, if they're cheap.
 We cater for the wants of all—a humble brown may twirl
 Its easy passage through the slot of the Automatic Girl.

IV

The minor bard who got a hard was often forced
to be
Familiar friends with odds and ends from Street
to A.B.C.
But now at once the merest dunce may pluck the
purest pearl,
By just—his pennies in the slot of the Automatic
Girl.

V

Ye clerks who get a sudden rise, be chary of your
cash!
Society's and Beauty's eyes say "Cut a deadly
dash!"
O no! avoid Miss Marie Lloyd, the dance's giddy
whirl,
But put your pennies in the slot of the Automatic
Girl!

VI

Ye cabmen wights so late o' nights that get upon
the stand,
O let alone the reins you own! refrain the shame-
ful hand!
This fare you get you'll not regret, she will not
make you curl!
So put your pennies in the slot of the Automatic
Girl.

VII

The young and old, the rich and poor, with us are

well content.

(We take the stuff when there's enough and traffic
in cement.)

The son of dook, the son of cook, the son of belted
earl

All put their pennies in the slot of the Automatic
Girl.

CHORUS

And she'll work, work, work!

She'll give a nod

And say "My God!"

With a simper and a smirk.

She'll titillate their testes till with senses in a whirl
you plunge your pennies in the slot of the Auto-
Matic Girl.

Notes Used in Section One Poetry

¹ Aleister Crowley, "The Quest," in *Songs of the Spirit*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 31-2.

² A Qabalistic description of Macroprosopus. "Dew," "Deep Height," etc., are his titles.

³ Microprosopus.

⁴ Malkth, the Bride. In its darkness the Light may yet be found.

⁵ The Hebrew characters composing the name Achd, Unity, add up to 13.

⁶ Binah, the Great Deep: the offended Mother who shall be reconciled to her daughter by Bn, the Son.

⁷ Bn adds to 52.

⁸ Jehovah, the name of 4 letters. $1+2+3+4=10$.

⁹ The first Amen is equal 91 or 7×13 . The second is the Inscrutable Amoun.

¹⁰ Aleister Crowley, "Vespers," in *Songs of the Spirit*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 52-3.

¹¹ Aleister Crowley, "Mors Janua Amoris," in *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 175-6.

¹² Apollonius of Tyana, the sage whose glance dissolved the illusion which Lamia had cast about herself. See Keat's poem.

¹³ This word is taken direct from Poe's "Raven" in the sense in which it is used by him.

¹⁴ Aleister Crowley, "To Laura," in *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 184.

¹⁵ An actual rug: not a symbol.

¹⁶ Tennyson: the Holy Grail. The phrase is, however, much older.

¹⁷ Aleister Crowley, "A Litany," in *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), I, p. 211-13.

¹⁸ Mout, the Vulture Goddess of The Womb of Years.

¹⁹ "Mother, give me the Sun!" This, the tragedy-word of Ibsen's "Ghosts," served as inception—by reversal—of this poem.

²⁰ The Dawn-God.

²¹ The Beetle-Headed God, who brings light out of darkness, for He is the Sun at

Midnight.

²² God of Silence. Usually shown as a child.

²³ The bowed Goddess of the Stars. Shown as a naked woman, her hands and feet on the earth, the arms and legs much elongated, so that her body arches the firmament.

²⁴ The Hawk-headed Lord of Strength, the Avenger of Osiris' death.

²⁵ The Redeemer by His suffering.

²⁶ Thoth, the Ibis God. Equivalent to the higher Hermes.

²⁷ Khabs am Pekht again. [A reference to a footnote in the first poem in this section, "The Palace of the World." This is one of three phrases (Khabs am Pekht, Konx om Pax, Light in Extension) used in the ceremonies of the Golden Dawn to seal the current of light in the sphere of the aspirant. C.N.S.]

²⁸ Goddess of Justice.

²⁹ Goddess of Beauty and Love.

³⁰ The Hawk-headed God, the Sun in his strength.

³¹ The Egyptian Atlas— á rebours.

³² Nature: the beginning.

³³ Perfection: the end.

³⁴ See previous explanation of moon-symbolism. [A reference to a footnote in the second section of *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*: "The Gate of the Sanctuary," which equates the moon with the Hebrew letter Gimel, a symbol which represents the thirteenth path on Otz Chiim, the Tree of Life, which is the Qabalist's schematic diagram of the universe. The path of Gimel leads from the Sixth Sephira, the Sphere of Tiphareth, the Human Will, to the First Sephira, The Sphere of Kether the Crown, which is the Divine Will. C.N.S.]

³⁵ The Supreme and Concealed One. Osiris, justified by trial, purified by suffering, can at the moment of his crucifixion—which is also his equilibration—attain to him.

³⁶ Aleister Crowley, "Automatic Girl," in *The Bromo Book*, in Snowdrops from a Curate's Garden, ed Martin P. Starr (Chicago: Teitan, 1986), pp. 174-77.

NOT
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES of SIR ROGER
BLOXAM

b y
Aleister Crowley

Written but not published circa 1917

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CHAPTER MX: Of Things Human and Divine; Being Other Epigrams Laboriously and Pertinently Constructed by Sir Roger Bloxam, in the Very Primrose and Wood Anemone of His Youth.

Editor's Note

The following “novelissim” was begun by Crowley during his American Period, while he was staying in New Orleans, and subsequently, purposefully left unfinished. As Crowley himself said, “It is hardly theoretically possible to finish it, strictly speaking. I have indeed serious qualms as to whether I have not overstepped the limits of truth in saying that I began it.”¹ The fact that Crowley was in New Orleans at the close of 1916 is attested to by entries in his diary entitled *Rex de Arte Regia*. Here also is an affirmation of the great burst of creative energy, which Crowley refers to in the *Hag (The Confessions of Aleister Crowley)* lasting several weeks, and producing, among other things the poem “Green Goddess” and several of the Simon Iff stories (see *Rex de Arte Regia*, operation LXXXIII & ff, 1917).

Internal evidence suggests that the writing of the novelissim was spread out over the course of several months, while including many events and people from earlier in Crowley’s American sojourn. For instance, “Chapter MV” may be dated precisely at September, 1917, due to the fact that he refers directly to his “taking over *The International*.” a month previously. Whether or not this is literally true, it is the way he speaks of his status as contributing editor to that magazine in the *Confessions*,² and the date is confirmed by a look at the masthead of *The International* itself. Susan Roberts asserts that certain of the later sections, such as the epigrams found in chapter thirty-nine, were actually among the first things to be written—opinions that Crowley decided to express while sipping an “icy opal” in the Old Absinthe House in the French Quarter of New Orleans.³

Those familiar with the author’s life will no doubt recognize many of the anecdotal episodes which are attributed to Roger Bloxam, as well as others among the transient characters. This version of the text has been set using Microsoft Word version 4.0 and the Apple Macintosh Plus. The initial, unformatted version was provided to me by Antony Wm. Iannotti, Secretary General, Ordo Templi Orientis; the Hermetic society which Crowley headed from 1925 to 1947. It is edited to the extent that certain long passages have been broken into reasonable paragraphs; I have chosen to format such things as chapter headings, pagination and the like in a certain way, though I have tried to keep most of the non-standard punctuation which is unique to the typescript I received. I have also added a series of footnotes

which serve the purpose of shedding some light upon obscure references in Greek, Latin and Sanskrit etc. All footnotes are my own. One problem in elucidation is the fact that A.C. includes names, often without surname or other referent. I have often tentatively tagged these to people (mostly his mistresses and sexual partners) who are mentioned in his diaries covering the American period and those years immediately following, falling back mainly upon *Rex de Arte Regia* (1914-18), *The Magical Record of the Beast* (1919-20) and his *Confessions* for authority. Sections of his diaries have been lost over the years, or have become unintelligible, and so these tags to people identified only by first name are not set in stone. There are a number of references which *need* to be footnoted, but which I have failed to clear up in this regard. The rule of thumb that I approximate is that when one comes across a woman's name, usually spoken as an aside, with no explanation, one may safely assume that this is, or was, one of his mistresses whose name may or may not have been recorded for posterity. Clifford Bax has stated approximately the same thing when he recalls asking Crowley about the whereabouts of the "Queen of Heaven," to which A.C. replied "Year and name, please."⁴ Certain other biographical notices are sheer guesswork based upon a study of the patterns Crowley uses in his satire. In chapter XLVI, he gives a bulldog the name John Thomas, for which name there is no referent in the *Confessions*, or in the diaries of the time. I have thus made a search of the notable people bearing that name and deduced which one he would have known about, and wished to favor (given the general themes of the work) with a lampoon. I may have been wrong. Or not.

Other than these three minor points, the integrity of the *Text* itself, to the best of my knowledge, remains unchanged.

Nick Serra
07/04/90

CHAPTER suppose we say FORTY FOUR
KNOBSWORTHY BOTTOMS

Aha! so that excites your curiosity. Oho! O no! this book is not for women, I swear it by the sacred tibia of Emmeline Pankhurst⁵ so I will tell you all, for I love you as you must love me for having spared you those first forty-three chapters. To it! then! To it!

Knobsworthy Bottoms is a delightful village in Derbyshire, where the Necks come from. Nonsense; it is in Devonshire, where the cream comes from.⁶ And what has it to do with our story? Nothing. Our story? Yes, yours and mine—yours and mine—yours and mine.

Pause.

Another pause a little longer.

A short snappy pause.

A pause of languorous libido.

A pause of crescendo irritation.

A plain pause.

Five bars more.

Yes! that is settled. But I will not tell you what our story is about. I need not, because it is Just Our Story. Moreover I would a word with you: this. I will conceal our story; even when you have read it all through you will not know that I have written it. I will not have Sordello⁷ make mouths at my speech, any more than Catullus.⁸ But I will play Puck to you, my beauties; I will lead you through fire and water, air and earth, on a mad chase after a bauble. I will play the Comedy of Pan upon you, lovely listeners; and I will begin by deluding you into the belief that Our Story concerns

NOT
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
of
SIR ROGER BLOXAM.

CHAPTER ONE

THE LOVE OF A PURE GIRL; THE QUARREL; AND THE MYSTERY

So you thought you were free of the City of Our First Forty-Three Chapters, eh? I am not so simple. I am a match for you, you may believe, by the Black Stone of the Kaabah.⁹ What can you do to argue with me? Ma Dia,¹⁰ but you are helpless in my hands as Colonel Gormley¹¹ when he went to the woman without a whip. Also when he went with one. You can but throw Our Story in the fire; and you are already too interested to do that. For, as you know, it is not a true, succinct, elaborate, discursive, epigrammatic, apopthegmic, pleonastic, tautological, and altogether ridiculous account of the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam. Here you will find zeugma¹² and hendiadys and paraprosoodian and aposiopesis and all of them in a synoptical epitome of utter sweetness of the old-fashioned molasses candy which I was sucking in the movies before I came in not to write this Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam. But have no fear; 'tis but a passing spasm; the Titan is unvanquished still; on the faith of St. Vitus, I will write this book on headier beverages than molasses. Absinthion¹³ shall be my drink, sin my true love's forsaken me; for snuff I'll sniff the snowflakes of the coca-leaf; for smoke "Roll me the rapture of amber again!" I musn't put these things clearly, because of the Harrison law,¹⁴ which Harrison is not Benjamin or Austin or Alexander but a bigger fool than all the three, and God forgive me if I have said too much, as it suddenly strikes me I have, thinking a second time of Austin.

Well, for perfume, I'll to the scent of ether and dream delightful decadent deliriums of San Francisco and Myriam Deroxe,¹⁵ the fairest and the finest and the—here's to her in the Key of F major! and B! Oh the scherzo in A—rondo; oh the finale in C! But if imagination fail me, then will I swallow hashish, in the name of the Compassionate and Merciful God. And if my reader will to whirl in colour and form, let him quaff mescal¹⁶ to the glory of Quetzlcoatl, and it shall not fail him. Anon.

Hullo! is this capitulum too long, too short, too fat, too thin? 'Tis but our number One; a lad, nay, a babe of chapters, unsalted and unswaddled: he'll do, girls; he'll grow; carry him to his mother.

But are you sure that you have properly introduced, in Ancient and Primitive form, our hero? Is this book not the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam? Nay, little sister; bear with me yet awhile. Imprimis: this book is not what you say: I told you before, but you would not believe me. And, in the neck and shoulders of our argument, Sir Roger Bloxam is certainly not our hero. No, Lilian,¹⁷ tease me not; for at this time I will not tell you. An adjuration? Verily, by the Pig's Knuckle and Sauerkraut at the Kaiserhof at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street New York City, N.Y. U.S.A. Mariana, you trust not such an oath? Good; then to the proof; continue to the end of the chapter, and see for yourself whether I betray the secret.

CHAPTER THREE

IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE HERO

Yes, that was a shabby trick to stop the chapter there. And Mariana is crying. That has nothing to do with it. She is crying because of what I told her in Chapter Two—and with good reason. And what was in Chapter Two? Wouldn't you like to know? Saucy!

CHAPTER FOUR

THE SHADOW OF TRAGEDY

Rabbi Ischak ben Loria¹⁸ is so dreadfully serious about the number Four, by Gematria, Notariqon, Temurah, Aiq Bekar,¹⁹ and in every other mode of Exegesis that it is time for us to straighten our ties and try to look like a respectable novelist and his most charming reader on a sunny but not too sunny day towards the end of April. The autumn leaves were almost fallen; all nature seemed to sympathize with the great sadness of—Please do not interrupt. Lola!²⁰ I am not making a fool of myself. The scene of Our Story is laid in the Southern Hemisphere. That girl has put me completely off. We will begin again; one wintry day the good folk of New Orleans were being hurled at the rate of a thousand miles an hour and more into the shadow of the planet Terra, and—

Too scientific? I think so myself; besides, the whole business bores me. And, on another count, *Not the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam* should begin at the beginning. Lucky this ain't them! A further advantage of this course is that I shall have opportunity to expose rose prose, Ambrose, in my most mystic manner. I'll be Chrysostom²¹ of the Church of Fiction; you shall have asphodel²² and nectar to your chota hazri.²³ Begin then, daughters of the sacred well that from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring; a perfect pianissimo like Ratan Devi's²⁴ is appropriate to the first part of what is not the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam.

CHAPTER SEVEN

BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF YEARS

(Chapters Four, Five, and Six—except Four —have proved too pianissimo to print.)

The Universe slept, and shiny dreams confused it; its purity clouded over like Chalcedony. It was an absinthe dream—Yea! let me fall off the water wagon; let me hie me to the Old Absinthe House, and pledge mine host in a bumper of green poison!—for behold! in that clear diamond without flaw there gathered nebulae like a great mist of light.

And there was some perception of distinction, and thereby came hurt.

Close up, please, camera!²⁵

Now, Miss Eissiz, register despair!

Thank you. Now close up in the scene! Right.

In one nebula there was an insignificant body who is, (let me whisper, Helen)²⁶ in one way the hero of Our Story.

Closer up, there; ten yards' title, Helios. Closer up again—

so here we are back to earth after all, ready to begin a new chapter of what, please the pigs, shall not be the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY

It has appeared from the foregoing, Muriel and Laylah,²⁷ when you have quite finished, thank you—presently!—that even that which was most real about Sir Roger Bloxam was no more than the fucked out fag-end of a bad dream of the universe; and whether even the universe is real is of course a moot point. I like that word “moot.” But, as we shall see later, Sir Roger himself was not of prime importance, even to himself; for he was not himself. Hush! I’ll explain it all later. I must begin like this if I’m to be properly mysterious, which, as I am Custos of the Illuminati,²⁸ the Devil and Adam Weishaupt²⁹ know I ought to be. (If you had only eighty cents to spare, would you buy ether or candy? ’Tis doubts like this that cloud the mind, and interrupt Our Story. Oh Lord! send me two thousand dollars and let me finish the damned thing in peace! I promise not to use a stenographer— “An easy promise!” sneers the Lord. “Abuse is your trade.” Well, then, I won’t abuse her; and why should I want to butt in? Get on! Get on! Not even a preliminary Off). I am glad that misunderstanding is over; but I have lost the golden thread, Medea; we shall never reach the heart of the labyrinth. Come, kiss me, Clio,³⁰ let us start afresh; water thy horse with mine at the Circean³¹ spring; then let us mount the eager slopes of heaven, and, gazing upon earth, see in all due proportion that most fascinating shape, that soul Circean, that siren sun of a gun, Sir Roger Bloxam. For it is his Life and Adventures that are not to form the subject of Our Story.

CHAPTER NINE

ALAS! POOR YORICK!

(This chapter may be omitted with advantage.)

So ho! my hearties! then I have you at the point desired. You think I mean to trick you with infinite digression—a Sterne³² chase of the Absolute. So ho! the will I e'en slip in a page of concise important facts, the basis of our whole work, even as a nymph surprised slips into her well, or as a physician slips his thermometer under your tongue. (We'll hope so). And so we go about on the other tack, and gain a furlong on you all, unready skippers that you are, foolish virgins indeed, for that you will never come to the love interest. This is a bracing story, the yarn of a lone wolf, the best of Easter gifts for a Boy Scout; there is no sex in it. This is a brave book, a chaste book, the Book Valiant, the Book of a Loyal Knight, the Bible of a Parzival. C.W. Leadbeater³³ shall not read Our Story; it shall not be filmed in Pathé³⁴ or serialized in the Woman's Monthly. No, brother Sir Knights, gadzooks, gramercy on us! This Book be your Romaunt, the pillow of your slumbers, the candle of your vigils; and you shall salute me Guardian of the Graal, because I stood with Shakespeare and Aristophanes and Apuleius and Cervantes and Rabelais and Balzac and Sir Richard Burton who liked life whole and wholesome, hardy to the four winds, not mewling, puking, piffing, twaddling, bellelettrizing, Dameauxcameliarizing, Murgerizing, Lukizing, Omarizing, Wertherizing, Littlenellizing, sentimentalizing, squalling, squawking, weeping, deploring, and all the other participles in the language and outside it that may be quintessentialized as finding favour with the burgess. For you are cowardly dogs, you grocers, peddlers, Germans and Angles, and I'll none of you in Our Story. For us is the lusty Don, the fierce Egyptian, the black Irishman, the hot little devil of a Frenchman; but deuce a fat ox-man that sits down and counts the money he has stolen, and lets life and adventures pass him by.

Sir Roger Bloxam was of an Irish father, and a Cornish mother—putting aside all that business about the nebula, where, of course, he originally began. He was born in rebel Cork, and his first cry was interpreted by his father as “To hell with the bloody English!” It's a durthy lie; he was born in the very centre of England, just over the way from Stratford, at a Spa on the Leam.³⁵ His mother was a Bishop,³⁶ which is a corruption of Episkopos, for she traced her ancestry to a

Greek, who had come to Cornwall with the Phoenicians to get tin; and that Greek was of Egyptian stock. I think Pythagoras had a thumb in the pie somewhere, for Episkopos is a corruption of Hapi-Sebek, so that there was honest crocodile blood and Nile water in the family. And the Nile is the daughter of the Mountains by the Moon; and both these are Chinese, for their names are given by Fohi in his trigrams; so that was where Sir Roger got his Mongolian appearance.³⁷ The mother blood was very strong in that race; the boy looked just as much a girl as any colleen, and had the fascinating ways of a wench from his cradle.³⁸

As to the Bloxam side of the family, it was Greek also. Bloxam is plainly Floxam from Phlogs, a flame; whence, oh my lissome ones, we know that his great ancestor was the Sun. I have no time to tell you about fulgur,³⁹ and flagellum;⁴⁰ for I must whisper just one word of woe: Bloxam was not his name at all. Not his name, at all, at all, at all. No, sir! It is only the echo of the name of his name. His real name is a terrible secret, gay, porcine, choral, charitable, stiff, brilliant, dancing, horrific, ghrshu, ghrshoi (as Rabindranath Tagore⁴¹ would say) a brush name, a name like a hedgehog, a bristling name, a starry name, the secret title of the Master of all the Druids, a name so stupendous, tremendous, venerable and reverend, so unspeakable, unutterable, ineffable, incommunicable, indicible and aphasic that I have written it all over this book in characters so large that I hope it may escape observation.

By the hand of Fatma,⁴² what a chapter! But genealogies are always the devil; even Saint Paul found it made trouble for the early Christians. However, be done with it! On to the Characteristic Incidents of Infancy. I can't do these; for one thing, I can't remember. But I'll steal all the Dionysus and Hercules thunder, and that of any other Famous Infants; and I'll fake the chapter somehow to look respectable enough. Mothers, be prepared to shed warm tears of exquisite whatever-it-is; race-suicides, thank God, you're out of it! Maidens, be warned; old maids, regret! Observe, nobody is altogether happy; we want to put our money on all the horses in the race, and win every bet. No, Ada; no, Evangeline; no, Mimi; no, Gellia, Chloe, Lalage, Daphne, Chrysis, Sappho, Doris, Gerda, Jeanne, Rita, Léa, Mabel;⁴³ no, all of you; to be or not to be, that is the question; to be both or neither at the same time is to be a Buddhist, and a Bhikkhu or a Phoongye or a Sayadaw or a Mahathera at that, probably an Arhan and certainly a Srotapatti—which is going too far, even for sick girls as you, my satellites, my comets, my meteors, my planets that you are. Keep to your orbits; let who will be good, be clever!

Now you've mixed me all up, and we must broach a fresh hogshead of absinthe.

CHAPTER TEN

THE MURDER IN GREENCROFT GARDENS

(This is the last but one of those chapter-headings which have been designed merely to attract the favourable notice of the reading public; in future they will have some connection with the text, possibly even a discoverable one, in certain cases of great gravity.)

How jolly it would be, and how easy to wander on for ever, canoeing, as it were, down a broad stream of absinthe to the Great Lakes of Dementia. But it may not be! Our hero—even our echo-hero, Sir Roger Bloxam—must be made sympathetic, interesting, vital. And he does not even exist so far; at least I've never let the reader get a glimpse of him. Yet it is he that makes me merry; and God help the men and women that cross the path of Astarte Lulu Panthea Crowley, beginning in about 1935, Era Vulgari. The truth is this; it is a very serious matter to get your hero on to the stage; for you have to do that for him; once there he'll start like a fighting-cock, if he's of the right stuff; but who'll break the champagne over the bows of my battleship? There's the D'Artagnan⁴⁴ way of coming on, me father's sword, letter to the Captain of the Guard, no money; then a thwacking of a duel or two, and it's perfectly natural to be saving the queen's honour, and never riding at less than thirty miles an hour with sixteen bullets to the cubic inch of you.

And there's the Hamlet way of preparing the scene, and then flipping him on; and that way, which is Shakespeare's invariable way, makes the man natural from the beginning. Ibsen does the same; it is clearly right; one must not make one's man incredible from the moment of his appearance.

But what of the fantastics? Maitre Alcofribas Nasier⁴⁵ cares for none of these things. Nor Aristophanes, huge of laughter, eater of conventions. The fact is that I had rather conceived Sir Roger Bloxam—and the hero, of whom you hear some day, if you will—in this Punch and Judy spirit. This novel was not to be the tale of an Ego in a Cosmos, but the whirl of a Cosmos round an Ego. The scenery was to be stage properties; and now I hesitate whether I should not play in the wild woodland. Why not tell the truth? Because I do not know the truth; if I did, I were a greater philosopher than even myself.

Penrhyn Stanlaws⁴⁶ told me that he liked a novel to begin "Bang! A rifle shot rang through the woods" because you want to know at once "who shot at whom, or what, and why, and did he hit or miss?" I tried this idea with the title of Chapter 44; but then—UM-UM-UM-UM —alas! no need to tell what then! If

Gwendolen Otter⁴⁷ were here, she would tell me how to begin; if Anna Wright were here, she would shew me how to begin; if Berthe Leroux⁴⁸ or Marie Maddingley⁴⁹ or Peggy Marchmont⁵⁰ were here, I would already have begun! I would I were afoot in the Sahara desert, with my untrusty chela, Lampada Tradam,⁵¹ his hair chopped to look like the devil, so that the Arabs may take me for a great sorcerer to have tamed him, and with Mohammed bin Rahman and el Arabi and that prince of fools, the camel-man. To camp at Wain t'Aissha for a month, and let the peace of the desert seduce the soul. Then could Sir Roger Bloxam prance it untrammelled, horsed and armed, a very scorpion of the sand.

Nay, the Old Absinthe House must serve my turn; I will take wings and follow the Mississippi to the sacred Delta; thence I will take passage in the Gulf Stream with those two spirits that loved the Albatross, and with them, by'r Lady, I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty chapters! But be prepared for all; you'll not know whether I'm a realist or a phantastic till you have finished Our Story and are ready to turn back to read it over again!

CHAPTER SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT

KISSED AT LAST

(This chapter has been suppressed by the Censor.)

CHAPTER ELEVEN

OF PUBLISHERS: WITH AN AFRICAN FABLE

I am but a green fellow, Mr. Putnam, Scribner, Macmillan, Houghton Mifflin, Mr. Podder and Spouton, Mr. Lousebrain? I am no novelist, I, Mr. Poop the Publisher? I do not know how to tell a story, ye dewlapped sow-bellied munchers of milk-toast, ye gross-buttred itchy-palmed exploiters of Arnold Bennett⁵² and Marie Corelli⁵³ and Elinor Glyn⁵⁴ and Mrs. Humphrey Ward⁵⁵ and Victoria Cross and Hall Caine?⁵⁶ Why do not I take advice? I am young yet; I might learn, perchance? Learn your trade, ye snuffling, toads, ye gorbellied live stenchers that poison the wells of the King's English before the Hanoverian turnips with their German brute gutturals and grunts. Oh! nothing right in England since we lost Plantagenet and Tudor. Take advice? Hear the tale of the Love of the Hippopotamus and the Tsetse fly. You see the difficulty. So did they. Thus they took counsel of the Puff-adder. Paint me the river-horse, tears streaming from his eyes, his fat soul melting in him from hoggish love, like a middle-class Englishman, a tradesman of the Petty Cury! Ha! quoth the wise Puff-adder, cocksbody, here's a knavish coil.

Zounds; little sister Tsetse, dear, deadly little sister, eternal flit and fatal sting, more sinister than all thy kind because so silent, surely thou art True Woman. (True Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation. Insert in American edition). But his thy raw Romeo, thy lard-Lothario, thy Georgie-Porgie, hath no scent of aught but grossness. Purge him with Krafft-Ebing,⁵⁷ for diaphoretic let him swill Schrenk-Notzing,⁵⁸ a barrel a dose, flush well his kidneys with the works of Havelock Ellis.⁵⁹ Then crown the labour with a gift of price—*Venus in Furs* of Sacher-Masoch.⁶⁰ So then, gramercy, an thou sting him, sister, it shall be Luv. Most willing, most assiduous, the hippopotamus applied his pinbrain to the work. Last of all, rapture filled his eyes—now sting, cried he, that I may enjoy Luv!

Alas! Alack! Woe! Misery! Wretched Me! Ai! Ai! Mierda! Ay di mi! Hilas! Govno!⁶¹ Sister Tsetse, that had stung horse, ass, mule, Englishman,

and many another beast, could not get through the hide of her beloved. For know, the Hippopotamus comes of chapel folk, and hath been 'prenticed to the Northcliffes,⁶² the St. Doe Stracheys,⁶³ and the Austin Harrisons,⁶⁴ from whom that shell which pierceth three feet of Harveyized nickel steel battleship armour should rebound all merrily, methinks.

Then went this loutish lover, mewling and puling more hideously than before, until he seemed like an American clergyman, so sweating and so maudlin was he, back to the wise Puff-adder. O call up on Sir Crocodile, the good chirurgeon,⁶⁵ says Puff-adder briskly, when the state of the case is made known; he shall perform epidermotomy, neurocalypsis;⁶⁶ thou shalt have a tender part whereon thy love may sting thee.

But Sir Congo Crocodile F.R.C.S., M.C.,⁶⁷ was modern, the last word in surgeons, phallectomy⁶⁸ his specialty; Monsieur Coupetout⁶⁹ was his father in anatomy; he had deceived pedants when he studied at Bart's, for they confused his operations with the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew—ho! one, two, three, nurse! give me the sponge; four, five, damn it, there's the jugular vein gone; six, tie that artery, you fool; seven, eight, calm, my friends, I've but perforated one lung; nine, bang goes the aorta, stitch him up, somebody; ten, he's dead, blast him, bring me another.

So Sir Crocodile made Mr. Hippopotamus as holy as Origen, as lorn as Abelard, alas! he made him not so lyrical as Atys. For he squeaked out, the British pig, the greedy, grocery, cottonseed-oily, dissenting- parsonious, Tennyson-reading, blubberly, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, chaw-bacon, covenanting, cow-mooing, creature, none of God's!—

Ah! (he pronounced it like the Arabic Gha'in)⁷⁰ I shall write to the Times about it. Speaking as a masochist, I am irrevocably wedded to good Sir Crocodile; speaking as an ex-hippopotamus, war is hell! And sister Tsetse laid a loving kiss on Brother Puff-adder's nose, and away! Who said I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier?

Now—conceive if I in like case would take advice! Nay, I am sister Tsetse; but though I sting the world, I give the Sleeping sickness only to horse, ass, mule, or Englishman, oh cattle! cattle! cattle! Now I'll not stop to print the many words of my story, the story of my tale, how 'tis against the vice of pandering, against the folly of love out of one's sphere, and the rest; I'll flit on, to the tune of Tipperary, beauties o' mine, God bless you, dart on with the newest, the sweetest, the deeviest, most charming, most exciting, cocaineish,

cantharidian,⁷¹ Peggy O'Neilish⁷² installment of—Not the Life and Opinions (or was it Adventures?) of Sir Roger Bloxam.

CHAPTER TWELVE

HORRIFIC AND GROTESQUE COROLLARY OF THE FOREGOING ARGUMENT, PRESENTED AS AN EPICENE PARADOX

Last night I dreamed that I was back in the Old Absinthe House, where stand the marble fountains worn by the nonagenarian drip of the water. I was that Absinthion, the bitter spirit, oily with divine ghostliness, and fragrant with many an holy herb, dittany, marjoram, fennel, subtile and mocking, all inspiration. But none can drink me pure, nay, say not so, my brave disciples! Ye must add syrup of style—add not too much, my danger's in my Technik!—and stir with drop by drop of water that fountain that never faileth. So did I dream myself intelligible—when Betty stirred, and cried “A little higher!” Woman! always you bid us soar—often you make us soar! I knew a wife that told her husband that she wished he were dead. He raised his lazy head, and asked her Why, in sooth? She said “I want to be relict.” And, indeed, Duna, this is the end of the chapter. (Why support a lout like Courteney Lemon?)

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

OF THE QUALITY OF THE ANCESTRY OF SIR ROGER BLOXAM;
HIS FOREBEARS, OF THEIR CHASTITY, DECENCY, FIDELITY,
SOBRIETY, AND MANY OTHER VIRTUES

A certain lady⁷³— (lady—lady—lady—) daughter of a New England lumberman, seeking social distinction, espoused an ancient house agent (or Gott wot what) named Foster, a tripester, a chewed spaghetti, a cold Welsh rarebit. Now lively was the wench and high-coloured, with a mole between her buttocks, and her shoulder-blade fair and great as a wild strawberry. And she lived in Eighth Avenue New York, in an apartment house. Time made her bold, and she was gay and gracious, so that it pleased her perversion to wager with herself that she should enjoy a lover even in the bed with her goodman. Which device she prepared, bidding Sir Paramour enter softly through the unlatched door of the flat. But even as the other disciple did outrun Peter, so a citizen took the honor of that laggard lover. And this man was well bedrunken. A German-American was he, and well bedrunken, verily. So this one came upon the bed; the girl stirred not for caution, save to slip the sheet from off her body, and he knew not of her.

“Nay!” quoth he to himself, “all men are equal; I will prove it heartily, and ease my nature.” So with a blast and fanfare of great trumpets, he stated clearly, and proved with mighty measure, and great weight, the proposition of democracy. Then Jeanne, that wanton wife and wise in Havelockellisry the gentle sport, divined her lover for a fantastic, and lay still. But ere he fled he seized what to him seemed a lever appropriate to that throne whereon he squatted touchwise and pulled thereon repeatedly, so that the lumpish cuckoldly lubberly lout of a husband, waking, bethought him of that word of James the apostle “Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them” and put his hand upon her knee. “Shut up! old satyr” she cried loud, “I never shall understand sex. Oh mother, save me! Stop! you rascal, what do you mean by trying to lead me away from Pewrity, the uplift, the Inner Life, the supra-sexual sexuality!” Whereat he laughed, the toothless old dog! Then she “You disgust me—you, with one foot in the grave!” Then he grabbed desperately—alas!—fell back, and murmured mournfully “I have at least one hand interred.”

No one of these three people could ever have been connected, however remotely, with any of the forebears of Sir Roger Bloxam.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

HOW SIR ROGER GOT HIS NICK-NAME

Oh wonder! let us on, gay carls; I would tell you of the goodness and innocence of Sir Roger, Sir Roger, oh! my God! Sir Roger Bloxam, how it shewed even in his youth, and that moreover in suspicion, as the sun shines brightest when the darkest thunders break. D' ye remember: i' the Cloister and th' Hearth how the neighbours set a spy on the monk and his wife, and track them to a wood—but they are only discussing how to do good to the people of the town? Ay? They were foul dogs that thought ill of them, is't not so? For even thus, or not unlike, came adventure to Sir Roger when 'e was yet a stripling. 'T was a day holy and idle, the sun gold on the primroses of the woodland, and Sir Roger, being of age twelve years, and a lively boy, his thoughts divided between heaven and humanity, how he might help either, was strolling with another lad, one Charlie Preston,⁷⁴ God bless him or God rest him, I know not which, and the devil take him too, for I care not.

Now then comes a young master following them, for he saw that which made him ponder. 'Sdeath, but these Puritans have evil minds, God rot their guts with their stale mess of barley water! But when he came upon them privily, lo! then Sir Roger looked up frank and smiling, his eyes trembling with great joy and sweetness of child-holiness. Quoth 'a to the angry pædagogue: Nay, sir, 'tis natural error, and I pardon thee with my whole heart. For this my friend was stricken (by Heaven's will) with sudden pain-cramp of a limb. I therefore, crying on Aesculapius, did put my lips to it, sucking and soothing, lipping and licking, rolling my tongue about, nibbling it gently with my teeth to induce a proper flow of blood to the disordered place, all as my instinct of Healer-of-Men did direct me. So presently by the favour of God came relief by spasm and—may it not have been the bursting of some internal abscess?—the ejaculation of some humor—salty, 'Od wot, and ostreosian,⁷⁵ or methought so, and may Nature grant it be nutritious. Now by the Virtue of the Father and of the Son and the Holy Ghost, Three and One, to whom be praise and worship eternally, is my friend rid of his cramp. Amen!

But that young master, skilled in physick, knew in himself that this was no true cure, but a cure by sympathy and transference; for lo! himself was attaint of that same plague. Which Sir Roger spying i' th' tail of his eye, the boy cries quickly to him:

“Good sir, God save you; will you not rest the inflamed limb between these cushion? Ay! warmth and softness, there’s the rub! Move, an’ it ease you! Stay, let me massage the swollen limb with that elastic, that electric Prometheus-reed o’ mine. Do you feel nothing better? The fever flushes face and eyes; dear master, cry but upon God! Come, come, dear master, but say a prayer, and it may be that God will bless my feeble efforts.”

“Feeble!” cried he; “preserve me from the strong, an’ that be so. Ye’re to massage, lad, back ’er, not to break.”

“A prayer! A prayer!” cried pious Roger; and at that the master sobbed “Oh Christ!” and fell down utterly exhausted, but cured of cramps and fever—and suspicion. And when ’a woke, there behold the boy with his innocent smile, his great open eyes turned piously toward heaven, his hands laid as in benediction on the two limbs that by God’s grace he had restored to well-being. So he cried out, that master, in these words “Twelve years old! Jesus!”

Now, as it chanced, this malady of cramp is oft of the remittent type, so that six times that afternoon the whole scene was repeated with slight variations. Also, Sir Roger was so slender and delicate and his feature so fine that—in short, masters and comrades called him alike by the name of “Duodecimo Jesus.”⁷⁶

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

OF THE LOGOS THAT SPAKE NEVER, AND OF HIS WITNESSES

Now, by God wake up, if you have dozed! For here's the minute, sure enough. I don't know when, nor where, nor how; But 'twas one day or night, heartiest beauties, the Devil bless you all! I would I had Cervantes by my side, with his great quill like a plumed lance; or Blake, that made earth shake when Thel groaned. Ah! 'tis from Ossian, that trick; I've no such bravery of magick; my pen's no Mahalingam. And so when I've most bitter need of colour and size and light, I'm like a ghost i' the church yard, a scraped turnip with a candle, and a flapping sheet upon a pole.

Yet who should tell how gay Sir Roger met with God's vicar but I? Alack—I may not tell. But of his meeting with the herald? Amen, that will I.

He was aware, Sir Roger Bloxam, of that pompous dwarf, fighting mad, the bantam soul of him afire, craning, straining, strutting stiff before him, the brave little fellow, a bare yard high, game, cocky, impudent, mocking, with his monk's hood drawn back from his bare poll, and—since he was the Herald of God's vicar—saying Nothing. Only he leapt and preened himself, and his followers swelled with pride. For he had attaches, this goodly cardinal ambassador, Signor Coglio⁷⁷ the Florentine and brave Don Cojone⁷⁸ of Logorno, stout and subtle they, secreting in themselves continually the mysteries of the Creation. No fear o' treachery there, by Zeus and his thunder! 'Twas their young sister Porphyria Poppoea,⁷⁹ that with wantonness proclaimed herself, swinging her thurible whether ye would or no. Foul wench! What words are these? Art not ashamed? What heard I then? "Asquith."⁸⁰ Fie then! Sir Roger, canst thou not silence her? What's this mephitic borborygmus,⁸¹ this belch o' beastliness—in a woman's mouth too? No Englishman within 3000 miles of me needs guess more than once what this word is—God help him—and me! There—all our stomachs turn as the stench strikes our noses. I wish I could think of something utterly beastly, something worthy to mop its hæmorrhoids, after a typhoid purge, with that pantomime flag, that barber's pole flag, that—("Of course, dear poet" quoth Anita,⁸² suave and obscure, the gilt-toothed goddess from Japan, "there's Woods")

(Hush! Hush! 'Tis true, dear girl, but I'll not think of him, please God).

Amen, and Amen—of Amen!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

SILENCE—TO TAKE THE SOUND OF THE LAST CAPITULUM OUT OF THE EARS

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

OF THE MONOLOGUE BETWEEN SIR ROGER AND THE MYSTERIOUS MONK

Anita, sweetheart, by the flush of your Mongol cheeks, and the devilry in your long eyes, I swear I would that my words could tremble with such joy as your body, or your body with such anguish as my soul. For when Sir Roger saw that monk, in cardinal's hat and Tyrian frock, confound him, he was shaken like a teak sampan in a typhoon, like a man in love with an Australian woman, like a flapper at the first sight of a matinée hero, or like an American grandmother introduced to a new Tango lizard. He felt like a neuraesthenic who finds a Gila Monster in bed with him. Yet there was something in him that was not shaken, after all: Dai-Butsu was glad at heart when the earthquake tumbled the ruins of his temple about him at Kamakura, though I hope no harm came to the Iris gardens.

And so, cried Sir Roger, you are Cardinal Mentula di Caracco? Was there no law of praemunire to abate your insolence? You undercover before me, 'tis some grace in you, but your carriage is proud as Lucifer's, Sir Prelate!

At this the churchman uttered no word, but smote Sir Roger in the abdomen, like a goat butting.

Enough! I'll not endure it! The knight was but a boy, but 'a was angered, 'Od wot. He loved not priests and their ogling, intriguing, domineering, subtle, persistent, pushing, pulling, alluring, menacing, ways—now Attila, now Caesar, now Machiavelli, now Cleopatra—and all so deft that it needs a sharp eye to see them. 'Sbodikins! do ye not know that your own thoughts are his before ye think them?

So good Sir Roger, boiling with wrath, tried courtesy. "Pray rest awhile, good sir, kind sir, reverend sir, most venerable sir! Be at ease, sir, I pray you! Bid your followers loosen their coats, i' God's name, and for the love o' Christian charity, for 'tis plaguy hot," quoth he.

But to all this the cardinal answered not a word. For he had The Word, and

would speak none other, and the moment was not come to send it forth. Ah! would ye had that Word, my darlings—all that live—for it is Silence, and a Seed that, falling into the Earth, is presently clothed about with leaf and flower and fruit. But Sir Roger was devilish annoyed at the dwarf's impudence.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

OF A LADYE MINE, AND OF THE DREAM SHE HAD

'Twas at Torquay in Devon, land of stream and cream, 'o scaur and tor, o' moor gorse-golden, merry maids and proper men, tall fellows and bold, o' dells and coombes, and of cider stronger and sweeter than your Norman can make for all his cunning; and this girl was a play-actress, rosy as the apples, and white as the cream, and soft as the air, and high-spirited as the folk, of that enchanted dukedom. I know her name was langourous and lovely; but only the devil her master knows what it was; I shall probably remember it if I live to be eighty; but whether it's worth while to go through another forty years or so of European war in order to recall this detail is a matter rather for my readers than myself. The deuce take politics!

Whatever her name was, she was out walking. She was as pretty as a picture of Spring, for 'twas that which had got into her blood—the good Sun grant it gets into mine this night, and stays there! So she was restless, so she walked up and down by the Sea, feeling the Sea's mood hers. I think she walked till moonset, but I'm not writing by the calendar, thank the Lord! We call it moonset; we declare moonset trumps. Good. Then she wandered on the face of the cliff for a while, and sought to tire her limbs. At last she came to a meadow; and there she called upon the Earth, lying upon the cool grass, and plucking out great handfuls. The daisies stared at her with great golden eyes, like Balzac's "Fille." And so she dreamed that she was Earth itself, and a daughter of Earth, Titan, a giantess in the prime o' the planet. She lay like a great range of mountains athwart the plains, snow domes upon green alps. May the Lady of Dreams be ever near us, awake or asleep, with her hands full of loveliness. Carry your apron full, Our Lady, with cherry dreams, peach dreams, plum dreams, pear dreams, strawberry dreams, apple dreams, dreams that are clusters of the heaviest grapes! And fly also South and East upon occasion for we need tropical dreams, like mangoes, dates, pomegranates, lychees and mangostems!

CHAPTER NINETEEN

OF THE COMBAT BETWEEN SIR ROGER BLOXAM AND CARDINAL MENTULA

I told you the lad was devilish annoyed. But it did not stop there; oh no, by the bones of Saint Bacchus, and the virginity of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, and the Holy Island of Iona! To be butted in the belly by a damned dwarf! The Bloxam blood boiled. Sir Roger was bored; he was fed up; he was peeved; he lost his shirt; he could not keep his hair on; he was wroth.

So he chased the poor Cardinal all round the town, as you never saw the Lion chase the Unicorn. Presently the dwarf spies a valley, and runs up it. There's a forest at the top, just where the great hill rises; so he tries to hide there.

Lucky for him, there's a cleft in the mountain-side, so small that Sir Roger cannot follow him. (God knows he strove like a brave lad and good knight as he was!). But you cannot put a quart into a pint pot, or a bull into a calf skin. 'Tis one story how the Seventy-Two Jinn came from the bottle; another how King Solomon put them back again. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*,⁸³ by the shade of the lady that invented Caesarean section! Let's get on with the story!

He pushed, he pulled, he wriggled, he heaved, he thrust, he lunged, he writhed, he twisted —oh the Devil in the Belfry! he rocked, he charged, he did everything he could, God bless him! but the Cardinal was safely housed; 'twas a tight squeeze even for him. So presently the lad stopped struggling; he was too exhausted to be angry any more. Whew! what a hunt it had been! I sweat to think of it. So now the Cardinal comes forth; and he abated in his pride by the humiliation of having been forced to hide.

Confound all writing, and most of all the writing of novels. I never finished the story about the girl; better do it now, while I remember. She woke up. (There may be more than that, but by Buddha and Harpocrates and by their lotus-flowers, I know not of it).

These chapters are infernally drawn-out; the style is laboured, the matter dull. Well, damn everything, I'm tired. Can't you let a man alone? I wish to Saint Genéviève I were in Paris on the Terrace of the Closerie des Lilas—if there be absinthe available—with Ida Nelidoff.⁸⁴ No, I would rather be in Montigny (Saint Hubert hear me!) with my One Love, ruining the morals of the ducks at the Vanne

Rouge with mustard, or lying on the top of the Long Rocher teaching the girl arithmetic—three times twenty-one is sixty-three, three times twenty-two is—

Oh but what happened to brave Coglio and gay Cojone? They could not follow their master; they came nigh to be crushed between the ridges of the mountains. Says one "I am more an ancient Roman than a Dane: there's yet some liquor left"; and the other "Fill, fill the cup; what boots it to repeat?" So Don Cojone damns him for a coward. Twas fortunate Porphyria Poppoea brake out laughing wildly, a fanfare of folly. So Sir Roger Bloxam took his tablets, wishing to write a poem to her beauty; for she was a dusk rose of glory, no fault but this perversity of speech—oh no more o' that, pray! And he wrote:

Her cheeks are pinks; what dastard pinked her?

Her soul's a Sphinx; God mend her

He could never get any further, for he could not find a rime. No poet, Sir Roger Bloxam, I'm afraid.

Suppose we get on to the pageant of the skating in Sweden. That is the real beginning of the story of Porphyria Poppoea; I simply invented the "incident of boyhood" because all the other fool novelists do; and one must be conventional, mustn't one?

I think I'll have a last pipe of Lattakiah,⁸⁵ the kind that Novotny sells—four dollars a pound, worse luck! in the cubical packets of lead paper, with the pale grey-blue labels—oh their Arabic inscriptions! I wish that some Afrit would bear me on the horse of brass to a city in the desert, that I might recite "The Great Word to become mad and go about naked" until I did.

Well, a pipe's the next best thing.

(No, Nan!)

CHAPTER TWENTY

OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY OF THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, WHAT CAME TO ITS BEST REGIMENT

'Tis true, 'tis no pity, that the folk of bard or tale spinner should rise ever in revolt against him; for that's the sign of life in them. But where Porphyria Poppoea (of all people) deliberately interrupts my scandalous stories of her—'tis but natural, though in another sense devilish unnatural, by the word of some. But I respect them not; Nature's mantle is wide and blue as the sky herself; and she enfoldeth all. However, this is what Porphyria Poppoea did: she woke me just as I was ready to dream this chapter, and bade me wait while she conversed with her friend Edward. 'Tis a brave boy and a belov'd; he will not deal in aught but sacred merchandise. Robes for the priests, albs, amices, dalmatics, chasubles, rochets, copes, birettas, all things canonical and lovely these doth he buy and sell, and his whole soul is ornamented by his love for the figurative mystery of these holy vestments. For it seemeth (as I dream) that the priest is to the Most High God as is a woman to her lover, that his raiment and apparel are even as the silks and fine linens and laces of a courtesan, which she adorns herself withal, that she may make her lover mad with love. And the incense? Oh a surety it is so. Then he, being made God by the passion of God that floodeth him, transmitteth God to bread and wine, transmuteth them again to God. Then eateth and drinketh he that God, even (again) as a woman receiveth of the lover the fluid and solid substance of his being; and thus being made God once more, *ex infero*,⁸⁶ he transmitteth upward that godhead by the transmutation of those received Elements into strength of body and spirit that exulting poureth out its new divinity in praise and thanksgiving to the All-Father. I would also that ye take not how bread and wine be adorned for the priest, in golden paten and chased chalice. Behold then how complete and perfect is this—true image of true Life! And is not our Father, the Sun, the giver of all Life, adorned with glory of rays? Now, brethren, let me counsel ye not to take this mystery away, unseemly twining blue ribbons in your crisp fine short bushy hair. Fie, lads! Never think of such a thing; there's glory and beauty to spare so long as the damned thing stands to attention at the word of command, obeys the "Ready—present—fire" —and never lets fly before the proper moment. "Reserve your fire until you can see the whites of the enemy's eyes" is a good a rule in love as in war.

Talking of love, you know the difference between a lady and a diplomat? If a diplomat says "perhaps," he means "no"; if he says "no," he's no diplomat. If a

lady says "perhaps" she means "yes"; if she says "yes," she's no lady. (Not mine, the gibe, by Mercury the thief; but by Mercury the scribe, I gave it for posterity, damn 'em!)

Now Sir Roger Bloxam was destined to serve his country by this intellectual thimble-rigging; so of course he must make the Grand Tour, tra-la-la, and off he goes in his first Christmas vacation from—no less than the Only Place I ever saw worth living in, the Only Place I ever loved, in That Particular Way. France I love, and Africa, and Asia, and may it please Allah el-Latifu⁸⁷ that I may live and die between Djelfa and Nefta on the South, and between Auteuil and Belleville on the North; but these are loves of my conscious being. The Only Place is in my blood; I've three—four centuries of atavism that curl round its ivied stones; I hate everything in its traditions from Henry the Eighth to Alfred Teenyson with the whole of my conscious mind; and I love it with my soul, and the soul of my soul, as I love No Place Else. It's a royal residence; none of your vulgar Buckingham Palace, the stuck-up stuccoed Hanoverian hausfrauhaus; none of your flaunting Windsor, your suburban Osborne, your tourist Balmoral; but a Cloister, a college, a sanctuary, sacred and central, the garden of youth, the meadow of wit, the midden of learning, the South Wall of Poesy. I hereby vow a sovereign to the Head Porter—its Patron Saint—next time I see the fountain in the Great Court. And I hereby give warning that I shall roll on the grass for sheer delight, and probably jump into the river with my clothes on. Now will somebody tell me why in the name of all that's inappropriate they built a thieves' kitchen, a beggar's boozing-ken, a cads' cradle, a dumping-ground for all the lousy, spavined, ring-wormed, scrofulous, soapless, paper-collared, dicky-wearing, frayed- trousered, dusty-bowlered, tooth-brushless, frowsty, fuggy, onanizing, cheesy, onion-smelling, lantern-jawed, pi-inclined, lecture-keeping, hockey-playing, tub-pushing, beer-squiffy, syphilophobic, landlady's-daughter cuddling, pseudo-blood, Union-haunting, Ciccu-jawing, mongrel breeding, Math-Trip-mugging, oak-sporting, penny-nap-playing, Fabian, don-frequenting, stinks-stewing, proggings-fearing, touts next door?

The educated reader will not hesitate to conclude that I refer to St. John's College, Cambridge, for the Hall is a dear little neighbour, and the Only Place I ever loved in the ancestral matter already described is of course the College of the Holy Trinity, where Sir Roger Bloxam spent the happy years of adolescence.⁸⁸

What a long time it has taken to get him away from it, even on that Christmas

Vacation! It's not my fault, "honest to God it isn't"; it's this affair of Porphyria Poppoea and Edward. My idea was to give a succinct account of the facts; but she made such a fuss of her religious-furniture-fellow that I got quite ecclesiastical, and that drove out of my mind the desire to describe her early exploits with the "millingtery." This was to have been a staccato chapter, a martinet chapter, a Halt—who goes-there—friend—advance-friend-and-give-the-countersign chapter; and instead we have had a polite, learned, spiritual, academic chapter. However, it ought to go splendidly with the Cloth and the Gown—the Blue Gown über alles⁸⁹—so lets leave it at that,—and draw a thick line.

Damn everything! all this time I've been far away in the clouds—wondering when Edward will come back for another evening with Porphyria Poppoea! Is that a proper frame of mind for a popular novelist? By the impediment in the speech of William Somerset Maugham, by the Street-Arab accent of H. G. Wells, by the Black-Country-Twang that jerks from the *Ruined Graveyard* of Arnold Bennett, by the obese snobbishness of Marie Corelli, by the blue toe-nails of Victoria Cross, I deem it is not so. But what is a proper frame of mind? I had as lief have a cucumber-frame as a mind like any o' these; for cucumber is pretty good with salmon, and your popular novelist is good only with calomel, for those who react but with difficulty to twenty grains or so of that mild medicine.

So let's call it a day; we'll start off, very stiff and sturdy and new-manual-of-infantry-drill, with Sir Roger Bloxam already in Sweden.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

CONTAINS WHAT I MEANT TO WRITE IN CHAPTER TWENTY, OR NEARLY

My friend St. Louis⁹⁰ (alias Spiritus Sanctus) tells me that the Snow of Heaven only makes his nose cold, like a healthy dog's. He does not complain; he merely records the observation. But I'll bet him that his nose was not so cold as good Sir Roger Bloxam's, that third night after Christmas '95. For the boy was tired o' skating. He knew nobody in Stockholm but the stuffy old British minister, and his cappy shawly spouse; and he couldn't speak a word of Swedish, and he didn't like Punch. So as you all know, after about three hours trying the Inside Back Loop and Rocker for the love of the thing, you wish you had never seen a skate in your life. Sir Roger Bloxam was tired and cold and hungry. Cardinal Mentula and his little suite were with him, to be sure, but to all intents and purposes they had retired to their apartments. It's a hell of a life, isn't it, sometimes? Enthusiasm somehow flops When neither love nor dream outcrops From white or crimson poppy-tops. Hooray! I'm a poet. Well, he stood there, and dolefully executed a very inferior Outside Back Q, L forward Inside Counter, R forward Inside Loop, L Outside Back Bracket, missed the turn and set down with a fine British Damn. Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run by skaters many and strong; but the first to arrive, reminding me of Outram⁹¹ (wasn't it? my father was a great pal of the old boy's) at Lucknow, was James L. Dickson. L. stood for something Scottish, Laurie, or Leslie, or Levy, I think. Anyhow, 'twas a compatriot of sorts that rescued him; and that same British Damn, declaring Sir Roger Bloxam to be a colliguary of Chaucer and John Galsworthy (Oh God!) he said to him "God save thee, lad! Zoops! hast harmed thee? Nay, th'art a gay lad and a gallant, 'ods fish, 'ods bodikins, 'ods teeth and whiskers; and may I be eternally damned if I'm not glad to hear me honest English speech in this country of Tandstickors and Smorgasbord!" You'd have been glad in his place, too, wouldn't you? And Sir Roger was comely and graceful, lissome as an ounce, playful as a kitten. And he was drest in his skating suit (kneebreeches and tunic with an Astrakhan roll collar, dbld silk, extr. pockt, 44 gs⁹²—or so Nash of Savile Row was always telling him) with the most darling coquettish cap to match, like a Badenoch with out the knob and ribbons; and he wore it perched on one side of his head; oh yet! if you've guts in you, reader, which you must have, since you've come thus far in Our Story, you'd have beaten James L. Dickson by a short head

on the post, with a little luck at the fall of the flag. So the new friends talked of England, home and beauty; for their paradox was to delight in the association of incompatible ideas. And Sir Roger Bloxam (the innocent) never guessed that James was clairvoyant. But he was. He could not see her, but he divined that Porphyria Poppoea was not far away—and he determined to obtain an introduction. Well, why not? James L. Dickson was an exceedingly nice man.⁹³

That night he dined with Sir Roger; the next night Sir Roger dined with him; on New Year's Eve he dined with Sir Roger again, and almost on the very stroke of the bell of St. Somebody's Cathedral that rang the Old Year out—I don't remember my Swedish Saints—he obtained the desired introduction to Porphyria Poppoea.

No, it doesn't sound very exciting; but there's nothing else to tell; why should I embroider to please you? Devil take you! James L. Dickson was satisfied; so would you have been—that at least I swear by the faith of the Universal Testimony of all those who have been similarly favoured. Shut up!

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

DOES GET TO THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AT LAST

Porphyria Poppoea was perhaps a trifle sore at the rudeness of the Scotsman. A sensitive maiden—and she was that, God Knows! —expects more consideration than she got. He had no *savoir faire*, this James, this L., this Dickson; he was restless, he fidgeted, he said nothing wise, or witty, or even graceful; and he withdrew finally with abruptness. He had had much the worst of the encounter to tell the truth; she had been fully equal to the situation. She had taken his point, she had pressed him closely, she had pumped him dry; finally she had forced him to contribute all his present havings—the savings of weeks, or so he swore—to her pet charity (The Seamen's Mission, or some such name 'twas; I forget; this was in Stockholm twenty years ago, and more). What a Portia⁹⁴ she would have made! I'm sorry for the man that asks a pound of flesh where she is! Yet, despite her victory, she was perhaps a trifle sore. "Perhaps!" screams the girl *Rénée*, looking over my shoulder. "Don't you know if she was sore or not?" Silence is golden; I turn round; she turns round; she has now the opportunity to argue the point from analogy—Mem: see Butler's Analogy—but she's not arguing; she's gone to the drug store, and I can continue peacefully to record, in my own charming way, with just the limitations I desire—oh not *The Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam*! But I think that I shall go to sleep for awhile, and try (once more) to get to the point in a new chapter. But I'll keep my promise, *Cynara*,⁹⁵ in my fashion. Sore or not, she was following Sir Roger Bloxam with modesty and decorum through the streets, a few nights later, when Sir Roger was accosted by a Mysterious Stranger—ha! ha! we come to it at last—who was dressed in the gorgeous uniform of the (now!) Household Cavalry.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

**A PLENARY, VERACIOUS, AND METICULOUSLY SCRUPULOUS
ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BEST REGIMENT OF
THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY OF THE KING OF SWEDEN AND
NORWAY: CALCULATED TO 33 PLACES OF DECIMALS, BY THE
METHOD OF HARD INDURATED HUNTERIAN LOGARITHMS**

Admiral Fitzroy, by no means the least of English poets, was wont to observe—at least he was always putting it on his barometers—“Long foretold, long last: Short notice, soon past.” So please settle down in that Oxford Basket Chair, draw the table close, for you’ll need that jar you bought at Bacon’s in your first teens because Calverle hypnotized you into doing so, fill the old Meerschaum (the nigger with the hat is the sweetest) with the pure Perique of St. James’ Parish Louisiana, throw some coals and a log or two on the fire, and put your legs on the mantlepice; for if the laws of weather apply to literature, this ought to be a terribly long chapter.

You can smoke a pipe, and find the port, while you wait; for I’m in no mood to write it just now. Do you realize it’s half past three in the morning?

It was about eleven at night when Sir Roger Bloxam met Count Svendstrom. The Swede was under the influence of the prudish Queen, I suppose; for all he said was this “Come, come! A boy of your age ought to be in bed at this time of night!” Sir Roger realized the good sense of his adviser; he acted at once on the word; and incidentally, he introduced the Count to Porphyria Poppoea. The Delight was mutual; the soldier waxed so enthusiastic that there was nothing for it but he must make a luncheon party for his brother officers the very next day; and Sir Roger made a hit indeed with his charming manners and his delicate boyish beauty and his sly wit. Porphyria Poppoea uttered not a single sound during the whole meal, though a Swedish bayonet is a sore tempter in this matter—believe me who have eaten many such!—but I never heard that her demeanour diminished the popularity either of herself or of Sir Roger Bloxam. You’ll understand, dear Elizabeth, that as a self respecting novelist, I should never let my hero—or whom you think my hero—go gallivanting about, at his age, with all sorts of strangers. No; the Cardinal and his followers were always with him. They have not been assertive, up to now; there’s a time for everything; don’t worry me, please!

Anyhow, after lunch, the old Colonel drew the Cardinal out, for he possessed

much linguistic ability. The learned dwarf was encouraged, became excited. He expanded; he enlarged upon his subject taking those words of the Saviour that that which goeth into a man doth not defile him for his thesis. He touched lightly upon the lips, showing how idle and useless action of them must be accounted for at the Day of Judgment; passed by the teeth with tender and graceful touch, dealt pleasantly with the tonsils, which he compared to the pillars of King Solomon's Temple, and the uvula, a sort of guardian to the shrine; but he brought the head of his course to the throat itself, for it is here that speech begins, and therefore here that it must be brought to silence. The old Colonel sucked all this up with avidity, like a cat lapping cream; and when the good Cardinal, with a fierce spasm of eloquence, made that inimitable gesture of Saint Paul "Let me spend and be spent for you"⁹⁶ the soldier bethought him that rarely if ever in all his life had he been so overwhelmed with the passionate torrent of that life-giving fervour which jets from the inmost being of the soul. Meanwhile the younger officers were introduced one by one to the happy Porphyria Poppoea. The party waxed merry, yea, exceedingly; but all good things have an end—I know more good things than one that wouldn't be fun if they hadn't one—and the time came at last for Sir Roger Bloxam to return to his hotel.

The Colonel bowed very low to the Cardinal, and addressed Sir Roger: "I assure you, sir, that in my opinion your guardian is indeed a Pillar of the Church. His utterance had found all the force of a Bull." But the younger men, who certainly were very drunk, cried in chorus: We have had a wonderful time in the pull-pit!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

RELAPSE OF A PROMISING YOUNG NOVEL INTO A JOLLY
DEVIL-MAY-CARE BOOK

The fact is, I've been as sick as a dog. Not a nice dog, either! I'm just over my tuberculosis, which has been neuralgia, rheumatism, swamp fever, abscess of the liver, cancer, arthritis, osteoma, and one or two other things in turn, and last night I thought it must be gall-stones. But undeniably life's hard with gas leaking everywhere and poisoning one, and a series of sopranos taking lessons o'erhead, and Seven Tatosian Brothers ever and anon hammering tacks into carpets in the exercise of their unholy trade. (Curse all Armenians, anyhow!) But I'd take no heed to the pack of 'em had I but a story to tell, and I've none; I'm setting down plain truth, as I see it, for the God of Things as they Ought to Be. This novel's a tract in praise of chastity and some such virtues of true Christian man and woman; and I'll say nothing but the truth—Shall be Truth in armour, mind you, with rich furniture and a brodered veil upon it; but Sir Truth shall his name be, and no masquerader. And so I go aghast; for so great and so wonderful is the story of the Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam that it is well I have not That to write. (I told you a long while since, did ye believe? Let him that did take another drink, and a long one, praising me, and himself, and the sweet God of Truth that did make such understanding between us!) But I was better off before, in New Orleans, not a doubt of it, Edward or no Edward; for there in Dauphine Street there was no need of getting up or going to bed. I knew nobody, and nobody knew me; my loves were casual and lonely as my lunches. This is the proper life for the pure poet who would commune evermore with Beauty, enjoy the Beatific Vision, pace the sapphire pavement of the Throne of God, and compose hymns in praise of Apis over the Filet de Boeuf Robespierre at Antoine's, or of Pitma over Sister Green, the smooth, muscular, black-purple glory of her body was like the stone of that many-breasted beauty Diana in Neapolis. (Poor U.S.A.! as Porphyria Poppoea would Morse-Code if Sir Roger Bloxam ate some horrible bad food, "in England we've a New Forest, date before 1100; and in Italy a New City, date before their fabled Jesus"). Which makes me wonder whether Jesus was not an American. Joseph and Mary are both common names here ("here," hell, hell, hell, that I must still write "here!") There are several people in New York who at least look like Jews, talk like Jews, think like Jews, smell like Jews. The parents of Jesus may well have been Americans touring in Palestine. It is very American of Jesus that at

twelve years old he should have been teaching all the most learned men their business, and that he should have “frozen out” the crowd in the Temple, which appears to have been the Wall Street of Jerusalem. The sublime ignorance of Jesus, his comic beliefs in the flood and other idiotic fables, his imbecile Puritanism, his determination to make God damn every one who disagreed with him, though he was himself too proud to fight, his servility to the Romans, his poor bluff about the “twelve legions of angels” which impressed Pilate as much as the existing bluff impresses Germany— “a million men between sunset and dawn” Bryan, Wm. Jennings of that ilk (—oh well, they made good; but no matter!) —all these things speak Jesus an American. Methinks I’ll quit me novel awhile, and write this up for the Sunday papers, and get me some of their gods. N.B. There had better be plenty; this chapter has hardly been “jolly” up to now as the title did so loudly promise. Diseases— Jews—Americans: there’s a descent of Avernus for you! A little dinner might brighten me up; say a Bronx, Little Necks, Gumbo, Shad, Jumbo Squab, Squash, Terrapin, Individual Miss Jordan, Pecanisques, Fudge Sundae: oh help! Great Sprites of Soy, of Brillat-Savarin,⁹⁷ of your pity hear me! Brighten me up? —great Gaster,⁹⁸ pardon me my sins! My grandfather’s grandfather laid down a pretty pipe of gout-podagra⁹⁹ in the cellars of my veins; but what should I hand on to my descendants if I drank a “Welch-ball?”¹⁰⁰ Don’t worry, you wouldn’t have any descendants.

God help me! God help me! God help me! I’ve got to get up; so that’s the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

HOW SIR ROGER COMPORTED HIMSELF IN THE DEBATE WITH THE C.U.N.T.S.

This book is getting along very slowly; so I shall skip a century of chapters to encourage myself with the Illusion of Progress.

To illustrate the remarkable precocity of Sir Roger Bloxam, it may here be stated that he said, at the early age of nine, that Women can never be any good, just as if he were grown up and knew all about it. Well rebuked he the pudding-faced, sausage-bodied, flabbinesses of feminism, did he, the saucy youngster. "Look you, thing," quoth he courteously (all things considered) to the Cambridge University New Testament Society and the Cincinatti Uplift New Thought Society, and other such, "look you, a woman must either be a mother or not a mother." And all they cried "Ay," assenting. "Well then," he went on "what is a mother? The most animal of all traits is motherhood.

The nearer a mother is to the cow, the better mother she! What is her life? A menstruation, a befutterment, a gestation, a parturition, a suckling—and so it goes. She cannot mix in society; her duties as well as her vanity forbid it. She must perforce leave dinner half tasted—the baby's hungry! Oh God! I nauseate to contemplate the revolting details—the filthy rags, the hideous sicknesses, the deformed belly, the foulness of childbirth, the cow-udders that appease the brat's yell—oh God! How can she do aught human, when she is dragged down to beastliness for half her life? No, say what you will, a mother is but a sow, a wallowing sow." But one spake, saying: "But all this does not apply to the woman who is not a mother. What of her?" "Pah!" snorted Sir Roger, "she is simply a bitch." But his opponent, staggering, struck his last blow. "I'll grant you that," say he "but what of the woman who, having been a mother, is now so no more?" "Past bearing" began the child—but he fell to the floor in a fit, and was awarded the fight on a foul.

By the coccyx of good Saint Antony of Padua, how I vomit at them! But the bitches are the best.

(Memorandum to Publisher. Be sure to have this chapter illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson and Mr. Harrison Fisher.)

CHAPTER CXXVI

SIR ROGER GOES TO SWITZERLAND

It has been said, I think by André Tridon, that it is such a pity that God has no Christian name—for if He had, what anecdotes could not Frank Harris¹⁰¹ tell about Him?

But I cannot see that this has anything to do with the subject of our chapter, and though I could lead on to it—*quis dubi*—*tat*?¹⁰²—why should I? Art cannot be forced.

*Audax omnia perpeti gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas—libellum!*¹⁰³ So I might call the chapter *De amicitia Francisci Harris*,¹⁰⁴ tell the scandal about the Holy Ghost, and call God *Walter Pater*.¹⁰⁵

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

SIR ROGER REALLY DOES GO TO SWITZERLAND

This adding on a hundred doesn't work at all; I am merely in despair that after so many chapters I am so little advanced with Our Story. (Yes, Our Story, Lionel, sweet boy! never forget; this is Our Story).

You may well ask why this insistence on Sir Roger's visit to Switzerland. As you point out, he had been there already, and to France too, as a mere boy; and he had been all over Wales and Scotland even to Skye—and what they did tell him in Glasgie, I'd be ashamed to tell you—and in the English Lakes, and climbed all the mountains, and broke all the records—Direct Climb of Mickledoor, first solitary Descent of the North Face of the Pillar Rock, first solitary ascent of Kenn Knotts Chimney, Twyll-Du, and dozens of others; yet I never said a word about it.¹⁰⁶

(Well, never mind that, says you: let's hear about the Glasgow business).

Well, it came indirectly only on Sir Roger; the foot of the trouble was Cardinal Mentula. For that most learned and most subtle prelate had not yet found how to spend his evenings. When he got up every morning, he was still content to leave himself (in a manner of speaking) in the hollow of Sir Roger's hand as far as amusement was concerned. Happy indeed were the hours that he spent! But 'o nights, no! He was of the secret service, may be; he loved to seek out things usually hidden—the Good, the Beautiful, and the Trou,¹⁰⁷ as he never wittily observed. For he never spoke—'twas against his vow of silence—though paradoxically, he was easily brought to con-fesses. (I abhor these Entente puns,¹⁰⁸ don't you?) So in Glasgow his idea was to relieve the necessities of the poor, and he would go out slumming with Sir Roger and the rest of the gang. I can see them now, the good knight as almoner with two shillings extracted from an indulgent mother and his purse full to bursting (that reads funnily, but it's quite all right), the Cardinal leaping and dancing and thumping before him all down the street, brave Coglio and gay Cojone as eager as you wish, and Porphyria Poppoea following discontentedly in the background, sulking, hidden in her cushions, and probably muttering to herself. Damn it! she was right always, that girl! If Sir Roger had only taken her advice all through, this would not have been so tragic a story. She

was a good friend, if ever a man had one! But that pugnacious little devil of a dwarf, he was for ever getting his ward into trouble. His only idea seems to have been to spend, and spend, and spend; bad for him, and worse for Sir Roger, who lost wealth and health in humouring his caprices, and had nothing much but a hell of a good time to show for it. Well, down Sauciehall Street they go, the crowd of them, and the devil (patron Saint of Glasgow) knows where else. And the result is that poor God-damned Cardinal Mentula—wished. What did poor God-damned Cardinal Mentula wish? Poor God-damned Cardinal Mentula wished that he could say with Saint Peter that he had toiled all night and had caught nothing. Oh yes! He was converted to the doctrine of Heraclitus PANTA PEI.¹⁰⁹ When somebody said “Das Ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan”¹¹⁰ his unspoken comment was “More German Schrecklichkeit!”¹¹¹ He would deliberately mistranslate “Ab ovo usque ad mala”¹¹² and “Mulier desinit in piscem.”¹¹³ To him “Nemo sapit omnibus horis”¹¹⁴ seemed like an Accusing Voice. Every morning he awoke to the battle-cry of Sursum Chordee¹¹⁵ (have I got that Latin right?) and if he was a dwarf before, he was now twisted and deformed to excite the pity of a pirate or an evangelical clergyman. By the Fallopian Tubes of Saint Theresa, God bless her, the dainty little mystic! I tell you honestly as man to man, he could hardly read a poem without feeling that the bard was laughing at him. “Men may come and men may go, But I flow on for ever” sounded like sarcasm. He hated the very name of Rupert Brooke.¹¹⁶ You see the whole catastrophe came on him like a thunder clap; and bless my psyche! if I haven’t forgotten to tell you what it was. (Loud applause).

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

NOTHING PARTICULAR HAPPENS TO SIR ROGER BLOXAM IN
SWITZERLAND;
SO WHY WORRY?

If two and a half years in—that word Porphyria Poppoea uses after too much dinner too unwise —doesn't destroy a man's sense of humour, it is probably time for him to die. When poison has merely the effect of laughing gas, there must be something radically wrong with the gassed. To proceed:

Sir Roger Bloxam enjoyed himself thoroughly in Switzerland. The Cardinal never bothered him in such places. He doesn't know to this day why he doesn't like the Swiss, who were always perfectly charming to him. I refuse to describe glaciers, and all that sort of thing; I shall not tell of Sir Roger's adventures on the mountains. The whole subject bores me utterly; I'm sorry I ever brought it in. He wasn't consumptive; he never met a Maiden; he never had an accident; what in the name of the Master of any College, and of my beloved Umfraville,¹¹⁷ who pantamorphopsychonosophilographer¹¹⁸ that he is, writes a complete novel without introducing a single incident of any kind—I refer to *The Buffoon*—what, I say, is the use of going on? This is worse than *Clayhanger*¹¹⁹ and *Hilda Lessways* and that third pole-axe sequel—God knows I never knew its name—bound in one ghastly volume.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow

Sir Roger Bloxam had to go.

His safe return be now my boast:

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Amen.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

SIR ROGER BLOXAM AT CAMBRIDGE, AMSTERDAM, AND
BIRMINGHAM. AN ADVENTURE OF PORPHYRIA POPPOEA . . .
THIS TIME WE MEAN BUSINESS

(CHAPTER CCCXXXIII. How Sir Roger Bloxam put to shame the vulgarity of a famous Wit. It was on the good ship *Campania* that the darling of our dreams returned from Jew York. See him upon the poop (yes, poop! poop! poop!) his eyes flooded with tears of joy as the city fell away on the horizon. In this most religious exercise he was joined by the world-famous wit Aleister Crowley. They sobbed with gladness in each others' arms. A Yank approached them. "Waal, boys, what do you think of God's country?" Crowley looked at him with a tinge of sadness in his glance, and smiled softly "Pox et pretere nihil."¹²⁰ But Sir Roger liked it not; his mother had taught him to avoid the obvious. He made a darling little mone at the Nooyarker. "Oh, sir, your national motto nearly serves us; why not *Et pluribus prunum*?"¹²¹)

I would I were *Philomena*¹²² for this one hour, to wound my breast upon this thorn, or *Hyacinth*¹²³ to stain this one flower page from my heart's heart. Pray, think not so ill of my *Porphyria Poppoea*; for in all her loves she had one love, and that for all her life. He was a man with golden hair so fine and pale, yet, glowing, that one thought of Sun-rays incarnate in gossamer; and his face was like the harvest moon. He came up to his University every year; and there he met Sir Roger Bloxam at a club called the *Knights of the Round Table*. I must not tell his name: besides, would it sound sweet in your ears also? When he divined the presence of *Porphyria Poppoea*, he fell instant in love with her, and dared not speak, because he feared to offend Sir Roger Bloxam! 'Twas in a week of revelry, and this man played and danced for a dramatic club. Will God not give me a name for him? Some name of angel strength and sweetness? Surely *Porphyria* yearned for him as *Phoedra* for *Hippolytus*—let that, then, serve! Well, the week parted and we did not see Sir Roger again. But when he left, he left a book, the *Legendes des Sexes* of *Edouard d'Haraucourt*, the *Sieur de Chamblay*, and in it he wrote five words. These words mean nothing: a chess-player might have used them in the beginning to enumerate his pieces; but when Sir Roger Bloxam read them, *Porphyria Poppoea* divined that *Hippolytus*¹²⁴ loved her. She was a nymph of excellent modesty, and impudence unmatched—o paradox sublime of God's invention!

She lusted nobly for all love, and gave herself utterly and shamelessly; yet, despite herself, she acted in true Panic fear at the approach of her god. Thus, urgently desiring Sir Roger to take her to the Lake where Hippolytus had his palace, she forced the good knight to fly with her to Amsterdam; thence only she dictated letters so fiercely burning that her whole soul was lost in them. Safe, she became bold. Yet, by his letters, mocking and provoking, yet eager as hers, he drew her to him. Oh but she must turn to him, heliotrope! Thus she came back to England. And Sir Roger must perforce meet Hippolytus at the Queen's Hotel in Birmingham. "What a place for a romance! You jest!" Oh love knows not of time and space—Always the time and place and the loved one all together! Sir Roger registered in the hotel book; at that moment Hippolytus walked in.

"Hullo, monkey tricks!" cried he; and Porphyria Poppoea's soul went into shuddering blackness; for in his manner was no hint of all he had written. She was not loved! And after dinner he sat talking in his room with Sir Roger—endlessly! It was the last day of the Old Year—the last hour—Heaven and Hell in her heart. Sir Roger went to bed early, thank the Gods. And she—she could not sleep. But ere the midnight car of Helios crossed the nadir Hippolytus had come into the room where she was, and possessed her.

Of all her happiness I am quite unable to write; but pray you, weep with me, for now cometh an end. Alas! Alas! I will not speak of their joy by English lakes, of their passionate delight among the fells, of the terms they spent in Cambridge; for 'tis one monotone of honied music. But may Sir Roger Bloxam be forgiven that he slew this loveliness! When he came of age, he wished to be rid of guardian and of handmaid; he thought them tyrants—and then Porphyria Poppoea—eternally chaste even in her wildest wantonness, resigned her lover. She made Sir Roger carry her to Switzerland. Yet in the Gare de Lyon she bade him write "Did I say 'Always'?" thinking that Hippolytus would understand that she still loved him, and—may be—follow her. Did he ever get the letter? Did he interpret it amiss? False friends had crept into their intimacy—and also fear. I do not know how it was; but Porphyria Poppoea never renewed those hours—that love—that infinite passion of Hippolytus. Sir Roger Bloxam learned later that he, musing deeply as was his wont when walking, had passed Hippolytus in Bond Street, and that Hippolytus through that he had cut him purposely. Also, Porphyria Poppoea, fearful of a repulse, never followed up on her letter from the Gare de Lyon. Seven times the Father of all Light whirled Earth about him through the Zodiac—and she

knew surely that he was her true lover for all time and all eternity. So, weeping, she caused a great monument to be set up, with an inscription in the Persian language. And now and again she sent him messages; but his great heart was broken—even as hers. Many a lover has possessed her since Hippolytus; but she has scorned them even while she abandons herself to their caresses. She loves Hippolytus. Hippolytus!

CHAPTER THIRTY

A SHORT CHAPTER AND A GAY ONE

Come, let us be merry! This is the very devil, to moan and mope over the miseries of a morbid maid—mistress—misanthrope—melomaniac—moll! Come, consider rather how fine the weather is in June—sometimes! Let us rejoice together over the fact that the interior angles of every triangle are together equal to the two right angles, barring the non-Euclidian geometries! Let us recall the fact that once upon a time we had Hope. It seemed possible to our blind sense that we might do constructive work, that we might help humanity, enrich the world with beauty and with music, with high thought and ecstasy of holiness. We wished to proclaim Will, and Love. And lo! the world has slipped over Niagara; it is smashed upon the rocks, its wreckage voided through the whirlpools of destruction. How shall I write poetry for the cave-man, about me? Here's Kipling, who wrote "Recessional" not long ago; he says "Time shall count from the date when the English began to hate." It seems insane to build amid the roar of earthquake—and I'm fitted for no other work. I can't turn into the cave-man overnight, and howl and trowl and hate, and cook the hearts and livers even of my country's enemies. I can't agree that Göethe was no poet, Beethoven no musician, Dürer no draughtsman, Boehme no mystic, Frederick the Great no soldier, Kant no philosopher, Helmholtz no physicist, Ostwalt no chemist. I'll fight Germans, if the want to put "Entritt verboten" and a sentry at the Great Gate of Trinity. I've met German tourists, too, and I hate the whole tribe. I loathe German manners, German methods, German brutality; and I think it mere bad taste in Mark Twain to try to be amusing about the "awful German language" as I should resent a joke about the toothache if I had it. But I don't see why I should go insane in order to fight Germans; I think to keep a cool head were better policy. Baresark fury is out of date, some centuries. So I'll not deny plain facts; I'll not play into German hands by bringing false accusations and giving them a genuine grievance.

But what does it all matter? Civilization has broken down; we must begin again, if any one of the white races survive, on fundamentals. New principles of morality, of politic, of economics. Well, there's one constructive work then—when the chance comes! "I've often said to myself, I said, Cheer up, old chappie, you'll soon be dead, A short life and a gay one" can wait a little after all. My business is to proclaim Thelema, the New Aeon: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Such considerations never troubled Sir Roger Bloxam during any part of his life at the University.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

AN INTERLUDE WITH CERTAIN CRITICS

One moment, ere we proceed! This breathless interest, this clamour to hear more of Our Story, dog-gone it, is parlous flattening, mighty perlite, but, by the shade of my first governess, unlady like. You must not grab the chocolate creams. You must not ask for a second helping of rice pudding, or encore a poem by W. B. Yeats. Wait, therefore, with hands folded, while I recount mine adventures of this day! 'Twas in a studio,¹²⁵ and, while I snoozed, that lousy old lollipop, Leila, was being painted psychochromatically, by the hybrid host of mine, that Irish French Canadian Dutch Jew, that semi-sexual saphead, with his fish-belly face, his negroid hair, his slimoplastically deSemitized probiscis, his jaw like an old toothless hag's, his egotism bearing the same ratio to his personality, as his vanity to his good looks, and that's about the trillionth power of the factorial of the number of electrons in the universe to one poor lemon-pip. Painted, I say, by that ape, bug, clam, dingo, eel, frog, goat, hoopoe, ichthyosaurus, jigger, kite, lobster, mare, newt, ornithorhynchus, pig, quagga, rat, something, tapir, urethrocooccus, vaginophile, wombat, xanthoplasm, yak, zebu, whom I am proud to call my friend. They had no brains; they could not talk; I'm tired of trains; get out and walk! So I took compassion, by the scruff of the neck, upon them, and offered to read them the manuscript of Our Story. I might as well have sent tickets for a Shaw play to Pinero or offered a position in the first line of the trenches to a fight-it-out-boys-to-a-finish-I'm-behind-you politician. True, Leila said, at first, that it was "mixed vivacity," and I'll take her to lunch for that; but Simeon Leon¹²⁶ never caught on to it at all. You must have humour, sweetheart, to enjoy Our Story! If I could conscientiously have written The Life and Adventures of Sir Roger Bloxam, what a tale it would have been! What pep! What punch! what human interest! But as it is, it is but Mixed Vivacity. As if Mixed Vivacity wasn't the one hope of keeping sane amid this ghastly witch-rout of demons! Just look at me, myself; here's two chapters running with the war grinning through my magic mirror. A thousand days and a day of it, and more; oh let us keep one corner of the soul clean-swept, brimming with Mixed Vivacity! I want to splash about in the English Language like Richard Middleton's boy in the Sea. Damn seriousness, concentration, purpose! *Vive la démente!*¹²⁷ All I'm afraid of is that they will call this a Futurist novel, and a Work of Art! I assure you that I'm only a wild boy out of school, leaping at

every butterfly for sheer joy to be alive, not at all in pursuit of entomology. Curse all connectedness; it only leads to liquid fire and poison gas and submarines and Liberty Bonds; we've got back to the cave-man, so give me my edged flint and rein-deer bones. If you have no fun reading it, Ish Kabibble, I love writing it; and the psychoanalyst and the alienist can quarrel as they will over the ætiology and pathology and histology and diagnosis and prognosis of my case.¹²⁸ This is a fine world to call any man a lunatic! Come, be Merry; live in the untainted sea of thought of thought, salt, sweet, fresh, cordial, kissed by the great sun of the soul. Leave the earth of action; it is befouled. Men are all mad; let me listen to the starlings. They shall preach as the sparrows preached to my dear master Laurence Sterne. Of all the easy asses, give me Saint Francis of Assisi—preach to the birds and fishes, what impudence! Down on your faces, men, before a blade of grass! It has a thousand times more sense than you with your theologies and economics, that only lead to wholesale murder—disguised under the finest names in the world. Oh dry up! this is not the way to write a novel, even a novel like this!

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

APOLOGIA PRO NOVELLISSIMO SUO

Who said, by this was a novel? Who (also and moreover) defined a novel? Novellum—that's a new little thing. Most novels are not that. This is the newest little thing yet writ—even Lippy Leila and Sawny Simeon agreed to that! So let me flaunt it on my title: a novellissim! That will show that Our Story is no ordinary novel. Some readers read so wondrous carefully that it may be just the right time to tell them that!

And so they tell me that Our Story has no order, no form, no concentration—ay! there's the rub! This talk of concentration is vile Puritanical tyranny, with its roots in bourgeois utilitarianism. Beauty is with the butterfly at least as much as with the ant. What says the Broadway Jew when he is "in love?" "Get busy with your face, kid!" I know it saves time, but yet I feel a certain poignancy, as of loss, somewhere. Need I make further apology for the method of this novellissim? Well, Louis says, that we cannot help thinking a little of Laurence Sterne and Rabelais; to which I answer "Would God 'twere so!" when modern poetry scans, it must be a theft from Swinburne; when it doesn't, from Browning; where it's hashed prose, from Whitman. What's one to do? Faith, 'tis as bad as morals in the English mind. If one happens at any time to be alone, its onanism; with a woman, fornication; with a man or a dog, something worse; in a crowd, a "priapic orgie." You can't get away from it. So why should we try, dear girls? We won't. Come off the grass! And that reminds me that I ought to tell you about Kitty Williams.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

OF KITTY WILLIAMS, HER LOVES PASTORAL,
 PAIDOPARTHENICAL,¹²⁹ AND
 EXTRATERMINUMUNIVERSITATIDUOMILLERADIODEMAGNAE-
 SANCTAEMARIAECCLESISTICAL¹³⁰

"Xanthous as golden sunset were you, Kitty, from the curled hair to the flushed feet that lay like curled rose petals, tiny in my hand. I quiver now, the glow of you yet radiant across the chill abyss of twenty times twelve moons." 'Twas thus that Roger wrote, as his trick is, to people who are not there—and then, after a phrase or two, he will break off, and sacrifice to Memory, when Imagination happens to be busy elsewhere, and actuality gone out for a walk.

Kitty was flushed from crown to heel; it was a tawny gold of passion that flooded her. There was none of that dreadful milkmaid rosininess in her; here skin was pale, but it glowed like old ivory warmed through by blood itself. There was a curious fieriness in the hair and in the nails, as well as in the skin; yet 'twas so subtle a matter that it was rather felt than seen. She was graceful as a tiger-cub, and lithe, and hot; yet she had all the awkwardness of a young she-goat; for her vitality tumbled over itself, fulvous as a burn in spate. Ay! she was muscular, nor spare nor plump; tall, not too tall; but what caught Sir Roger Bloxam was her temperament. There was the lass for him—the true religious type. For her the good Cardinal never became tedious; never could he labour a point too fully, ejaculate too often or too long. Her dear little sisters, Connie and Annie, were full of him; brave Signor Coglio and gay Don Cojone counted them, you may believe it. Does it not remind you of Watteau,¹³¹ or of Corot,¹³² those scenes pastoral in that most fortunate corner wood on the road to Bishop's Stortford that lies just beyond the two miles from Great Saint Mary's, where ends the empery of proctor and vice-Chancellor and Esquire Bedell. All May term ye can revel it there, lasses and lads; there's grass and moss, and many a wild flower, all soft for the foot, or whatever ye dance withal. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus.*¹³³ But Kitty had Nijinsky's¹³⁴ spring, even when her clinometer equation was cot 90.¹³⁵ 'Twas in the early days of Dunlop;¹³⁶ and Sir Roger was wont to say that his racing Humber had them, but Kitty never did. So there in the woodland they played many a pageant: the mystery of St. George, the Comedy of Pan, the Morality of the Wild Beast, the Argument of the Flood, a thousand merry and joyous rites of Saturn and Flora, of Dionysus and of Paphian Aphrodite, of her that reigns in Panormus, of

him that guards great Lampsacus in his reverberating splendour. 'Twas wonder Cardinal Mentula took not Clergyman's Sore Throat, and Kitty Housemaid's knee. Gay scholar she, in every mood (??) and tense crissare: cevere, too, although another conjugation. As for brave Coglio and gay Cojone, they were involved in theological discussion anent the Kinesis. This was before the love of Porphyria Poppoea for Hippolytus, else there had been division of interest in the little world of Sir Roger Bloxam. *Eheu fugaces! Termini Maia!*¹³⁷ The May week ended; Sir Roger ruffles it to Norway, flies back for one night to his sweet wench of Wales, then off he goes to Russia.¹³⁸ I'll tell you of his love for Mathilde Doriac, when I feel in the mood.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

A WORD ON PANTOMORPHOPSYCHOLONOSOPHILOSOPHY,¹³⁹
INCLUDING
ARTHUR MACHEN¹⁴⁰

Would I could write a glaucous ineluctable novel, like John Cowper Powys!¹⁴¹ With no more outfit than an ulcerated duodenum, he produced Rodmoor. He presses seaweed into the service of sadism, picks glaucous and amphibian diatoms from moonwort, and makes them inelectable and nearly everything glaucous. And that is a very jolly feeling, when one has a bout of malaria, as I have to-night, filling myself with quinine, strychnine, arsenic, and cascara sagrada,¹⁴² almost ineluctably so. I expect to be pretty glaucous in the morning. What a lot of words there are which are more atmosphere than meaning!

Definition is the curse of art; we want to wander in exotic heady gardens amid small glaucous govins, mellicose at our costals, ineluctably dalmatic! There should Euphorion woo Eumolpe with pantoums and purfled wisps of moonrise, the fritillaries of their pomegranate cusps fluttering mopishly in the flambiance of Ra's cadenza. The wigsbane should plex its arpling alianelle about their ramped olio; mammet and maropial flooze emplishly upon the szyenite. See? You remember Arthur Machen—of the Angels of Mons, that gallant company! —in his *White People* how he gets his horror from “wicked Voorish domes” by simply failing to explain “Voorish,” and his final tragedy by just not saying what occurred. I must do this (or somewhat aequipollent, albeit solipsistically mine) for Sir Roger Bloxam: what rotten asses writers are! They're always introducing “great Poets” without giving us a single line to taste them by, and so on. They're always leaving everything to the imagination of the reader. Poor fool of a reader! If he had any imagination, he'd be a creative artist himself. Anyhow, Rule One for writing a novellism shall be to cross the *i*'s and dot the *t*'s: except in the one show chapter, which I shall put in to prove that I can do it. It can come in here, as well as anywhere else; (be quiet, Elsie!¹⁴³ I wasn't thinking of you) so good-night. Sleep well, wake fresh, and tackle Chapter XXXV in all its glaucous ineluctability. Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came!¹⁴⁴

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

THE RUNIC PLASM

Ambiguous, Childe Roger sees the rune of Unna Klopstock. Mobile Marry, but omen. "The grey knight's at the ferry; wink." He signed, pressed the plasm to his alb, pectoral-wise, with a norm that made groined transept and waly welkin giddy as the long-haired shagsters of Boeotia.¹⁴⁵ Then clasps he speron to palfrey, with whinnying jennet lank adown the wet west wind. I now omit many adventures, but he gets to the ferry at last. The Grey Knight Is Not There. There is however an unambiguous rune, reading, in the character of Honorius: SVXIIV. The II is a Roman Numeral; now it's quite easy, isn't it?

But when Childe Roger brings at last the mummied hand—that had wrought such fearful mischief—to the Master Egyptologist,¹⁴⁶ that person pales anæmically, glares goitrously, yammers once, and then goes raving mad. At the same moment the clock of Big Ben strikes Thirteen (don't you think? Something ominous and totally disconnected). Of course, Childe Roger was never the same man after this adventure of the runic plasm; he retired to his castle—but why did he always order Dinner for Two, even when most alone? I doubt if even the old steward knows about this. He is palsied and hoar already, on account of the affair of the bedesman and the beldame, I suppose. Don't let us load any more trouble on to the back of the poor old steward!

Whether Childe Roger's wife was a gorilla (thanks to clever chaperones this can easily be done now-a-days) or whether the First-Born son of the Bloxams is always a seal or a calf, as so often happens in the best-regulated old Scottish families, I shall leave, dear reader, to your imagination. You see, it would be saving of much trouble to leave the whole damned thing! I'm going on with this novellism in the grand old way. SVXIIV.

("Same to you, only louder," cries the Bunyip¹⁴⁷ girl).

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

OF THE EARLY OPINIONS OF SIR ROGER BLOXAM CONCERNING THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

In his third year at Cambridge Sir Roger Bloxam, prompted by the Cardinal and his suite, was already a famous poet. In his second year he had taken the Chancellor's medal with a poem on "Gehenna" —not Ravenna, Mr Clever, of course, you think you know everything. Ravenna was by Wilde and won the Newdigate, which rather gives Oxford away. No, Gehenna was a hell of a poem, and he ruined it quite correctly with "senna." But he beat this hollow in a month. Yes: of course I mean to give the chapter and verse; I told you before I would never bluff. Here's the opening chorus.

"From life hath death the power to bar souls? Are souls immortal? Are souls? Are souls?"

He goes on:

"Are souls of boys with glamour gilded? Shall not love right the wrong the pill did?" referring, apparently, to the bitter pill of punishment for sin. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost* : a much duller poem. The yearning earnestness of this poem won him many a friend. The exordium is truly superb.

Are souls divine? Those crimson piles
Bear witness, while the sun-god smiles.
Reared in the desert—blood and wine
Answer our sob "Are souls divine?"
Is that last Angel's trumpet-boom
Not puissant on the mortal's tomb?
Are souls divine? Yes, cries the heart;
By the strong argument—of art!

Porphyria Poppoea was indeed his Egeria¹⁴⁸ —that's the cliché, isn't it? —in philosophy. He was in her the whole of divinity. She taught him that he could shed mortality, and feel the better for it; and also that great lesson of unselfishness. For he was never able to behold her face to face, but in a glass, darkly; and love

must come to him from another, and that other one like unto himself, *id est*, God. As he spent many an hour, his fingers coyly straying in her wine-dark hair, while her voice, like perfume, declared the glory and the goodness of God. I wish you could see her rosy lips pursed up and puckered with merry impudence—yet utter holiness. See them part softly to the pressure of a gentle sigh! Hullo! what's this? what golden god comes flaming from the portal, his disk cloud-capped like a volcano? Let us cover our eyes in reverence, and begone—is it not written “Upon whom this stone shall fall?”¹⁴⁹ You may not be expert enough in Attic to read Κοπρος ‘Ο θεος¹⁵⁰ you are still playing with Κψπρις¹⁵¹ in the shade, or with the tangles of Neaera's¹⁵² hair. Shame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise, that last infirmity of noble mind, But the fair guerdon when we hope to find And think to burst out in sudden blaze Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears, and mixes our metaphors still more, I'm afraid. Surely this is the place to insert Sir Roger Bloxam's views on Death, regarded as an art, a science, and a social pleasure.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

OF FROU-FROU, AND FRISSON, AND DEATH

There is no frisson possible without the element of surprise, that is, of ignorance. *AS* one assimilates all books, all pictures, all things beautiful, enjoyment increases, but frisson becomes rare. To be blasé is not to be impotent. But after loving say 1500 women it is unlikely that one will often discover a "new sensation." A man may be most potent when he does find the right woman; which was not so at eighteen, when the rustle of every skirt produced its full physiological effect. Sir Roger Bloxam had many a year of this early stage. It was not only Kitty Williams; it was every landlady's daughter, every skivey, every barmaid. But 'twas all butterfly love once, twice, and thrice, and a new flower caught his fancy. Indeed, he was short with them; a quick-firing gun was he, by Gosh. He grew into a 16-inch gun, a 42-centimetre howitzer. It takes more to load such a gun—but 'tis not smaller and impotent because you cannot fire it 600 times a minute! Don't be afraid of being blasé, darling; you're nearer "death," it's true; but that's because you've finished life, mastered it, put it in your breeches pocket. You've made yourself ready for a higher life by your familiarity with the lower. How dreadful to be always 15 or 25 or 35 or 45! You'd get more bored every day; suicide would soon seem the one way out. Surely by 35 the earnest man who had had all opportunities and lived every minute of his time has become one with all possible beauty. Is he likely to discover a new Beethoven at 40? No: he has taken all life in; if he is an artist, he can go on to give it out to others; bar that, his life may be pleasant, but it must be nigh stagnation, as regards new impressions. He must work on his material if grow he would.

Once his creative force is spent, he is ready for death; and I cannot see but that death is a logical continuation of life. Not by man's logic, but by nature's, whatever that may be; but be sure, 'tis right, when we understand it. So as the poet says "Give me passion, give me death!"¹⁵³ For the two are one; and death shall be the orgasm wherein the true ego escapes the man, —to spend—given a suitable menstruum—in energy in recreating body and mind, like a wanton God adorning himself with flowers and laurels. "What a serious chapter! And you haven't mentioned the one great consolation to the dying, that we have no evidence of the continued existence of Australia beyond the grave."

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

HOW SIR ROGER BLOXAM BETHOUGHT HIM OF CHOOSING A CAREER

A sapper, in sinking a well-shaft,
Was stricken by death with his fell-shaft
But Hindenburg said:
"He's much better dead—
"Kadaververwertungsgesellschaft!"¹⁵⁴

This is a very important passage, dear children, in the life of any man, when he decides to what he shall devote his life. For all courses are just equally vain and idle. This world is so obviously a rotten practical joke that a wise man is disgusted with it by the time he is twenty-five or so. The everlasting guffaw of God at his horseplay irritates the nerves. Only the artist who eschews the Learned Professions, and sticks to Beauty, is likely to enjoy life. But—Usefulness—that is not to be had. The Pragmatists define Truth as Usefulness—and one can see the ghost of Pilate decorously concealing mouth with toga!

Sir Roger did not enter the School of Journalism, although they promised to teach him to write like this following:

HUNS CHEW PALS

EXTRA. VIA Amsterdam. June 19.

The Kadaververwertungsgesellschaft have added a kitchen department by direct Imperial Order. Brochette d'Enfant Belge á la von Bissing is now a regular feature of the goulash-cannon, the children being spitted on bayonets, and toasted over burning cathedrals, libraries, Rembrandts, and other combustibles. The officers usually prefer the broiled breasts of violated nuns; sometimes, however, these are scotched in their own milk. But on those parts of the front where the supply of nuns and babies has given out, owing to the rigour of the British blockade, the German soldier subsists almost entirely on the bodies of his comrades. The men actually in the trenches are said to be lamentably tough, but the Landsturmiers afford excellent tripe. Men who have served in the German colonies and so ruined their livers furnish an admirable paté de foie gras for the tables of the higher officials. Bones not only supply glue for the Kaiser to paste his press-cuttings, and

gelatine, of which motion-picture films are made, but commands a high price in Catholic Germany and Austria as authentic relics of the Saviour. The tough guts of the mountain regiments are used for violin strings. The blood is invariably drained off and used as a substitute for red wine; this is the favourite drink of the Kaiser himself, Admiral Tirpitz, and Count von Reventlow. Hindenburg, on the contrary, eats British prisoners, raw.

(Pad this to four columns, double-leaded, and add confirmatory "statements of eye-witnesses," "what my wife's brother's wife's aunt's best friend heard from the chauffeur of somebody who once saw the Crown Prince at a review," "affidavit of an American professional divorce court witness," etc. etc.).

Newspapers bribed by German gold may not accept this article; then, try them with this other.

FRENCH BOOZE STUNT

The French are openly boasting that the failures of the vines, ravaged by raiding Uhlans who have laid waste the country from the Belfort to Bayonne—the censorship has suppressed this important news hitherto, but Truth will out—has not diminished their supply of alcohol. It is well known that Frenchmen will not fight unless intoxicated. they have therefore replaced wine by "esprit de corps" (Translation "spirit from the body"). This beverage, a thousand times more pernicious even than absinthe, is distilled in immense retorts

(etc., pile in with the scientific stuff).

Frenzied by this demoniacal liquor, the wretches, although starved, diseased, crippled, —not one per cent is between the ages of 8 and 80—beat off the gallant, well-ordered, determined attacks of the noble German soldiers, who are, besides, too kind-hearted to advance against such miserable cowards.

(If this goes, try to derive "poilu" from "pois-élu," i.e. "selected pea" and prove that they make their soldiers into Erbsuppe. And write up Potage Bonne Femme).

However, they tried to make Sir Roger reconsider his decision, as will be explained, by trying to rouse his indignation about the white slave traffic. Here is

their little paper of statistics, from which a clever journalist can earn a fine income any day of the week, especially Sunday.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

FACTS ABOUT THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC. 1917 A.D

Population of the United States	196,343,277
White Slavers (male)	85,671,242
ditto (female)	146,221,849
ditto (sexless)	196,343,277
Dope Fiends (all sexes)	621,387,551
Crooked politicians	91,729,984
Grafting policemen	112,478,236
Men higher up	38,211,719
Women spiders	29,322,963
Satyrs	84,716,437
Victims of lust	1,491,624,588
Sob-sisters	.606
Clear-cut red-blooded straight-living young men	462,891,468
ditto including the President	462,891,469
Mrs. Wilson	1
Annual profits [of]	
White Slave Trust	\$998,444,591,876,212,641,982.45 and a plugged nickel.
Tons of Chloroform used annually (to stifle victims)	611,343,528,941
Value of candy used annually for administering dope (average of 5 years)	\$711,812,369,745,382,118.16
ditto ditto chewing gum	\$949,984,759,892,776,538.35

Pithy Points for Pornographers.

If the limousines used for kidnapping virgins were put in a straight line, it would extend from the Knickerbocker Hotel to Arcturus.

Mr. Lloyd George was awakened recently by the roar of the British barrage at Messina, a distance of 140 miles. If the shrieks of the chloroformed victims of lust in one week were simultaneous, he could hear them too—a distance of over 3000 miles.

Yesterday, housewreckers broke into a cellar in the Bronx; they could not find a single body of a "Ripper" victim. The unique event will be celebrated by a parade

of the United Body-Snatchers.

Every man, woman, and child in the United States consumes daily, on an average, fourteen and a half times his own weight in heroin.

The late Stanford White¹⁵⁵ is said to have ruined 12,642 angel children in five months, when at the height of his career.

Evelyn Thaw and Lilian Russell¹⁵⁶ are almost the only virgins left in the United States, if we exclude Vaudeville and cabaret performers. All others who may be proved medically to be virgins, must, according to a leading judge, be degenerates.

The American woman is the purest in the world. The American man is a clean-cut, straight-living, red-blooded intellectual hero, a satyr who lives only to drag pure women to his hell of lust, the too easy dupe of the vile empresses of vice who throng every street.

Any American woman loses her virtue if she drinks a cocktail. The cocktails used for seduction in one night in the Tenderloin, if collected, would raise the level of the Ocean by eight feet and five inches.

Respectable looking old ladies are always procuresses.

The action of the pure, high-minded, self-sacrificing, heroic, beautiful, fearless, dainty, pious, well-bred, chic, bully, dandy, American woman journalist has stamped all vice out of every corner of the country. Extra-marital intercourse is absolutely unknown from Maine to Texas. It only remains to tread upon the loathsome practice of intra-marital intercourse with a firm hand; it is the serpent in the Eden of Marriage.

The birth rate must be increased some thirty-fold and some sixtyfold and some an hundredfold; America needs workers.

I really cannot imagine why Sir Roger Bloxam declined this fascinating field of labour.

CHAPTER FORTY

OF SIR ROGER BLOXAM'S SECOND CHOICE OF CAREER

If was reasonably hoped by many that, under the direct tutelage of so great and so upright a churchman as Cardinal Mentula, it would come about that Sir Roger developed into a theologian of the first water. The words "Holy Orders" were freely mentioned in connection with his name. None doubted his fundamental capacity. Yet—could one so modest and so pious face a multitude, and deliver a sermon? 'Twas this, naught else, that determined his advisers to rehearse him. *Fiat experimentatum in corpore vilo*, cried they; and summoned the Master and Fellows of Saint Catherine's College to hear him, one Shrove Tuesday. It may well be that they chose the day badly; the God Pan is an ill counselor in speech and act, think you not, Euphemia?¹⁵⁷

"My text for this morning, dearly beloved brethren," began Sir Roger, "is taken from Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Twelfth Chapter and the Fourth Verse. "Many members in one body." The Fourth Verse of the Twelfth Chapter of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans. "Many members in one body." What can be more glorious, dearly beloved, than this wonderful thought? Many members! Not one member only, not two, three or four members; not even several members; no, brethren; many members. Many members! There is no limit to the Divine Love; and in this fresh proof of the Great Mercy of God we are constrained to lift up our hearts in utter overflowing. Think of this apex and apostrophe of the Apostle, I beseech you: many members! Try to represent them to yourselves. Think of them in rows—in files—in squadrons. "Not in single spies, but in battalions." Think of them as the stars squandered over the whole field of fight. Think of the great loving-kindness of the Lord, his munificence, his bounty, nay, if one dare say so with reverence, his prodigality! Many members! Is it legitimate to pursue this analogy of stars, dearly beloved? Surely we may do so. Surely we may reckon on the uniformity of His creation! So, just as no two stars are exactly alike, no two men, no two roses, we may assume that of all these many members the variety is infinite. Even as with the very noses upon our faces, where we perceive short noses, long noses, straight noses, bent noses, stumpy noses, lank noses, turned-up noses, pudgy noses, snouty noses, broken noses, red noses, pale noses, sensitive noses, vigorous noses, flabby noses, strong noses, fat noses, muscular noses,

bulbous noses, vinous noses, warty noses, port-wine noses, itchy noses, greasy noses, dewy noses, Jewy noses, Hughie noses, bluey noses, ticklish noses, ready-to-blow noses, hairy noses, fairy noses, drooping noses, inquisitive noses, thoughtful noses, may it not be with these many members of which the Apostle of the Gentiles speaks with such eloquence and fervour even as it was given him of the Holy Spirit? Dearly beloved brethren, were these two words alone—many members—the very sum and apogee of the divine grace, what cause should we not have for thanksgiving? Should we not praise Him? Should we not extol Him? Yea, verily. But, by overplus and superstroke of mercy, the Magnificence of the Heavenly Bounty beggars our gratitude. How does the sublime phrase culminate? Many members. Ah, but where? Scattered and lost, as sheep not having a shepherd? Wasted as the sands of the desert? Nay, dearly beloved, it is not so! These many members are collected, concentrated, into One Body! It humbly seems possible to me that Saint Paul may have had the figure of the Empress Messalina in his mind when the Spirit of God led him to use this phrase of joy. In one body! Many Members! Many members in one body! What blessed words of comfort they are! Think of it; consider all that it implies. It might have been that all these many members were dispersed among an infinitude of bodies; it might have been that you or I might have had to eke out the exiguity of a single member with some such succeedaneum as a banana. But God is the author of all true riches; and He does not leave His servants without full provision. Many members in one body! Blesséd, yea blesséd for ever be His name! We all of us know how unreliable is any single member; one may be weak, another weary, a third sick, a fourth grown old. Brethren, the Lord has foreseen all such calamities; He has provided against failure. In one body—many members! Let us pray!”

We shall touch but lightly upon the painful sequel to this sermon; for a novelissim should be pleasant as ice-cream in Hell, or in New York in Summer. Suffice it to say that the congregation came up to congratulate the preacher, two by two, and then four by four, so that Sir Roger had his hands full. *Ave Virgo, plena gratia!*¹⁵⁸ The boy remarked, after Blake, that you never knew what was enough till you knew what was too much—and abandoned theology.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

HOW SIR ROGER BLOXAM REPUDIATED A NAVAL CAREER

Carissima, do not fret; I shall not be horridly technical. I hardly know the difference between a midshipmate and a stopcock. My aquatics have been mostly on Cam and Indus.¹⁵⁹ I can tell a brig from a schooner if I am drunk enough; and I know that once aboard a lugger, the girl is mine. I often recognise nautical words, such as fore-top-mizzen-spanker and taffrail boom and trysail and careen and rum, but I'm not sure of the meaning of any but those "terms of endearment common among sailors" which, oh well! We must do our little best. We must bring a whiff of salty spindrift across the bows of our novellissim; bos'un, pipe all hands! Half-a-gale o' wine nor'nor'east and a pint to the nor'ard. Typhoon off the port quarter, sir! 'Bout ship, lads, hearty, yo-heave-ho! Ay, ay, sir! Quartermaster, heave the lead! Ay, ay, sir! One-and-a-half, one, mark six, one and eleven three, by God, she's struck! We're sinking by the poop! Mr. Carpenter, sound the fo'mast! Ay, ay, sir. Cyclone from sou'sou'west right of the larboard quarter. B'gosh, the barometer's dropping. 29, 28, 27 —glory be, it's gone to zero. Oh! cracked the glass—may be we'll live through it then! Man the pumps, lads! Yo-heave-ho! We're in the doldrums, and the ship's in stays. Put out the best bower, and lower the yawl! Ay, ay, sir! Run up the pennant to the fore halyards! Ring astern! Stand by to repel boarders! Out cutlasses! Ay, ay, sir! Show the dirty swabs etcetera etcetera!

Oh, I suppose it could be done; but please God it never shall be: simply rotten, showing off, what? *Per Bacco*,¹⁶⁰ a straight narrative style is bad enough. In fact, between you and me, Lavinia,¹⁶¹ darling, it may be that some of our nautical writers conceal a certain disability in this respect by overloading their frigates with all that ship Ahoy stuff, eh?

So—driven by the mephitic blast of the Simoom, Her Majesty's Ship "Electric Eel" plunged through the ruddy foam of the Red Sea. "Suez!" cried the lookout suddenly; "Suez Canal!"

Devil take you all, my darlings! I'm not going to bother to finish this rotten chapter. It's obviously meant to lead up to a feeble joke about naval affairs being too shallow for a man of Sir Roger's penetration. Let's get on to something jolly—

why not the story of the Whistling Coon?

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

SIR ROGER'S OBJECTIONS TO THE STUDY OF LAW

I shall leave this chapter entirely to the imagination of the reader—see Chapter XXXIV for reflections on the morality of this procedure.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE
THE OMNIFIC AND GRANDIOSE INTERMEZZO
OF THE
WHISTLING COON

In the antechamber of the Rosicrucian's cabinet stood a strangely carven pedestal, on which the young and elegant woman whom we have already introduced to the gentle reader as Flotilla was leaning. Her lustrous eyes exuded unfathomable sorrow as she gazed into the Magical Mirror of Zamboni.¹⁶² In those astral horizons she saw many a mystery ineffable, many a wonder mirific, many an arcanum irresolvable even in the limpid luminance of theophany. But, search as she might, her soul shrank from the Threshold of the Great White Way.

(That, you see, is how we link Lytton¹⁶³ and Irvin S. Cobb;¹⁶⁴ that is how we get from Bologna to Broadway).

On the stage of a famous variety theatre, by Castor and Pollux, there stood a slight pale figure —fill it up from the waste paper basket, please, Mr. Dollar-a-Syllable! —his name don't matter; in the perfesh, he was The Whistling Coon. And in the audience was a—oh! you know: I'm a tired novellissimist to-night—call her Ethel. She wanted to get his job. She went to the stage door, and sent in her card. (By Serapis, this is a python of a story, cut it how you will!) He came out. They met. "Walk as we talk?" "Yes." They walked. (And now my style's getting like Aimée Gouraud's,¹⁶⁵ or whoever wrote "Moon-madness" for her). Well, presently the Whistling Coon said to Ethel: "I suppose you have whistled before?" She modestly replied: "I hardly like to call it whistling, you know, to you." "But you can whistle?" "Oh, well, I suppose I must say I can whistle." And he smiled a long, low, sad, subtle smile—and they walked on. Now they were in the depths of the Park —and he smiled a long, low, sad, subtle smile—and he said "Now you can't."

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

VIVE L'ENTENTE CORDIALE!¹⁶⁶

Well I am aware that this is a second edition of Chapter XLIV.¹⁶⁷ But did not the first performance deserve an encore? Good.

Glabrous was Cardinal Mentula as an emu's oef, chauv from his nasence; I ditties you that there in the sub of this over, not is this not? 'Twas as the crane of an old marcher in the ledges of the Shepherd-Follies; but it redded like a spall of agnew at the point, or like the altered drake at the blood, when bezin was. The nayne was scarce grander than a jamb of pullet, but never an hom dressed himself pluss superb, and he brilled like a spey, the spey of Arthur, Excalibur, or like the spew of Nimrod. Yes, he flamboyed like a stoil, like an aster tumbling, nay, semblable to the solil at haught south, in stei.

Perhaps we had better change the subject.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

“WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB”

As Verlaine says, *c'est à recommencer*¹⁶⁸—though that only proves—to my mind—that it was not properly finished. You don't expect an Eight to row over the course again ten minutes after the race, do you? These machine-gun men advertise their clumsiness, not their force.

The point is that we've got so mixed up over the chapters that we had better begin again well ahead of the hunt.

And her name is Mrs. Hunt.
And she's ordered to the front
With no hair on—hair on—hair on
her old toot—toot.

Good night, everybody!

(No, not you, Belgacem!)

CHAPTER MII

OF HOW SIR ROGER BLOXAM MET MR. HANK FARRIS¹⁶⁹

How? Why, how should they meet, Clorinda? It was at lunch at *Romano's*, let me tell you that, in the grand days of their hors d'oeuvre, and when the cheese was "le Fromage de M. Fromage."¹⁷⁰ There was a pretty decent Moselle, too, — oh well, 'tis in vain to repine! Et puis, les filles! Merde pour New York!¹⁷¹ No matter. You shall have a new automobile, Sadie,¹⁷² if you can tell me why Hank Farris, on seeing Sir Roger, was reminded of a night long ago when he had been driving with the Empress Eugénie,¹⁷³ poor dear fat old thing! and found himself in the Marlborough Club with nothing to do, when who should stroll up Pall Mall but dear old Willie Gladstone;¹⁷⁴ "Frank, dear old top," cried the Premier, "let's wander up to Bond Street, and look for a bit of fluff!" "Charmed, dear man!" I murmured, and off we went—and ran right into Tom Carlyle.¹⁷⁵

"Ouch, ye sculduddery rapsallions!" cried Carlyle, "a braw day the day! D'ye no ken I'll gang whiles we'ye!" This was the very devil; Willie couldn't possibly do any business with that peevish old fool on his arm. But as luck would have it, we found the Prince of Wales¹⁷⁶ at the corner of Park Place, groping in the gutter for a shilling he had dropped, and there was Lily¹⁷⁷ in the hansom screaming, and the cabman swearing that his fare was half-a-crown. "Kommen Sie nur!" I cried in German "Ned, Liebchen, wie geht's?"¹⁷⁸

(The Prince spoke hardly any English, you know).

"Donner und Blitzen," he yelled, "der verfluchte Schweinkopf!"¹⁷⁹ and went on to curse the cabby in thick guttural broken English. I tossed the man a sovereign—the thing was becoming scandalous—Lily jumped out of the cab, and in her hysteria threw her arms around Willie's neck.

"Take her home," I whispered, "It's the only way out." For already a little crowd had collected, and any one of us might have been recognised at any moment! So poor dear Gladdie had to take on the Langtry—he was never his own man again, through Hutch did his best, dear old Jonathan, what a man he was! As for Ned, he took Tom down to Marlborough House, of course, I packed them off, and damned glad I was to get out of it so easily. Poor old Tom! I met him again a year later at Lady Devonshire's.¹⁸⁰

"Been back to Ned's, Tom?" I cried laughingly. He frowned at me.

"Na," says he, "na! once a philosopher—twice a pile driver!" I don't know

what the devil he meant. So I fired off Pokilothron Athanat Aphrodite¹⁸¹ at him on the chance of a hit, and he went off growling to talk to Bobbie Salisbury, just as Alf Tennyson came up, and pulled out the Manuscript of *In Memoriam*, and asked me to put it right for him. "In Memoriam," I cried, "In Victoriam, you mean!" digging his ribs, "through as a matter of fact I don't believe he ever had the old girl!"¹⁸²

The effect of this sparkling anecdote was great upon Sir Roger Bloxam. I'll tell you about it some other time when I'm not so lazy, unless I forget, as I shall, for yours sakes, try to do.

On with the revel!

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

**OF THE DESPAIR OF SIR ROGER BLOXAM ANENT HIS
CAREER;
AND OF THE APPEAL THAT HE MADE TO THE CARDINAL**

Well, you know, it was a bit thick, eh, what? Time was passing; it's a damned bad habit of his; and Sir Roger was no nearer to the choice of a career than when he first put on his long trousers. His despair was positively frightful to witness. He ate, drank, smoked, rode, played cards or chess, tennis or cricket, went canoeing up to Byron's Fool, or pulled a skiff down to Dilton, and in a thousand other similar ways strove to express the anguish, agony, anxiety, worry, torture, grief, pain, torment, horror, apprehension, woe and so on that bit, clawed, scratched, tore at his vitals. It preyed upon him so much that his favourite bulldog, whose name was John Thomas,¹⁸³ did not notice it. Nevertheless—and that reminds me of a story. It was at a music-hall in the old days, and the manager came forward to introduce Miss Joconde Jujube, or whatever her name was. A drunken man in the stalls rose to protest: "She's the lousiest old cow on the stage." The manager, unperturbed:

"That may very well be, sir; nevertheless, she—will—perform."

Now, dears, get your laugh over, and we'll go on with the Awful Despair of Sir Roger. I feared that without the comic relief you might have lost your reasons.

For I fear that you will be in suspense yet awhile. I raised your hopes with the chapter-heading; you thought naturally enough that the appeal to the Cardinal would fix the whole caboodle. But alas! "Oh woe to me that have to sing this thing!" as Victor Neuburg¹⁸⁴ so selfishly says—for his hearers are in still more evil case—through Sir Roger did indeed consult Cardinal Mentula—the dwarf was absolutely absorbed in Browning.

CHAPTER MIV
OF THE DESPAIR OF THE NOVELISSIMIST;
ANENT HIS CAREER;
AND OF THE APPEAL THAT HE MADE

'Twere unreasonable to expect me to write a novelissim at Seaside, Long Island, with its vomit of sour-smelling canaille. Thence did I flee to the verandah; the mob is but a distant yowl, and the winds from the bay. But my legs are scorched by the whips of my great Father; and despite all manner of grease, they burn. Yet—what else is there to do? Life's naught to me but worship, art, or love; and love's impossible amid these cattle—'tis plain bestiality. And so Religion too wears thin, since Love under Will is the law. What's left but art? What's art but St. Paul's "faith," the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen? Then art should be able to move mountains: oh if one could only dump the Central Asiatic Plateau on to this infernal country! It's a curious thing, perhaps even a little morbid, the way in which hatred of America eats up all one's other passions. It's omnipresent. It's not pure hatred; it's loathing and disgust. And it certainly does interfere with the writing of a novelissim; for I'd more easily write sonnets when I'm seasick.

Now, upon what God shall I call? It's a far cry to Lochawe!¹⁸⁵ There are no gods on the long-distance telephone. The most disreputable outcast of Olympus would hide this shame elsewhere—so long as there was a latrine or a cicada outside America he would not haunt their pinchback palaces. I fear me I must call on their own deity, the dollar; and use him to get out.

CHAPTER MV

HEROIC RESOLUTION OF THE NOVELISSIMIST

No, by the anvil of lame Vulcan, I'll not budge. I'll dree my weird. I'll take it out in art. Bricks without straw, by the Phoenix Wand of Cheops, and by the Crowns of the Upper and the Lower Nile! A puritan community can never breed artists, for they feed on beauty; and in America one has to go for beauty to the caterpillar. Yes, there are some pretty decent insects here, I must admit. Thus comforted, let us return to those enthralling vicissitudes in the career of Sir Roger Bloxam which were interrupted about a month ago, something suddenly, by my taking over *The International*.¹⁸⁶

You'll remember that Cardinal Mentula was absorbed in Browning. (The reader is requested not to attempt to parse Browning).¹⁸⁷

"What's the object?" cried Sir Roger.

The Cardinal handed him a copy of *Tristram Shandy*.

"How are you working?" Mentula passed him a *Gulliver's Travels*.

"Is it hard?" Down came a copy of *The Channings*.

"What's the colour of his hair?" He produced the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

"And how do you feel?" The busy churchman pointed to *Jude the Obscure*.

"Hot work, eh?" The Cardinal laughingly opened a "Tam-o Shanter."

"Who is he?"

An *Erewhon* was immediately indicated.

"What's the best part of him?" Cardinal Mentula got out a volume of sermons by Dean Hole.

"How do you know?" "Evangeline" was on the table in an instant . . .

I could go on for an hour; but I do hate all this bloody cleverness.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE
 OF THE HALT CAUSED BY THE ABSENCE OF A
 NOVELISSIMATRIX; AND HOW THE LORD TOOK PITY UPON
 THE INNOCENCE
 OF FATHER BROWN

I am perfectly well aware, thank you, darling, that a month has slipped by, without my doing a line of the novelissim. You see, I hadn't time; for I had just taken up the work of *The International*. But I would have found time if I had had the One Thing Needful. And what's that, say you, Ambrosia? Natuer-lich—a novelissimatrix. Gewiss. I'm really rather grateful to dear Maitland.¹⁸⁸ He sent me to the Murray Hill Baths,¹⁸⁹ where, by the Missing Section of Osiris,¹⁹⁰ I met a Popular Movie Writer in the flesh. He calls his films "Shades and Shadows," "Right or Wrong?" and such, and he talks as he writes. He spends a night of drunken orgie with a lady, and, on leaving, thanks her for a very pleasant evening. I didn't know that these things were! Then Maitland also told me of a Cingalese Joint,¹⁹¹ where I could get a really truly curry. And of course I ran right into my beloved Catherine.¹⁹² She was sitting in a little inner room, by the window, in the twilight. I could not see her clearly. But her magnetism drew me over to her. She was in a coarse white dress, smoking endless cigarettes, and drinking many an unfathomable seidel of beer. She looks a little like Soror Hilarion,¹⁹³ and, a little like Frank Harris, and altogether like some kind of Chinese dog—a barbarian brigand kind from beyond the Wall. So I shall call her Tchao,¹⁹⁴ and that will be all right, won't it? I can lie about on the bed in our little room on Central Park West, while she wraps up the laundry in copies of the Evening Telegram, and write my nice novelissim. And, praise the pigs, I didn't have to appeal to the dollar; it was Father himself that gave me this dog. I'm telling you; it's a most amazing thing; the dear old boy is there with the goods from noon to noon. "Everybody works but Father" is no song for our little ménage, by Wilkins! I'm a member of the Upper circles, by Aaron's rod that budded! This is the Inner Life, all right, my dear old H. P. B.!¹⁹⁵ She's a Pennsylvania Dutch girl, this Tchao, no Frankfurter about her; but she's the Original Hot Dog. Also, b'gosh, one of Nature's children; she has no acquired technique; it's all talent ab ovo. But what talent! No: it's pure genius; she doesn't know how, and she doesn't know why; but she gets there. She inscribes me among the lyric poets, and the rest follow as Horace once indicated. A Week-end in this house needs the very opposite kind;

but have no fear! In fact, your only dread be this, that I cannot find time to write Our Story.

CHAPTER MVII

REFLEXIONS UPON FREE WILL AND DESTINY: CALCULATED
TO ELUCIDATE THE COMPLEX OF THE CAREER OF SIR ROGER
BLOXAM

My labour, most ambiguous Henri, will indeed have been waste matter, a very newspaper, if I have failed to bring into assimilation with your Viññanam¹⁹⁶ the F.A.C.T. that whatever Sir Roger was, he was, and be damned to you! How could he have been otherwise? If he could, he would. And as otherwise I should have drawn him. But he being himself (poor devil!) he was just that. See you not how even our dreams, our wishes, all that we are, dates back to hidden ancestor-work? Only the Freudians go not far enough; the glowing seed that made my mind so brilliant had its origin in the Father of all brilliance, Our Lord the Sun. Thus once again, by yet another path, we reach the brave "There is no part of me which is not of the Gods."

Rejoice, o brothers, we are altogether of the divine substance. We neither think, nor feel, nor perceive, nor are, any other thing than that all-bounteous, all-beautiful One, that Lord in his spendour and his ecstasy that cometh and goeth in his chariot upon high, giving light and praise, yet neither moveth nor uttereth any Voice! For there is nothing in the Universe that is not of that Unity—rejoice! rejoice! All paths are spectra, in the prism of consciousness, of that One Light; so that it mattered not to Sir Roger whether he were tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief. Nor does it matter to you, does it, what I do with him?

Little ones, it seems to me enough, maybe too much, that I should do aught at all. Very good, then: Sir Roger entered the Diplomatic Service.¹⁹⁷ That finishes that, and I can take Tchao for a stroll in the Park.

CHAPTER MVIII
OF THE VICISSITUDES OF NOVELISSIMAKING, AN EXAMPLE

Observe! Just as I was ready to begin, Tchao has taken to looking like a potato, and I have to call her Murphy.¹⁹⁸

CHAPTER MIX
OF CANALS

The very A.B.C. of True Love is that a Canal¹⁹⁹ is either Banal or—not. Amen to that, with all my heart, quoth Sir Roger, and applied himself to the brandy. At the end of a long life let me lift up my voice and bear witness to the eternal glory of Pan!

CHAPTER MX

OF THINGS HUMAN AND DIVINE; BEING OTHER EPIGRAMS
LABORIOUSLY AND PERTINENTLY CONSTRUCTED
BY SIR ROGER BLOXAM,
IN THE VERY PRIMROSE AND WOOD ANEMONE OF HIS
YOUTH

To a pretty woman I prefer an ugly one, the uglier the better; for it is better to have a relief than a shock when I turn to the business end.

I hate Heine; for it is impossible to deny that he was a poet and impossible to deny that he was a Jew.

American women are anxious to safeguard the purity of their girls, because if they make it difficult for men to get them, they will be able to hire them for less money.

Woman is necessary to a man as a sewerage system is to a city. Cities on mountains need less attention in this respect; live therefore in the City of God upon the Mountain Abiegnus!

"It's love that makes the world go round." And round! —and round! —and round!!!

The University of Oxford was founded by the son of a butcher. (The bitterest remark that ever left those amiable lips).

[In America] I love American women [—it makes me think I am crossing the Atlantic Ocean].

(Meaning: all A. W.'s have immense vesicae and I loathe to be in America.)

A woman's love. A play in 3 acts. For Mathematicians.

Act I 23

Act II 69

Act III 606

I like Lionel Parrish because he arouses in me precisely the sense of

satisfaction which I have in regarding an exceptionally healthy motion.

Even when things are at the worst, one can always thank God that They haven't got claws.

Lord Kitchener died like a gallant gentleman. A classic example of protective mimicry.

Woman are like toilet paper. Use them for your comfort and convenience, then put them where they belong.

Woman.
You dangle a carrot in front of her nose
And she goes wherever the carrot goes.

Cardinal Mentula once told me: The End justifies the means. Morals, conventions, etc. are but the codifications of those means which experience has shown to lead most directly to the end. Exceptions occur, so that every act is a matter for individual judgment. Up, guards, and at 'em!

A philosopher reminds me of a guinea-pig chasing its own tail.

Half the joy of acquiring a new mistress is relief at getting rid of the old one.

Humanity did well indeed to honour Charles Darwin; he did his utmost to provide it with decent connexions.

Cardinal Mentula once began a play.

He: "We've had our quarrel; but, on the whole, you've done what I wanted you to, so—"

You can make a joke that even an Englishman can understand, and only use two letters. Even an Englishman's imagination can supply the rest. —One doesn't have even to use the two letters.

Married people are socially impossible; for you either make love to the woman, and lose his friendship; or you don't, and lose hers.

The King Ghost²⁰⁰

The King-Ghost is abroad. His spectre legions
 Sweep from their icy lakes and bleak ravines
 Unto the weary and untrodden regions
 Where man lies penned among his Might-have-beens.
 Keep us in safety, Lord,
 What time the King-Ghost is abroad!

The King-Ghost from his grey malefic slumbers
 Awakes the malice of his bloodless brain.
 He marshals the innumerable numbers
 Of shrieking shapes on the sepulchral plain.
 Keep us, for Jesu's sake,
 What time the King-Ghost is awake!

The King-Ghost wears a crown of hopes forgotten;
 Dead loves are woven in his ghastly robe;
 Bewildered wills and faith grow old and rotten
 And deeds undared his sceptre, sword, and globe.
 Keep us, O Mary maid,
 What time the King-Ghost goes arrayed!

The Hell-Wind whistles through his plumeless pinons;
 Clanks all that melancholy host of bones;
 Fate's principalities and Death's dominions
 Echo the drear dischord, the tuneless tones.
 Keep us, dear God, from ill,
 What time the Hell-Wind whistles shrill.

The King-Ghost hath no music but their rattling;
 No scent but death's grown faint and fugitive;
 No light but this their leprous pallor battling
 Weakly with night. Lord, shall these dry bones live?
 O keep us in this hour
 Wherein the King-Ghost hath his power!

The King-Ghost girds me with his gibbering creatures,
 My dreams of old that never saw the sun.
 He shows me, in a mocking glass, their features,
 The twin fiends "Might-have-been" and "Should-
 have-done."
 Keep us, by Jesu's ruth,
 What time the King-Ghost grins the truth!

The King-Ghost boasts eternal usurpature;
 For in this pool of tears his fingers fret
 I had imagined, by enduring nature,
 The twin gods "Thus-will-I" and "May-be-yet."
 God, keep us most from ill,
 What time the King-Ghost grips the will!

Silver and rose and gold what flame resurges?
 What living light pours forth in emerald waves?
 What inmost Music drowns the clamourous dirges?
 —Shrieking they fly, the King-Ghost and his slaves.
 Lord, let Thy Ghost Indwell,
 And keep us from the power of Hell!

Amen.

AHA!²⁰¹

AHA! THE SEVENFOLD MYSTERY OF THE INEFFABLE LOVE;
THE COMING OF THE LORD IN THE AIR AS KING AND JUDGE
OF THIS CORRUPTED WORLD;

WHEREIN

UNDER THE FORM OF A DISCOURSE BETWEEN MARSYAS AN ADEPT
AND OLYMPAS HIS PUPIL THE WHOLE SECRET OF THE WAY OF
INITIATION IS LAID OPEN FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END;
FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT.

WRITTEN IN TREMBLING AND HUMILITY FOR THE BRETHREN
OF THE A.: A.: BY THEIR VERY DUTIFUL SERVANT, AN
ASPIRANT TO THEIR SUBLIME ORDER,
ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE ARGUMENTATION

A LITTLE before Dawn, the pupil comes to greet his Master, and begs instruction.

Inspired by his Angel, he demands the Doctrine of being rapt away into the Knowledge and Conversation of Him.

The Master discloses the doctrine of Passive Attention or Waiting.

This seeming hard to the Pupil, it is explained further, and the Method of Resignation, Constancy, and Patience inculcated. The Paradox of Equilibrium. The necessity of giving oneself wholly up to the new element. Egoism rebuked.

The Master, to illustrate this Destruction of the Ego, describes the Visions of Dhyana.

He further describes the defence of the Soul against assailing Thoughts, and shows that the duality of Consciousness is a blasphemy against the Unity of God; so that even the thought called God is a denial of God-as-He-is-in-Himself.

The pupil sees nothing but a blank midnight in this Emptying of the Soul. He is shown that this is the necessary condition of Illumination. Distinction is further made between these three Dhyanas, and those early visions in which things appear as objective. With these three Dhyanas, moreover, are Four other of the Four Elements: and many more.

Above these is the Veil of Paroketh. Its guardians.

The Rosy Cross lies beyond this veil, and therewith the vision called Vishvarupadarshana. Moreover, there is the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

The infinite number and variety of these Visions.

The impossibility of revealing all these truths to the outer and uninitiated world.

The Vision of the Universal Peacock—Atmadarshana. The confusion of the Mind, and the Perception of its self-contradiction.

The necessity to surmount Reason, as Reason has surmounted Sense.

The Second Veil—the Veil of the Abyss.

The fatuity of Speech.

A discussion as to the means by which the vision arises in the pure Soul is useless; suffice it that in the impure Soul no Vision will arise. The practical course is therefore to cleanse the Soul.

The four powers of the Sphinx; even adepts hardly attain to one of them!

The final Destruction of the Ego.

The Master confesses that he has lured the disciple by the promise of Joy, as the only thing comprehensible by him, although pain and joy are transcended even in early visions.

Ananda (bliss)—and its opposite—mark the first steps of the path. Ultimately all things are transcended; and even so, this attainment of Peace is but as a scaffolding to the Palace of the King.

The sheaths of the soul. The abandonment of all is necessary; the adept recalls his own tortures, as all that he loved was torn away.

The Ordeal of the Veil of the Abyss; the Unbinding of the Fabric of Mind, and its ruin.

The distinction between philosophical credence and interior certitude.

Sammasati—the trance wherein the adept perceives his causal connection with the Universe; past, present, and future.

Mastering the Reason, he becomes as a little child, and invokes his Holy Guardian Angel, the Augoeides.

Atmadarshana arising is destroyed by the Opening of the Eye of Shiva; the annihilation of the Universe,. The adept is destroyed, and there arises the Master of the Temple.

The pupil, struck with awe, proclaims his devotion to the Master; whereat the latter bids him rather unite himself with the Augoeides.

Yet, following the great annihilation, the adept reappears as an Angel to instruct men in this doctrine.

The Majesty of the Master described.

The pupil, wonder-struck, swears to attain, and asks for further instruction.

The Master describes the Eight Limbs of Yoga.

The pupil lamenting the difficulty of attainment, the Master shows forth the sweetness of the hermit's life.

One doubt remains: will not the world be able instantly to recognise the Saint? The Master replies that only imperfect Saints reveal themselves as such. Of these are the cranks and charlatans, and those that fear and deny Life. But let us fix our thoughts on Love, and not on the failings of others!

The Master invokes the Augoeides; the pupil through sympathy is almost rapt away.

The Augoeides hath given the Master a message; namely, to manifest the New Way of the Equinox of Horus, as revealed in Liber Legis.

He does so, and reconciles it with the Old Way by inviting the Test of

Experiment. They would go therefore to the Desert or the Mountains—nay! here and now shall it be accomplished.

Peace to all beings!

A H A !

OLYMPAS. Master, ere the ruby Dawn
 Gild the dew of leaf and lawn,
 Bidding the petals to uncloze
 Of heaven's imperishable Rose,
 Brave heralds, banners flung afar
 Of the lone and secret star,
 I come to greet thee. Here I bow
 To earth this consecrated brow!
 As a lover woos the Moon
 Aching in a silver swoon,
 I reach my lips towards thy shoon,
 Mendicant of the mystic boon!

MARSYAS. What wilt thou?

OLYMPAS. Let mine Angel
 say!

"Utterly to be rapt away!"

MARSYAS. How, whence, and whither?

OLYMPAS. By my
 kiss

From that abode to this—to this!"

My wings?

MARSYAS. Thou hast no wings.
 But see

An eagle sweeping from the Byss
 Where God stands. Let him ravish
 thee,

And bear thee to a boundless bliss!

OLYMPAS. How should I call him?
 How beseech?

MARSYAS. Silence is lovelier than
 Speech.

Only on a windless tree

Falls the dew, Felicity!

One ripple on the water mars

The magic mirror of the Stars.

OLYMPAS. My soul bends to the athletic
 stress

Of God's immortal loveliness.

Tell me, what wit avails the clod

To know the nearness of its God?

MARSYAS. First, let the soul be poised,
 and fledge

Truth's feather on mind's razor-
 edge.

Next, let no memory, feeling, hope

Stain all its starless horoscope.

Last, let it be content, twice void;

Not to be suffered or enjoyed;

Motionless, blind and deaf and
 dumb—

So may it to its kingdom come!

OLYMPAS. Dear master, can this be?
 The wine

Embittered with dark discipline?

For the soul loves her mate, the
 sense.

MARSYAS. This bed is sterile. Thou
 must fence

Thy soul from all her foes, the
 creatures

That by their soft and siren natures

Lure thee to shipwreck!

OLYMPAS. Thou hast
 said:

"God is in all."

MARSYAS. In sooth.

OLYMPAS. Why
 dread

The Godhood?

MARSYAS. Only as the thought
Is God, adore it. But the soul
creates

Missshapen fiends, incestuous
mates.

Slay these: they are false shadows
of

The never-waning moon of love.

OLYMPAS. What thought is worthy?

MARSYAS. Truly none

Save one, in that it is but one.

Keep the mind constant; thou shalt
see

Ineffable felicity.

Increase the will, and thou shalt find

It hath the strength to be resigned.

Resign the will; and from the string

Will's arrow shall have taken wing,

And from the desolate abode

Found the immaculate heart of God!

OLYMPAS. The word is hard!

MARSYAS. All things excite

Their equal and their opposite.

Be great, and thou shalt be—how
small!

Be naught, and thou shalt be the
All!

Eat not; all meat shall fill thy mouth:

Drink, and thy soul shall die of
drouth!

Fill thyself; and that thou seekest
Is diluted to its weakest.

Empty thyself; the ghosts of night

Flee before the living Light.

Who clutches straws is drowned;

but he

That hath the secret of the sea,
Lives with the whole lust of his
limbs,

Takes hold of water's self, and
swims.

See, the ungainly albatross
Stumbles awkwardly across
Earth—one wing-beat, and he flies
Most graceful gallant in the skies!

So do thou leave thy thoughts,
intent
On thy new noble element!
Throw the earth shackles off, and
cling

To what imperishable thing
Arises from the Married death
Of thine own self in that whereon
Thou art fixed.

OLYMPAS. Then all life's loyal
breath

Is a waste wind. All joy forgone,
I must strive ever?

MARSYAS. Cease to strive!

Destroy this partial I, this moan
Of an hurt beast! Sores keep alive
By scratching. Health is peace.

Unknown

And unexpressed because at ease
Are the Most High Congruities.

OLYMPAS. Then death is thine
"attainment"? I

Can do no better than to die!

MARSYAS. Indeed, that "I" that is not
God

Is but a lion in the road!

Knowest thou not (even now!) how
first

The fetters of Restriction burst?
In the rapture of the heart
Self hath neither lot nor part.

MARSYAS. Tell me, dear master, how
the bud

First breaks to brilliance of bloom:
What ecstasy of brain and blood
Shatters the seal upon the tomb
Of him whose gain was the world's

loss

Our father Christian Rosycross!

MARSYAS. First, one is like a gnarled
old oak

On a waste heath. Shrill shrieks the
wind.

Night smothers earth. Storm swirls
to choke

The throat of silence! Hard behind
Gathers a blacker cloud than all.
But look! but look! it thrones a ball
Of blistering fire. It breaks. The

lash

Of lightning snakes him forth. One
crash

Splits the old tree. One rending
roar!—

And night is darker than before.

OLYMPAS. Nay, master, master! Terror
hath

So fierce an hold upon the path?
Life must lie crushed, a charred

black swath,

In that red harvest's aftermath!

MARSYAS. Life lives. Storm passes.

Clouds dislimn.

The night is clear. And now to him
Who hath endured is given the boon
Of an immeasurable moon.

The air about the adept congeals
To crystal; in his heart he feels
One needle pang; then breaks that

splendour

Infinitely pure and tender . . .

—And the ice drags him down!

OLYMPAS.

But may

Our trembling frame, our clumsy
clay,

Endure such anguish?

MARSYAS.

In the worm

Lurks an unconquerable germ

Identical. A sparrow's fall

Were the Destruction of the All!

More; know that this surpasses skill

To express its ecstasy. The thrill

Burns in the memory like the glory

Of some far beaconed promontory

Where no light shines but on the

comb

Of breakers, flickerings of the
foam!

OLYMPAS. The path ends here?

MARSYAS.

Ingenuous

one!

The path—the true path—scarce
begun.

When does the night end?

OLYMPAS.

When the

sun,

Crouching below the horizon,

Flings up his head, tosses his mane,

Ready to leap.

MARSYAS. Even so. Again
The adept secures his subtle fence
Against the hostile shafts of sense,
Pins for a second his mind; as you
May have seen some huge wrestler
do.

With all his gathered weight heaped,
hurled,

Resistless as the whirling world,
He holds his foeman to the floor
For one great moment and no more.
So—then the sun-blaze! All the

night

Bursts to a vivid orb of light.
There is no shadow; nothing is,
But the intensity of bliss.

Being is blasted. That exists.

OLYMPAS. Ah!

MARSYAS. But the mind, that
mothers mists,

Abides not there. The adept must
fall

Exhausted.

OLYMPAS. There's an end of
all?

MARSYAS. But not an end of this!
Above

All life as is the pulse of love,
So this transcends all love.

OLYMPAS. Ah me!
Who may attain?

MARSYAS. Rare souls.

OLYMPAS. I see
Imaged a shadow of this light.

MARSYAS. Such is its sacramental

might

That to recall it radiates
Its symbol. The priest elevates
The Host, and instant blessing stirs
The hushed awaiting worshippers.

OLYMPAS. Then how secure the soul's
defence?

How baffle the besieger, Sense?

MARSYAS. See the beleagured city, hurt
By hideous engines, sore begirt
And gripped by lines of death, well

scored

With shell, nigh open to the sword!
Now comes the leader; courage, run
Contagious through the garrison!
Repair the trenches! Man the wall!
Restore the ruined arsenal!

Serve the great guns! The assailants

blench;

They are driven from the foremost
trench.

The deadliest batteries belch their
hell

No more. So day by day fought
well,

We silence gun by gun. At last
The fiercest of the fray is past;
The circling hills are ours. The

attack

Is over, save for the rare crack,
Long dropping shots from hidden
forts; —

—So is it with our thoughts!

OLYMPAS. The hostile thoughts, the evil
things!

They hover on majestic wings.

Like vultures waiting for a man
 To drop from the slave-caravan!
 MARSYAS. All thoughts are evil.
 Thought is two:
 The seer and the seen. Eschew
 That supreme blasphemy, my son,
 Remembering that God is One.
 OLYMPAS. God is a thought!
 MARSYAS. The thought of
 God
 Is but a shattered emerald:
 A plague, an idol, a delusion,
 Blasphemy, schism, and confusion!
 OLYMPAS. Banish my one high
 thought? The night
 Indeed were starless.
 MARSYAS. Very right!
 But that impalpable inane
 Is the condition of success;
 Even as earth lies black to gain
 Spring's green and autumn's
 fruitfulness.
 OLYMPAS. I dread this midnight of the
 soul.
 MARSYAS. Welcome the herald!
 OLYMPAS. How control
 The horror of the mind? The insane
 Dead melancholy?
 MARSYAS. Trick is vain.
 Sheer manhood must support the
 strife,
 And the trained Will, the Root of
 Life,
 Bear the adept triumphant.
 OLYMPAS. Else?
 MARSYAS. The reason, like a chime of

bells
 Ripped by the lightning, cracks.
 OLYMPAS. And
 these
 Are the first sights the magus sees?
 MARSYAS. The first true sights. Bright
 images
 Throng the clear mind at first, a
 crowd
 Of Gods, lights, armies,
 landscapes; loud
 Reverberations of the Light.
 But these are dreams, things in the
 mind,
 Reveries, idols. Thou shalt find
 No rest therein. The former three
 (Lightning, moon, sun) are royally
 Liminal to the Hall of Truth.
 Also there be with them, in sooth,
 Their brethren. There's the vision
 called
 The Lion of the Light, a brand
 Of ruby flame and emerald
 Waved by the Hermeneutic Hand.
 There is the Chalice, whence the
 flood
 Of God's beatitude of blood
 Flames. O to sing those starry
 tunes!
 O colder than a million moons!
 O vestal waters! Wine of love
 Wan as the lyric soul thereof!
 There is the Wind, a whirling
 sword,
 The savage rapture of the air
 Tossed beyond space and time. My

Lord,

My Lord, even now I see Thee there
In infinite motion! And beyond
There is the Disk, the wheel of
things;

Like a black boundless diamond
Whirring with millions of wings!

OLYMPAS. Master!

MARSYAS. Know also that above
These portents hangs no veil of
love;

But, guarded by unsleeping eyes
Of twice seven score severities,
The Veil that only rips apart
When the spear strikes to Jesus'
heart!

A mighty Guard of Fire are they
With sabres turning every way!
Their eyes are millstones greater
than
The earth; their mouths run seas of
blood.

Woe be to that accurséd man
Of whom they are the iniquities!
Swept in their wrath's avenging
flood

To black immitigable seas!
Woe to the seeker who shall fail
To rend that vexful virgin Veil!
Fashion thyself by austere craft
Into a single azure shaft
Loosed from the string of Will;
behold

The Rainbow! Thou art shot, pure
flame,
Past the reverberated Name

Into the Hall of Death. Therein
The Rosy Cross is subtly seen.

OLYMPAS. Is that a vision, then?

MARSYAS. It is.

OLYMPAS. Tell me thereof!

MARSYAS. O not of this!

Of all the flowers in God's field

We name not this. Our lips are

sealed

In that the Universal Key

Lieth within its mystery.

But know thou this. These visions
give

A hint both faint and fugitive

Yet haunting, that behind them lurks

Some Worker, greater than his

works.

Yea, it is given to him who girds

His loins up, is not fooled by

words,

Who takes life lightly in his hand

To throw away at Will's command,

To know that View beyond the Veil.

O petty purities and pale,

These visions I have spoken of!

The infinite Lord of Light and Love

Breaks on the soul like dawn. See!

See!

Great God of Might and Majesty!

Beyond sense, beyond sight, a

brilliance

Burning from His glowing glance!

Formless, all the worlds of flame

Atoms of that fiery frame!

The adept caught up and broken;
 Slain, before His Name be spoken!
 In that fire the soul burns up.
 One drop from that celestial cup
 Is an abyss, an infinite sea
 That sucks up immortality!
 O but the Self is manifest
 Through all that blaze! Memory

stumbles

Like a blind man for all the rest.
 Speech, like a crag of limestone,

crumbles,

While this one soul of thought is
 sure

Through all confusion to endure,
 Infinite Truth in one small span:
 This that is God is Man.

OLYMPAS. Master! I tremble and
 rejoice.

MARSYAS. Before His own authentic
 voice

Doubt flees. The chattering
 choughs of talk

Scatter like sparrows from a hawk.
 OLYMPAS. Thenceforth the adept is
 certain of

The mystic mountain? Light and
 Love

Are Life therein, and they are his?
 MARSYAS. Even so. And One supreme
 there is

Whom I have known, being He.
 Withdrawn

Within the curtains of the dawn
 Dwells that concealed. Behold! he
 is

A blush, a breeze, a song, a kiss,
 A rosy flame like Love, his eyes
 Blue, the quintessence of all skies,
 His hair a foam of gossamer
 Pale gold as jasmine, lovelier
 Than all the wheat of Paradise.
 O the dim water-wells his eyes!
 There is such depth of Love in them
 That the adept is rapt away,
 Dies on that mouth, a gleaming gem
 Of dew caught in the boughs of

Day!

OLYMPAS. The hearing of it is so sweet

I swoon to silence at thy feet.

MARSYAS. Rise! Let me tell thee,
 knowing Him,

The Path grows never wholly dim.
 Lose Him, and thou indeed wert

lost!

But He will not lose thee!

OLYMPAS. Exhaust

The Word!

MARSYAS. Had I a million
 songs,

And every song a million words,
 And every word a million

meanings,

I could not count the choral throngs

Of Beauty's beatific birds,

Or gather up the paltry gleanings

Of this great harvest of delight!

Hast thou not heard the word

aright?

That world is truly infinite.

Even as a cube is to a square

Is that to this.

OLYMPAS. Royal and rare!
 Infinite light of burning wheels!
 MARSYAS. Ay! The imagination reels.
 Thou must attain before thou know,
 And when thou knowest—Mighty
 woe
 That silence grips the willing lips!
 OLYMPAS. Ever was speech the
 thought's eclipse.
 MARSYAS. Ay, not to veil the truth to
 him
 Who sought it, groping in the dim
 Halls of illusion, said the sages
 In all the realms, in all the ages,
 "Keep silence." By a word should
 come
 Your sight, and we who see are
 dumb!
 We have sought a thousand times to
 teach
 Our knowledge; we are mocked by
 speech.
 So lewdly mocked, that all this
 word
 Seems dead, a cloudy crystal
 blurred,
 Though it cling closer to life's heart
 Than the best rhapsodies of art!
 OLYMPAS. Yet speak!
 MARSYAS. Ah, could I tell thee
 of
 These infinite things of Light and
 Love!
 There is the Peacock; in his fan
 Innumerable plumes of Pan!
 Oh! every plume hath countless

eyes;
 —Crown of created mysteries! —
 Each holds a Peacock like the First.
 OLYMPAS. How can this be?
 MARSYAS. The mind's
 accurst.
 It cannot be. It is. Behold,
 Battalion on battalion rolled!
 There is war in Heaven! The soul
 sings still,
 Struck by the plectron of the Will;
 But the mind's dumb; its only cry
 The shriek of its last agony!
 OLYMPAS. Surely it struggles.
 MARSYAS. Bitterly!
 And, mark! it must be strong to die!
 The weak and partial reason dips
 One edge, another springs, as when
 A melting iceberg reels and tips
 Under the sun. Be mighty then,
 A lord of Thought, beyond wit and
 wonder
 Balanced—then push the whole
 mind under,
 Sunk beyond chance of floating,
 blent
 Rightly with its own element,
 Not lifting jagged peaks and bare
 To the unsympathetic air!

 This is the second veil; and hence
 As first we slew the things of sense
 Upon the altar of their God,
 So must the Second Period
 Slay the ideas, to attain
 To that which is, beyond the brain.

OLYMPAS. To that which is?—not
thought? not sense?

MARSYAS. Knowledge is but
experience

Made conscious of itself. The bee,
Past master of geometry,
Hath not one word of all of it;
For wisdom is not mother-wit!
So the adept is called insane
For his frank failure to explain.
Language creates false thoughts; the
true

Breed language slowly. Following
Experience of a thing we knew
Arose the need to name the thing.
So, ancients likened a man's mind
To the untamed evasive wind.
Some fool thinks names are things;
and boasts

Aloud of spirits and of ghosts.
Religion follows on a pun!
And we, who know that Holy One
Of whom I told thee, seek in vain
Figure or word to make it plain.

OLYMPAS. Despair of man!

MARSYAS. Man is the seed
Of the unimaginable flower.
By singleness of thought and deed
It may bloom now—this actual
hour!

OLYMPAS. The soul made safe, is
vision sure

To rise therein?

MARSYAS. Though calm
and pure

It seem, maybe some thought hath

crept

Into his mind to baulk the adept.
The expectation of success
Suffices to destroy the stress
Of the one thought. But then, what
odds?

"Man's vision goes, dissolves in
God's;"

Or, "by God's grace the Light is
given

To the elected heir of heaven."
These are but idle theses, dry
Dugs of the cow Theology.
Business is business. The one fact
That we know is: the gods exact
A stainless mirror. Cleanse thy
soul!

Perfect the will's austere control!
For the rest, wait! The sky once

clear,

Dawn needs no prompting to
appear!

OLYMPAS. Enough! it shall be done.

MARSYAS. Beware!

Easily trips the big word "dare."
Each man's an Oedipus, that thinks
He hath the four powers of the

Sphinx,

Will, Courage, Knowledge,

Silence. Son,

Even the adepts scarce win to one!
Thy Thoughts—they fall like rotten
fruits.

But to destroy the power that makes
These thoughts—thy Self? A man it

takes

To tear his soul up by the roots!
 This is the mandrake fable, boy!
 OLYMPAS. You told me that the Path
 was joy.
 MARSYAS. A lie to lure thee!
 OLYMPAS. Master!
 MARSYAS. Pain
 And joy are twin toys of the brain.
 Even early visions pass beyond!
 OLYMPAS. Not all the crabbed runes I
 have conned
 Told me so plain a truth. I see,
 Inscrutable Simplicity!
 Crushed like a blind-worm by the
 heel
 Of all I am, perceive, and feel,
 My truth was but the partial pang
 That chanced to strike me as I sang.
 MARSYAS. In the beginning, violence
 Marks the extinction of the sense.
 Anguish and rapture rack the soul.
 These are disruptions of control.
 Self-poised, a brooding hawk, there
 hangs
 In the still air the adept. The bull
 On the firm earth goes not so
 smooth!
 So the first fine ecstatic pangs
 Pass; balance comes.
 OLYMPAS. How
 wonderful
 Are these tall avenues of truth!
 MARSYAS. So the first flash of light and
 terror
 Is seen as shadow, known as error.
 Next, light comes as light; as it

grows
 The sense of peace still steadier
 glows;
 And the fierce lust, that linked the
 soul
 To its God, attains a chaste control.
 Intimate, an atomic bliss,
 Is the last phrasing of that kiss.
 Not ecstasy, but peace, pure peace!
 Invisible the dew sublimes
 From the great mother, subtly
 climbs
 And loves the leaves! Yea, in the
 end,
 Vision all vision must transcend.
 These glories are mere scaffolding
 To the Closed Palace of the King.
 OLYMPAS. Yet, saidst thou, ere the new
 flower shoots
 The soul is torn up by the roots.
 MARSYAS. Now come we to the
 intimate things
 Known to how few! Man's being
 clings
 First to the outer. Free from these
 The inner sheathings, and he sees
 Those sheathings as external. Strip
 One after one each lovely lip
 From the full rose-bud! Ever new
 Leaps the next petal to the view.
 What binds them by Desire?
 Disease
 Most dire of direful Destiny's!
 OLYMPAS. I have abandoned all to tread
 The brilliant pathway overhead!

MARSYAS. Easy to say. To abandon
all,

All must be first loved and
possessed.

Nor thou nor I have burst the thrall.
All—as I offered half in jest,
Sceptic—was torn away from me.
Not without pain! **THEY** slew my
child,

Dragged my wife down to infamy
Loathlier than death, drove to the
wild

My tortured body, stripped me of
Wealth, health, youth, beauty,
ardour, love.

Thou hast abandoned all? Then try
A speck of dust within the eye!

OLYMPAS. But that is different!

MARSYAS. Life is one.

Magic is life. The physical
(Men name it) is a house of call
For the adept, heir of the sun!
Bombard the house! it groans and
gapes.

The adept runs forth, and so
escapes

That ruin!

OLYMPAS. Smoothly parallel
The ruin of the mind as well?

MARSYAS. Ay! Hear the Ordeal of the
Veil,

The Second Veil! ... O spare me
this

Magical memory! I pale
To show the Veil of the Abyss.
Nay, let confession be complete!

OLYMPAS. Master, I bend me at thy
feet—

Why do they sweat with blood and
dew?

MARSYAS. Blind horror catches at my
breath.

The path of the abyss runs through
Things darker, dismallier than death!
Courage and will! What boots their
force?

The mind rears like a frightened
horse.

There is no memory possible
Of that unfathomable hell.
Even the shadows that arise
Are things to dreadful to recount!
There's no such doom in Destiny's
Harvest of horror. The white fount
Of speech is stifled at its source.
Know, the sane spirit keeps its
course

By this, that everything it thinks
Hath causal or contingent links.
Destroy them, and destroy the
mind!

O bestial, bottomless, and blind
Black pit of all insanity!
The adept must make his way to
thee!

This is the end of all our pain,
The dissolution of the brain!
For lo! in this no mortar sticks;
Down come the house—a hail of
bricks!

The sense of all I hear is drowned;
Tap, tap, isolated sound,

Patters, clatters, batters, chatters,
 Tap, tap, tap, and nothing matters!
 Senseless hallucinations roll
 Across the curtain of the soul.
 Each ripple on the river seems
 The madness of a maniac's dreams!
 So in the self no memory-chain
 Or causal wisp to bind the straws!
 The Self disrupted! Blank, insane,
 Both of existence and of laws,
 The Ego and the Universe
 Fall to one black chaotic curse.

OLYMPAS. So ends philosophy's
 inquiry:

"Summa scientia nihil scire."

MARSYAS. Ay, but that reasoned thesis
 lacks

The impact of reality.
 This vision is a battle axe
 Splitting the skull. O pardon me!
 But my soul faints, my stomach

sinks.

Let me pass on!

OLYMPAS. My being
 drinks

The nectar-poison of the Sphinx.
 This is a bitter medicine!

MARSYAS. Black snare that I was taken
 in!

How one may pass I hardly know.
 Maybe time never blots the track.
 Black, black, intolerably black!
 Go, spectre of the ages, go!
 Suffice it that I passed beyond.
 I found the secret of the bond
 Of thought to thought through

countless years

Through many lives, in many
 spheres,

Brought to a point the dark design
 Of this existence that is mine.
 I knew my secret. *All I was*
 I brought into the burning-glass,
 And all its focussed light and heat
 Charred *all I am*. The rune's

complete

When *all I shall be* flashes by
 Like a shadow on the sky.

Then I dropped my reasoning.
 Vacant and accursed thing!
 By my Will I swept away
 The web of metaphysic, smiled
 At the blind labyrinth, where the

grey

Old snake of madness wove his

wild

Curse! As I trod the trackless way
 Through sunless gorges of Cathay,
 I became a little child.
 By nameless rivers, swirling

through

Chasms, a fantastic blue,
 Month by month, on barren hills,
 In burning heat, in bitter chills,
 Tropic forest, Tartar snow,
 Smaragdine archipelago,
 See me—led by some wise hand
 That I did not understand.
 Morn and noon and eve and night
 I, the forlorn eremite,
 Called on Him with mild devotion,

As the dew-drop woos the ocean.

In my wanderings I came
To an ancient park aflame
With fairies' feet. Still wrapped in
love

I was caught up, beyond, above
The tides of being. The great sight
Of the intolerable light
Of the whole universe that wove
The labyrinth of life and love
Blazed in me. Then some giant

will,
Mine or another's thrust a thrill
Through the great vision. All the
light

Went out in an immortal night,
The world annihilated by
The opening of the Master's Eye.
How can I tell it?

OLYMPAS. Master, master!
A sense of some divine disaster
Abases me.

MARSYAS. Indeed, the
shrine
Is desolate of the divine!
But all the illusion gone, behold
The one that is!

OLYMPAS. Royally rolled,
I hear strange music in the air!

MARSYAS. It is the angelic choir, aware
Of the great Ordeal dared and done
By one more Brother of the Sun!

OLYMPAS. Master, the shriek of a great
bird
Blends with the torrent of the

thunder.

MARSYAS. It is the echo of the word
That tore the universe asunder.

OLYMPAS. Master, thy stature spans the
sky.

MARSYAS. Verily; but it is not I.
The adept dissolves—pale phantom
form

Blown from the black mouth of the
storm.

It is another that arises!

OLYMPAS. Yet in thee, through thee!

MARSYAS. I am not.

OLYMPAS. For me thou art.

MARSYAS. So that suffices

To seal thy will? To cast thy lot

Into the lap of God? Then, well!

OLYMPAS. Ay, there is no more potent
spell.

Through life, through death, by
land and sea

Most surely will I follow thee.

MARSYAS. Follow thyself, not me.

Thou hast

An Holy Guardian Angel, bound

to lead thee from thy bitter waste

To the inscrutable profound

That is His covenanted ground.

OLYMPAS. Thou who hast known these
master-keys

Of all creation's mysteries,

Tell me, what followed the great

gust

Of God that blew his world to dust?

MARSYAS. I, even I the man, became
As a great sword of flashing flame.

My life, informed with holiness,
 Conscious of its own loveliness,
 Like a well that overflows
 At the limit of the snows,
 Sent its crystal stream to gladden
 The hearts of men, their lives to
 madden
 With the intoxicating bliss
 (Wine mixed with myrrh and
 ambergris!)

Of this bitter-sweet perfume,
 This gorse's blaze of prickly bloom
 That is the Wisdom of the Way.
 Then springs the statue from the
 clay,
 And all God's doubted fatherhood
 Is seen to be supremely good.

Live within the sane sweet sun!
 Leave the shadow-world alone!

OLYMPAS. There is a crown for every
 one;
 For every one there is a throne!

MARSYAS. That crown is Silence.
 Sealed and sure!

That throne is Knowledge perfect
 pure.
 Below that throne adoring stand
 Virtues in a blissful band;
 Mercy, majesty and power,
 Beauty and harmony and strength,
 Triumph and splendour, starry
 shower
 Of flames that flake their lily length,
 A necklet of pure light, far-flung
 Down to the Base, from which is

hung

A pearl, the Universe, whose sight
 Is one globed jewel of delight.
 Fallen no more! A bowered bride
 Blushing to be satisfied!

OLYMPAS. All this, of once the Eye
 unclose?

MARSYAS. The golden cross, the ruby
 rose

Are gone, when flaming from afar
 The Hawk's eye blinds the Silver
 Star.

O brothers of the Star, caressed
 By its cool flames from brow to
 breast,

Is there some rapture yet to excite
 This prone and pallid neophyte?

OLYMPAS. O but there is no need of
 this!

I burn toward the abyss of Bliss.
 I call the Four Powers of the Name;
 Earth, wind and cloud, sea, smoke
 and flame

To witness: by this triune Star
 I swear to break the two-forked bar.
 But how to attain? Flexes and leans
 The strongest will that lacks the
 means.

MARSYAS. There are seven keys to the
 great gate,

Being eight in one and one in eight.
 First, let the body of thee be still,
 Bound by the cerements of will,
 Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort
 The fidget-babes that tease the

thought.

Next, let the breath-rhythm be low,
Easy, regular, and slow;
So that thy being be in tune
With the great sea's Pacific swoon.
Third, let thy life be pure and calm
Swayed softly as a windless palm.
Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound
To the one love of the Profound.
Fifth, let the thought, divinely free
From sense, observe its entity.
Watch every thought that springs;

enhance

Hour after hour thy vigilance!
Intense and keen, turned inward,

miss

No atom of analysis!
Sixth, on one thought securely

pinned

Still every whisper of the wind!
So like a flame straight and

unstirred

Burn up thy being in one word!
Next, still that ecstasy, prolong
Thy meditation steep and strong,
Slaying even God, should He

distract

Thy attention from the chosen act!
Last, all these things in one

o'erpowered,

Time that the midnight blossom
flowered!

The oneness is. Yet even in this,
My son, thou shalt not do amiss
If thou restrain the expression,

shoot

Thy glance to rapture's darkling
root,

Discarding name, form, sight, and
stress

Even of this high consciousness;
Pierce to the heart! I leave thee
here:

Thou art the Master. I revere
Thy radiance that rolls afar,
O Brother of the Silver Star!

OLYMPAS. Ah, but no ease may lap my
limbs.

Giants and sorcerers oppose;
Ogres and dragons are my foes!
Leviathan against me swims,
And lions roar, and Boreas blows!
No Zephyrs woo, no happy hymns
Paeon the Pilgrim of the Rose!

MARSYAS. I teach the royal road of
light.

Be thou, devoutly eremite,
Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly
A place for thine Academy.
Let there be an holy wood
Of embowered solitude
By the still, the rainless river,
Underneath the tangled roots
Of majestic trees that quiver
In the quiet airs; where shoots
Of the kindly grass are green
Moss and ferns asleep between,
Lilies in the water lapped,
Sunbeams in the branches trapped
—Windless and eternal even!
Silenced all the birds of heaven
By the low insistent call

Of the constant waterfall.
 There, to such a setting be
 Its carven gem of deity,
 A central flawless fire, enthralled
 Like Truth within an emerald!
 Thou shalt have a birchen bark
 On the river in the dark;
 And at the midnight thou shalt go
 to the mid-stream's smoothest flow,
 And strike upon a golden bell
 The spirit's call; then say the spell:
 "Angel, mine angel, draw thee
 nigh!"

Making the Sign of Magistracy
 With wand of lapis lazuli.
 Then, it may be, through the blind
 dumb
 Night thou shalt see thine angel
 come,
 Hear the faint whisper of his wings,
 Behold the starry breast begemmed
 With the twelve stones of the twelve
 kings!

His forehead shall be diademed
 With the faint light of stars, wherein
 The Eye gleams dominant and keen.
 Thereat thou swoonest; and thy love
 Shall catch the subtle voice thereof.
 He shall inform his happy lover:
 My foolish prating shall be over!

OLYMPAS. O now I burn with holy
 haste.

This doctrine hath so sweet a taste
 That all the other wine is sour.

MARSYAS. Son, there's a bee for every
 flower.

Lie open, a chameleon cup,
 And let Him suck thine honey up!
 OLYMPAS. There is one doubt. When
 souls attain

Such an unimagined gain
 Shall not others mark them, wise
 Beyond mere mortal destinies?
 MARSYAS. Such are not the perfect
 saints.

While the imagination faints
 Before their truth, they veil it close
 As amid the utmost snows
 The tallest peaks most straitly hide
 With clouds their holy heads.

Divide

The planes! Be ever as you can
 A simple honest gentleman!
 Body and manners be at ease,
 Not bloat with blazoned sanctities!
 Who fights as fights the soldier-
 saint?

And see the artist-adept paint!
 Weak are those souls that fear the
 stress

Of earth upon their holiness!
 They fast, they eat fantastic food,
 They prate of beans and
 brotherhood,

Wear sandals, and long hair, and
 spats,

And think that makes them Arahats!
 How shall man still his spirit-storm?
 Rational Dress and Food Reform!

OLYMPAS. I know such saints.

MARSYAS. An easy vice:
 So wondrous well they advertise!

O their mean souls are satisfied
 With wind of spiritual pride.
 They're all negation. "Do not eat;
 What poison to the soul is meat!
 Drink not; smoke not; deny the will!
 Wine and tobacco make us ill."
 Magic is life; the Will to Live
 Is one supreme Affirmative.
 These things that flinch from Life

are worth

No more to Heaven than to Earth.

Affirm the everlasting Yes!

OLYMPAS. Those saints at least score
 one success:

Perfection of their priggishness!

MARSYAS. Enough. The soul is
 subtlier fed

With meditation's wine and bread.

Forget their failings and our own;

Fix all our thoughts on Love alone!

Ah, boy, all crowns and thrones
 above

Is the sanctity of love.

In His warm and secret shrine

Is a cup of perfect wine,

Whereof one drop is medicine

Against all ills that hurt the soul.

A flaming daughter of the Jinn

Brought to me once a wingéd scroll,

Wherein I read the spell that brings

The knowledge of that King of

Kings.

Angel, I invoke thee now!

Bend on me the starry brow!

Spread the eagle wings above

The pavilion of our love!

Rise from your starry sapphire
 seats!

See, where through the quickening
 skies

The oriflamme of beauty beats

Heralding loyal legionaries,

Whose flame of golden javelins

Fences those peerless paladins.

There are the burning lamps of
 them,

Splendid star-clusters to begem

The trailing torrents of those blue

Bright wings that bear mine angel
 through!

O Thou art like an Hawk of Gold,

Miraculously manifold,

For all the sky's aflame to be

A mirror magical of Thee!

The stars seem comets, rushing
 down

To gem thy robes, bedew thy
 crown.

Like the moon-plumes of a strange
 bird

By a great wind sublimely stirred,
 Thou drawest the light of all the

skies

Into thy wake. The heaven dies
 In bubbling froth of light, that

foams

About thine ardour. All the domes
 Of all the heavens close above thee

As thou art known of me who love
 thee.

Excellent kiss, thou fastenest on

This soul of mine, that it is gone,
 Gone from all life, and rapt away
 Into the infinite starry spray
 Of thine own Æon ... Alas for me!
 I faint. Thy mystic majesty
 Absorbs this spark.

OLYMPAS. All hail! all
 hail!

White splendour through the
 viewless veil!

I am drawn with thee to rapture.

OLYMPAS. Stay!

I bear a message. Heaven hath sent
 The knowledge of a new sweet way
 Into the Secret Element.

OLYMPAS. Master, while yet the glory
 clings

Declare this mystery magical!

MARSYAS. I am yet borne on those blue
 wings

Into the Essence of the All.

Now, now I stand on earth again,

Though, blazing through each nerve
 and vein,

The light yet holds its choral course,

Filling my frame with fiery force

Like God's. Now hear the

Apocalypse

New-fledged on these reluctant lips!

OLYMPAS. I tremble like an aspen,
 quiver

Like light upon a rainy river!

MARSYAS. Do what thou wilt! is the
 sole word

Of law that my attainment heard.

Arise, and lay thine hand on God!

Arise, and set a period
 Unto Restriction! That is sin:
 To hold thine holy spirit in!
 O thou that chafest at thy bars,
 Invoke Nuit beneath her stars
 With a pure heart (Her incense

burned

Of gums and woods, in gold
 inurned),

And let the serpent flame therein

A little, and thy soul shall win

To lie within her bosom. Lo!

Thou wouldst give all—and she
 cries: No!

Take all, and take me! Gather spice

And virgins and great pearls of
 price!

Worship me in a single robe,

Crowned richly! Girdle of the
 globe,

I love thee! Pale and purple, veiled,

Voluptuous, swan silver-sailed,

I love thee. I am drunkenness

Of the inmost sense; my soul's

caress

Is toward thee! Let my priestess
 stand

Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned

By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon

Mine iridescent altar-stone,

And in her love-chaunt swooningly

Say evermore: To me! To me!

I am the azure-lidded daughter

Of sunset; the all-girdling water;

The naked brilliance of the sky

In the voluptuous night am I!

With song, with jewel, with
perfume,
Wake all my rose's blush and
bloom!

Drink to me! Love me! I love thee,
My love, my lord—to me! to me!
OLYMPAS. There is no harshness in the
breath

Of this—is life surpassed, and
death?

MARSYAS. There is the Snake that gives
delight

And Knowledge, stirs the heart
aright

With drunkenness. Strange drugs
are thine,

Hadit, and draughts of wizard wine!
These do no hurt. Thine hermits
dwell

Not in the cold secretive cell,
But under purple canopies
With mighty-breasted mistresses
Magnificent as lionesses—
Tender and terrible caresses!
Fire lives, and light, in eager eyes;
And massed huge hair about them
lies.

They lead their hosts to victory:
In every joy they are kings; then see
That secret serpent coiled to spring
And win the world! O priest and
king,

Let there be feasting, foining,
fighting,
A revel of lusting, singing, smiting!
Work; be the bed of work! Hold!

Hold!

the stars' kiss is as molten gold.
Harden! Hold thyself up! now
die—

Ah! Ah! Exceed! Exceed!
OLYMPAS. And I?

MARSYAS. My stature shall surpass the
stars:

He hath said it! Men shall worship
me

In hidden woods, on barren scaurs,
Henceforth to all eternity.

OLYMPAS. Hail! I adore thee! Let us
feast.

MARSYAS. I am the consecrated Beast.
I build the Abominable House.

The Scarlet Woman is my Spouse—
OLYMPAS. What is this word?

MARSYAS. Thou canst not
know

Till thou hast passed the Fourth
Ordeal.

OLYMPAS. I worship thee. The moon-
rays flow

Masterfully rich and real
From thy red mouth, and burst,
young suns

Chanting before the Holy Ones
Thine Eight Mysterious Orisons!

MARSYAS. The last spell! The availing
word!

The two completed by the third!
The Lord of War, of Vengeance
That slayeth with a single glance!
This light is in me of my Lord.
His Name is this far-whirling

sword.

I push His order. Keen and swift
My Hawk's eye flames; these arms
uplift

The Banner of Silence and of
Strength—

Hail! Hail! thou art here, my Lord,
at length!

Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I:
My nemyss shrouds the night-blue
sky.

Hail! ye twin warriors that guard
The pillars of the world! Your time
Is nigh at hand. The snake that
marred

Heaven with his inexhaustible slime
Is slain; I bear the Wand of Power,
The Wand that waxes and that
waned;

I crush the Universe this hour
In my left hand; and naught
remains!

Ho! for the splendour in my name
Hidden and glorious, a flame
Secretly shooting from the sun.

Aum! Ha! —my destiny is done.

The Word is spoken and concealed.

OLYMPAS. I am stunned. What wonder
was revealed?

MARSYAS. The rite is secret.

OLYMPAS. Profits it?

MARSYAS. Only to wisdom and to wit.

OLYMPAS. The other did no less.

MARSYAS. Then prove

Both by the master-key of Love.

The lock turns stiffly? Shalt thou

shirk

To use the sacred oil of work?
Not from the valley shalt thou test
The eggs that line the eagle's nest!
Climb, with thy life at stake, the ice,
The sheer wall of the precipice!
Master the cornice, gain the breach,
And learn what next the ridge can

teach!

Yet—not the ridge itself may speak
The secret of the final peak.

OLYMPAS. All ridges join at last.

MARSYAS. Admitted,

O thou astute and subtle-witted!

Yet one—loose, jagged, clad in

mist!

Another—firm, smooth, loved and
kissed

By the soft sun! Our order hath

This secret of the solar path,

Even as our Lord the Beast hath

won

The mystic Number of the Sun.

OLYMPAS. These secrets are too high
for me.

MARSYAS. Nay, little brother! Come
and see!

Neither by faith nor fear nor awe
Approach the doctrine of the Law!

Truth, Courage, Love, shall win the

bout,

And those three others be cast out.

OLYMPAS. Lead me, Master, by the
hand

Gently to this gracious land!

Let me drink the doctrine in,

An all-healing medicine!
 Let me rise, correct and firm,
 Steady striding to the term,
 Master of my fate, to rise
 To imperial destinies;
 With the sun's ensanguine dart
 Spear-bright in my blazing heart,
 And my being's basil-plant
 Bright and hard as adamant!

MARSYAS. Yonder, faintly luminous,
 The yellow desert waits for us.
 Lithe and eager, hand in hand,
 We travel to the lonely land.
 There, beneath the stars, the smoke
 Of our incense shall invoke
 The Queen of Space; and subtly She
 Shall bend from Her infinity
 Like a lambent flame of blue,
 Touching us, and piercing through
 All the sense-webs that we are
 As the æthyr penetrates a star!
 Her hands caressing the black earth,
 Her sweet lithe body arched for

love,

Her feet a Zephyr to the flowers,
 She calls my name—she gives the

sign

That she is mine, supremely mine,
 And clinging to the infinite girth
 My soul gets perfect joy thereof
 Beyond the abysses and the hours;
 So that—I kiss her lovely brows;
 She bathes my body in perfume
 Of sweat O thou my secret

spouse,

Continuous One of Heaven! illumine

My soul with this arcane delight,
 Volumptuous Daughter of the
 Night!

Eat me up wholly with the glance
 Of thy luxurious brilliance!

OLYMPAS. The desert calls.

MARSYAS. Then let us go!

Or seek the sacramental snow,
 Where like a high-priest I may stand
 With acolytes on every hand,
 The lesser peaks—my will

withdrawn

To invoke the dayspring from the
 dawn,

Changing that rosy smoke of light
 To a pure crystalline white;
 Though the mist of mind, as draws
 A dancer round her limbs the gauze,
 Clothe Light, and show the virgin

Sun

A lemon-pale medallion!
 Thence leap we leashless to the

goal,

Stainless star-rapture of the soul.
 So the altar-fires fade

As the Godhead is displayed.

Nay, we stir not. Everywhere

Is our temple right appointed.

All the earth is faery fair

For us. Am I not anointed?

The Sigil burns upon the brow

At the adjuration—here and now.

OLYMPAS. The air is laden with
 perfumes.

MARSYAS. Behold! It beams—it
 burns—it blooms.

* * * * *

OLYMPAS. Master, how subtly hast
thou drawn:

The daylight from the Golden
Dawn;

Bidden the Cavernous Mount
unfold:

Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold;

Until I saw, flashed from afar,

The Hawk's eye in the Silver Star!

MARSYAS. Peace to all beings. Peace to
thee:

Co-heir of mine eternity!

Peace to the greatest and the least,

To nebula and nenuphar!

Light in abundance be increased

On them that dream that shadows

are!

OLYMPAS. Blessing and worship to The
Beast,

The prophet of the lovely Star!

Liber LXV²⁰²

I

1. I am the Heart; and the Snake is entwined
About the invisible core of the mind.
Rise, O my snake! It is now is the hour
Of the hooded and holy ineffable flower.
Rise, O my snake, into brilliance of bloom
On the corpse of Osiris afloat in the tomb!
O heart of my mother, my sister, mine own,
Thou art given to Nile, to the terror Typhon!
Ah me! but the glory of ravening storm
Enswathes thee and wraps thee in frenzy of form.
Be still, O my soul! that the spell may dissolve
As the wands are upraised, and the æons revolve.
Behold! in my beauty how joyous Thou art,
O Snake that caresses the crown of mine heart!
Behold! we are one, and the tempest of years
Goes down to the dusk, and the Beetle appears.
O Beetle! the drone of Thy dolorous note
Be ever the trance of this tremulous throat!
I await the awaking! The summons on high
From the Lord Adonai, from the Lord Adonai!
2. Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V., saying: There must
ever be division in the word.
3. For the colours are many, but the light is one.
4. Therefore thou writest that which is of mother of
emerald, and of lapis-lazuli, and of turquoise, and of
alexandrite.
5. Another writeth the words of topaz, and of deep
amethyst, and of gray sapphire, and of deep sapphire
with a tinge as of blood.
6. Therefore do ye fret yourselves because of this.
7. Be not contented with the image.
8. I who am the Image of an Image say this.
9. Debate not of the image, saying Beyond! Beyond!
One mounteth unto the Crown by the moon and by
the Sun, and by the arrow, and by the Foundation, and
by the dark home of the stars from the black earth.

10. Not otherwise may ye reach unto the Smooth Point.
11. Nor is it fitting for the cobbler to prate of the Royal matter. O cobbler! mend me this shoe, that I may walk. O king! if I be thy son, let us speak of the Embassy to the King thy Brother.
12. Then was there silence. Speech had done with us awhile.
 There is a light so strenuous that it is not perceived as light.
13. Wolf's bane is not so sharp as steel; yet it pierceth the body more subtly.
14. Even as evil kisses corrupt the blood, so do my words devour the spirit of man.
15. I breathe, and there is infinite dis-ease in the spirit.
16. As an acid eats into steel, as a cancer that utterly corrupts the body; so am I unto the spirit of man.
17. I shall not rest until I have dissolved it all.
18. So also the light that is absorbed. One absorbs little, and is called white and glistening; one absorbs all and is called black.
19. Therefore, O my darling, art thou black.
20. O my beautiful, I have likened thee to a jet Nubian slave, a boy of melancholy eyes.
21. O the filthy one! the dog! they cry against thee.
 Because thou art my beloved.
22. Happy are they that praise thee; for they see thee with Mine eyes.
23. Not aloud shall they praise thee; but in the night watch one shall steal close, and grip thee with the secret grip; another shall privily cast a crown of violets over thee; a third shall greatly dare, and press mad lips to thine.
24. Yea! the night shall cover all, the night shall cover all.
25. Thou wast long seeking Me; thou didst run forward so fast that I was unable to come up with thee.
 O thou darling fool! what bitterness thou didst crown thy days withal.
26. Now I am with thee; I will never leave thy being.

27. For I am the soft sinuous one entwined about thee, heart of gold!
28. My head is jewelled with twelve stars; My body is white as milk of the stars; it is bright with the blue of the abyss of stars invisible.
29. I have found that which could not be found; I have found a vessel of quicksilver.
30. Thou shalt instruct thy servant in his ways, thou shalt speak often with him.
31. (The scribe looketh upwards and crieth) Amen! Thou hast spoken it, Lord God!
32. Further Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. and said:
33. Let us take our delight in the multitude of men!
Let us shape unto ourselves a boat of mother-of-pearl from them, that we may ride upon the river of Amrit!
34. Thou seest yon petal of amaranth, blown by the wind from the low sweet brows of Hathor?
35. (The Magister saw it and rejoiced in the beauty of it.) Listen!
36. (From a certain world came an infinite wail.)
That falling petal seemed to the little ones a wave to engulf their continent.
37. So they will reproach thy servant, saying: Who hath set thee to save us?
38. He will be sore distressed.
39. All they understand not that thou and I are fashioning a boat of mother-of-pearl. We will sail down the river of Amrit even to the yew-groves of Yama, where we may rejoice exceedingly.
40. The joy of men shall be our silver gleam, their woe our blue gleam—all in the mother-of-pearl.
41. (The scribe was wroth thereat. He spake:
O Adonai and my master, I have borne the inkhorn and the pen without pay, in order that I might search this river of Amrit, and sail thereon as one of ye. This I demand for my fee, that I partake of the echo of your kisses.)

42. (And immediately it was granted unto him.)
43. (Nay; but not therewith was he content. By an infinite abasement unto shame did he strive. Then a voice:)
44. Thou strivest ever; even in thy yielding thou strivest to yield—and lo! thou yieldest not.
45. Go thou unto the outermost places and subdue all things.
46. Subdue thy fear and thy disgust. Then—yield!
47. There was a maiden that strayed among the corn, and sighed; then grew a new birth, a narcissus, and therein she forgot her sighing and her loneliness.
48. Even instantly rode Hades heavily upon her, and ravished her away.
49. (Then the scribe knew the narcissus in his heart; but because it came not to his lips, therefore was he shamed and spake no more.)
50. Adonai spake yet again with V.V.V.V.V. and said:
The earth is ripe for vintage; let us eat of her grapes, and be drunken thereon.
51. And V.V.V.V.V. answered and said: O my lord, my dove, my excellent one, how shall this word seem unto the children of men?
52. And He answered him: Not as thou canst see.
It is certain that every letter of this cipher hath some value; but who shall determine the value? For it varieth ever, according to the subtlety of Him that made it.
53. And He answered Him: Have I not the key thereof?
I am clothed with the body of flesh; I am one with the Eternal and Omnipotent God.
54. Then said Adonai: Thou hast the Head of the Hawk, and thy Phallus is the Phallus of Asar. Thou knowest the white, and thou knowest the black, and thou knowest that these are one. But why seekest thou the knowledge of their equivalence?
55. And he said: That my Work may be right.
56. And Adonai said: The strong brown reaper swept his swathe and rejoiced. The wise man counted his muscles, and pondered, and understood not, and was sad.
Reap thou, and rejoice!

57. Then was the Adept glad, and lifted his arm.
Lo! an earthquake, and plague, and terror on the
earth!
A casting down of them that sate in high places; a
famine upon the multitude!
58. And the grape fell ripe and rich into his mouth.
59. Stained is the purple of thy mouth, O brilliant one, with
the white glory of the lips of Adonai.
60. The foam of the grape is like the storm upon the sea; the
ships tremble and shudder; the shipmaster is afraid.
61. That is thy drunkenness, O holy one, and the winds
whirl away the soul of the scribe into the happy haven.
62. O Lord God! let the haven be cast down by the fury of
the storm! Let the foam of the grape tincture my soul
with Thy light!
63. Bacchus grew old, and was Silenus; Pan was ever Pan
for ever and ever more throughout the æons.
64. Intoxicate the inmost, O my lover, not the outermost!
65. So was it—ever the same! I have aimed at the peeled
wand of my God, and I have hit; yea, I have hit.

II

1. I passed into the mountain of lapis-lazuli, even as a green hawk between the pillars of turquoise that is seated upon the throne of the East.
2. So came I to Duant, the starry abode, and I heard voices crying aloud.
3. O Thou that sittest upon the Earth! (so spake a certain Veiled One to me) thou art not greater than thy mother! Thou speck of dust infinitesimal!
Thou art the Lord of Glory, and the unclean dog.
4. Stooping down, dipping my wings, I came unto the darkly-splendid abodes. There in that formless abyss was I made a partaker of the Mysteries Averse.
5. I suffered the deadly embrace of the Snake and of the Goat; I paid the infernal homage to the shame of Khem.
6. Therein was this virtue, that the One became the all.
7. Moreover I beheld a vision of a river. There was a little boat thereon; and in it under purple sails was a golden woman, an image of Asi wrought in finest gold. Also the river was of blood, and the boat of shining steel. Then I loved her; and, loosing my girdle, cast myself into the stream.
8. I gathered myself into the little boat, and for many days and nights did I love her, burning beautiful incense before her.
9. Yea! I gave her of the flower of my youth.
10. But she stirred not; only by my kisses I defiled her so that she turned to blackness before me.
11. Yet I worshipped her, and gave her of the flower of my youth.
12. Also it came to pass, that thereby she sickened, and corrupted before me. Almost I cast myself into the stream.
13. Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk of the stars, and her lips red and warm as the sunset, and her life of a white heat like the heat of the

midmost sun.

14. Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad.
15. The river also became the river of Amrit, and the little boat was the chariot of the flesh, and the sails thereof the blood of the heart that beareth me, that beareth me.
16. O serpent woman of the stars! I, even I, have fashioned Thee from a pale image of fine gold.
17. Also the Holy One came upon me, and I beheld a white swan floating in the blue.
18. Between its wings I sate, and the æons fled away.
19. Then the swan flew and dived and soared, yet no whither we went.
20. A little crazy boy that rode with me spake unto the swan, and said:
21. Who art thou that dost float and fly and dive and soar in the inane? Behold, these many æons have passed; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?
22. And laughing I chid him, saying: No whence! No whither!
23. The swan being silent, he answered: Then, if with no goal, why this eternal journey?
24. And I laid my head against the Head of the Swan, and laughed, saying: Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging? Is there not weariness and impatience for who would attain to some goal?
25. And the swan was ever silent. Ah! but we floated in the infinite Abyss. Joy! Joy!
White swan, bear thou ever me up between thy wings!
26. O silence! O rapture! O end of things visible and invisible! This is all mine, who am Not.
27. Radiant God! Let me fashion an image of gems and gold for Thee! that the people may cast it down and trample it to dust! That Thy glory may be seen of them.
28. Nor shall it be spoken in the markets that I am come who should come; but Thy coming shall be the one

word.

29. Thou shalt manifest Thyself in the unmanifest; in the secret places men shall meet with thee, and Thou shalt overcome them.
30. I saw a pale sad boy that lay upon the marble in the sunlight, and wept. By his side was the forgotten lute. Ah! but he wept.
31. Then came an eagle from the abyss of glory and overshadowed him. So black was the shadow that he was no more visible.
32. But I heard the lute lively discoursing through the blue still air.
33. Ah! messenger of the beloved One, let Thy shadow be over me!
34. Thy name is Death, it may be, or Shame, or Love.
So thou bringest me tidings of the Beloved One, I shall not ask thy name.
35. Where is now the Master? cry the little crazy boys.
He is dead! He is shamed! He is wedded! and their mockery shall ring round the world.
36. But the Master shall have had his reward.
The laughter of the mockers shall be a ripple in the hair of the Beloved One.
37. Behold! the Abyss of the Great Deep. Therein is a mighty dolphin, lashing his sides with the force of the waves.
38. There is also an harper of gold, playing infinite tunes.
39. Then the dolphin delighted therein, and put off his body, and became a bird.
40. The harper also laid aside his harp, and played infinite tunes upon the Pan-pipe.
41. Then the bird desired exceedingly this bliss, and laying down its wings became a faun of the forest.
42. The harper also laid down his Pan-pipe, and with the human voice sang his infinite tunes.
43. Then the faun was enraptured, and followed far: at last the harper was silent, and the faun became Pan in the midst of the primal forest of Eternity.
44. Thou canst not charm the dolphin with silence, O my

prophet!

45. Then the adept was rapt away in bliss, and the beyond of bliss, and exceeded the excess of excess.
46. Also his body shook and staggered with the burden of that bliss and that excess and that ultimate nameless.
47. They cried He is drunk or He is mad or He is in pain or He is about to die; and he heard them not.
48. O my Lord, my beloved! How shall I indite songs, when even the memory of the shadow of thy glory is a thing beyond all music of speech or of silence?
49. Behold! I am a man. Even a little child might not endure Thee. And lo!
50. I was alone in a great park, and by a certain hillock was a ring of deep enamelled grass wherein green-clad ones, most beautiful, played.
51. In their play I came even unto the land of Fairy Sleep.
All my thoughts were clad in green; most beautiful were they.
52. All night they danced and sang; but Thou art the morning, O my darling, my serpent that twinest Thee about this heart.
53. I am the heart, and Thou the serpent. Wind Thy coils closer about me, so that no light nor bliss may penetrate.
54. Crush out the blood of me, as a grape upon the tongue of a white Doric girl that languishes with her lover in the moonlight.
55. Then let the End awake. Long hast thou slept, O great God Terminus! Long ages hast thou waited at the end of the city and the roads thereof.
Awake Thou! wait no more!
56. Nay, Lord! but I am come to Thee. It is I that wait at last.
57. The prophet cried against the mountain; come thou hither, that I may speak with thee!
58. The mountain stirred not. Therefore went the prophet unto the mountain, and spake unto it. But the feet of the prophet were weary, and the mountain heard not his voice.
59. But I have called unto Thee, and I have journeyed unto Thee, and it availed me not.

60. I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning.
61. This now I know, O my beloved, and we are stretched at our ease among the vines.
62. But these thy prophets; they must cry aloud and scourge themselves; they must cross trackless wastes and unfathomed oceans; to await Thee is the end, not the beginning.
63. Let darkness cover up the writing! Let the scribe depart among his ways.
64. But thou and I are stretched at our ease among the vines; what is he?
65. O Thou beloved One! is there not an end? Nay, but there is an end. Awake! arise! gird up thy limbs, O thou runner; bear thou the Word unto the mighty cities, yea, unto the mighty cities.

III

1. Verily and Amen! I passed through the deep sea, and by the rivers of running water that abound therein, and I came unto the Land of No Desire.
2. Wherein was a white unicorn with a silver collar, whereon was graven the aphorism *Linea viridis gyrat universa*.
3. Then the word of Adonai came unto me by the mouth of the Magister mine, saying: O heart that art girt about with the coils of the old serpent, lift up thyself unto the mountain of initiation!
4. But I remembered. Yea, Than, yea, Theli, yea, Lilith! these three were about me from of old. For they are one.
5. Beautiful wast thou, O Lilith, thou serpent-woman!
6. Thou wast lithe and delicious to the taste, and thy perfume was of musk mingled with ambergris.
7. Close didst thou cling with thy coils unto the heart, and it was as the joy of all the spring.
8. But I beheld in thee a certain taint, even in that wherein I delighted.
9. I beheld in thee the taint of thy father the ape, of thy grandsire the Blind Worm of Slime.
10. I gazed upon the Crystal of the Future, and I saw the horror of the End of thee.
11. Further, I destroyed the time Past, and the time to Come—had I not the Power of the Sand-glass?
12. But in the very hour I beheld corruption.
13. Then I said: O my beloved, O Lord Adonai, I pray thee to loosen the coils of the serpent!
14. But she was closed fast upon me, so that my Force was stayed in its inception.
15. Also I prayed unto the Elephant God, the Lord of Beginnings, who breaketh down obstruction.

16. These gods came right quickly to mine aid. I beheld them; I joined myself unto them; I was lost in their vastness.
17. Then I beheld myself compassed about with the Infinite Circle of Emerald that encloseth the Universe.
18. O Snake of Emerald, Thou hast no time Past, no time To Come. Verily Thou art not.
19. Thou art delicious beyond all taste and touch, Thou art not-to-be-beheld for glory, Thy voice is beyond the Speech and the Silence and the Speech therein, and Thy perfume is of pure ambergris, that is not weighed against the finest gold of the fine gold.
20. Also Thy coils are of infinite range; the Heart that Thou dost encircle is an Universal Heart.
21. I, and Me, and Mine were sitting with lutes in the market-place of the great city, the city of the violets and the roses.
22. The night fell, and the music of the lutes was stilled.
23. The tempest arose, and the music of the lutes was stilled.
24. The hour passed, and the music of the lutes was stilled.
25. But Thou art Eternity and Space; Thou art Matter and Motion; and Thou art the negation of all these things.
26. For there is no Symbol of Thee.
27. If I say Come up upon the mountains! the celestial waters flow at my word. But thou art the Water beyond the waters.
28. The red three-angled heart hath been set up in Thy shrine; for the priests despised equally the shrine and the god.
29. Yet all the while Thou wast hidden therein, as the Lord of Silence is hidden in the buds of the lotus.
30. Thou art Sebek the crocodile against Asar; thou art Mati, the Slayer in the Deep. Thou art Typhon, the Wrath of the Elements, O Thou who transcendest the Forces in their Concourse and Cohesion, in their Death and their Disruption. Thou art Python, the terrible serpent about the end of all things!
31. I turned me about thrice in every way; and always I

came at the last unto Thee.

32. Many things I beheld mediate and immediate; but,
beholding them no more, I beheld Thee.
33. Come thou, O beloved One, O Lord God of the
Universe, O Vast One, O Minute One! I am Thy
beloved.
34. All day I sing of Thy delight; all night I delight in Thy
song.
35. There is no other day or night than this.
36. Thou art beyond the day and the night; I am Thyself, O
my Maker, my Master, my Mate!
37. I am like the little red dog that sitteth upon the knees of
the Unknown.
38. Thou hast brought me into great delight. Thou hast
given me of Thy flesh to eat and of Thy blood for an
offering of intoxication.
39. Thou hast fastened the fangs of Eternity in my soul, and
the Poison of the Infinite hath consumed me utterly.
40. I am become like a luscious devil of Italy; a fair strong
woman with worn cheeks, eaten out with hunger for
kisses. She hath played the harlot in divers palaces; she
hath given her body to the beasts.
41. She hath slain her kinsfolk with strong venom of toads;
she hath been scourged with many rods.
42. She hath been broken in pieces upon the Wheel; the
hands of the hangman have bound her unto it.
43. The fountains of water have been loosed upon her; she
hath struggled with exceeding torment.
44. She hath burst in sunder with the weight of the waters;
she hath sunk into the awful Sea.
45. So am I, O Adonai, my lord, and such are the waters of
Thine intolerable Essence.
46. So am I, O Adonai, my beloved, and Thou hast burst
me utterly in sunder.
47. I am shed out like spilt blood upon the mountains; the
Ravens of Dispersion have borne me utterly away.
48. Therefore is the seal unloosed, that guarded the Eighth

abyss; therefore is the vast sea as a veil; therefore is there a rending asunder of all things.

49. Yea, also verily Thou art the cool still water of the wizard fount. I have bathed in Thee, and lost me in Thy stillness.
50. That which went in as a brave boy of beautiful limbs cometh forth as a maiden, as a little child for perfection.
51. O Thou light and delight, ravish me away into the milky ocean of the stars!
52. O Thou Son of a light-transcending mother, blessed be Thy name, and the Name of Thy Name, throughout the ages!
53. Behold! I am a butterfly at the Source of Creation; let me die before the hour, falling dead into thine infinite stream!
54. Also the stream of the stars floweth ever majestic unto the Abode; bear me away upon the Bosom of Nuit!
55. This is the world of the waters of Maim; this is the bitter water that becometh sweet. Thou art beautiful and bitter, O golden one, O my Lord Adonai, O thou Abyss of Sapphire!
56. I follow Thee, and the waters of Death fight strenuously against me. I pass unto the Waters beyond Death and beyond Life.
57. How shall I answer the foolish man? In no way shall he come to the Identity of Thee!
58. But I am the Fool that heedeth not the Play of the Magician. Me doth the Woman of the Mysteries instruct in vain; I have burst the bonds of Love and of Power and of Worship.
59. Therefore is the Eagle made one with the Man, and the gallows of infamy dance with the fruit of the just.
60. I have descended, O my darling, into the black shining waters, and I have plucked Thee forth as a black pearl of infinite preciousness.
61. I have gone down, O my God, into the abyss of the all, and I have found Thee in the midst under the guise of No Thing.
62. But as Thou art the Last, Thou art also the Next, and as the Next do I reveal Thee to the multitude.

63. They that ever desired Thee shall obtain Thee, even at the End of their Desire.
64. Glorious, glorious, glorious art Thou, O my lover supernal, O Self of myself.
65. For I have found Thee alike in the Me and the Thee; there is no difference, O my beautiful, my desirable One! In the One and the Many have I found Thee; yea, I have found Thee.

IV

1. O crystal heart! I the Serpent clasp Thee; I drive home mine head into the central core of Thee, O God my beloved.
2. Even as on the resounding wind-swept heights of Mitylene some god-like woman casts aside the lyre, and with her locks aflame as an aureole, plunges into the wet heart of the creation, so I, O Lord my God!
3. There is a beauty unspeakable in this heart of corruption, where the flowers are aflame.
4. Ah me! but the thirst of Thy joy parches up this throat, so that I cannot sing.
5. I will make me a little boat of my tongue, and explore the unknown rivers. It may be that the everlasting salt may turn to sweetness, and that my life may be no longer athirst.
6. O ye that drink of the brine of your desire, ye are nigh to madness! Your torture increaseth as ye drink, yet still ye drink. Come up through the creeks to the fresh water; I shall be waiting for you with my kisses.
7. As the bezoar-stone that is found in the belly of the cow, so is my lover among lovers.
8. O honey boy! Bring me Thy cool limbs hither! Let us sit awhile in the orchard, until the sun go down! Let us feast on the cool grass! Bring wine, ye slaves, that the cheeks of my boy may flush red.
9. In the garden of immortal kisses, O thou brilliant One, shine forth! Make Thy mouth an opium-poppy, that one kiss is the key to the infinite sleep and lucid, the sleep of Shi-loh-am.
10. In my sleep I beheld the Universe like a clear crystal without one speck.
11. There are purse-proud penniless ones that stand at the door of the tavern and prate of their feats of wine-bibbing.
12. There are purse-proud penniless ones that stand at the door of the tavern and revile the guests.

13. The guests dally upon couches of mother-of-pearl in the garden; the noise of the foolish men is hidden from them.
14. Only the inn-keeper feareth lest the favour of the king be withdrawn from him.
15. Thus spake the Magister V.V.V.V.V. unto Adonai his God, as they played together in the starlight over against the deep black pool that is in the Holy Place of the Holy House beneath the Altar of the Holiest One.
16. But Adonai laughed, and played more languidly.
17. Then the scribe took note, and was glad. But Adonai had no fear of the Magician and his play.
For it was Adonai who had taught all his tricks to the Magician.
18. And the Magister entered into the play of the Magician. When the Magician laughed he laughed; all as a man should do.
19. And Adonai said: Thou art enmeshed in the web of the Magician. This He said subtly, to try him.
20. But the Magister gave the sign of the Magistry, and laughed back on Him: O Lord, O beloved, did these fingers relax on Thy curls, or these eyes turn away from Thine eye?
21. And Adonai delighted in him exceedingly.
22. Yea, O my master, thou art the beloved of the Beloved One; the Bennu Bird is set up in Philæ not in vain.
23. I who was the priestess of Ahathoor rejoice in your love. Arise, O Nile-God, and devour the holy place of the Cow of Heaven! Let the milk of the stars be drunk up by Sebek the dweller of Nile!
24. Arise, O serpent Apep, Thou art Adonai the beloved one! Thou art my darling and my lord, and Thy poison is sweeter than the kisses of Isis the mother of the Gods!
25. For Thou art He! Yea, Thou shalt swallow up Asi and Asar, and the children of Ptah. Thou shalt pour forth a flood of poison to destroy the works of the Magician. Only the Destroyer shall devour Thee; Thou shalt blacken his throat, wherein his spirit abideth. Ah, serpent Apep, but I love Thee!
26. My God! Let Thy secret fang pierce to the marrow of the little secret bone that I have kept against the Day of

Vengeance of Hoor-Ra. Let Kheph-Ra sound his sharded drone! let the jackals of Day and Night howl in the wilderness of Time! let the Towers of the Universe totter, and the guardians hasten away! For my Lord hath revealed Himself as a mighty serpent, and my heart is the blood of His body.

27. I am like a love-sick courtesan of Corinth. I have toyed with kings and captains, and made them my slaves. To-day I am the slave of the little asp of death; and who shall loosen our love?
28. Weary, weary! saith the scribe, who shall lead me to the sight of the Rapture of my master?
29. The body is weary and the soul is sore weary and sleep weighs down their eyelids; yet ever abides the sure consciousness of ecstasy, unknown, yet known in that its being is certain. O Lord, be my helper, and bring me to the bliss of the Beloved!
30. I came to the house of the Beloved, and the wine was like fire that flieth with green wings through the world of waters.
31. I felt the red lips of nature and the black lips of perfection. Like sisters they fondled me their little brother; they decked me out as a bride; they mounted me for Thy bridal chamber.
32. They fled away at Thy coming; I was alone before Thee.
33. I trembled at Thy coming, O my God, for Thy messenger was more terrible than the Death-star.
34. On the threshold stood the fulminant figure of Evil, the Horror of emptiness, with his ghastly eyes like poisonous wells. He stood, and the chamber was corrupt; the air stank. He was an old and gnarled fish more hideous than the shells of Abaddon.
35. He enveloped me with his demon tentacles; yea, the eight fears took hold upon me.
36. But I was anointed with the right sweet oil of the Magister; I slipped from the embrace as a stone from the sling of a boy of the woodlands.
37. I was smooth and hard as ivory; the horror gat no hold. Then at the noise of the wind of Thy coming he was dissolved away, and the abyss of the great void was unfolded before me.
38. Across the waveless sea of eternity Thou didst ride with

- Thy captains and Thy hosts; with Thy chariots and horsemen and spearmen didst Thou travel through the blue.
39. Before I saw Thee Thou wast already with me; I was smitten through by Thy marvellous spear.
40. I was stricken as a bird by the bolt of the thunderer; I was pierced as the thief by the Lord of the Garden.
41. O my Lord, let us sail upon the sea of blood!
42. There is a deep taint beneath the ineffable bliss; it is the taint of generation.
43. Yea, though the flower wave bright in the sunshine, the root is deep in the darkness of earth.
44. Praise to thee, O beautiful dark earth, thou art the mother of a million myriads of myriads of flowers.
45. Also I beheld my God, and the countenance of Him was a thousandfold brighter than the lightning. Yet in his heart I beheld the slow and dark One, the ancient one, the devourer of His children.
46. In the height and the abyss, O my beautiful, there is no thing, verily, there is no thing at all, that is not altogether and perfectly fashioned for Thy delight.
47. Light cleaveth unto Light, and filth to filth; with pride one contemneth another. But not Thou, who art all, and beyond it; who art absolved from the Division of the Shadows.
48. O day of Eternity, let Thy wave break in foamless glory of sapphire upon the laborious coral of our making!
49. We have made us a ring of glistening white sand, strewn wisely in the midst of the Delightful Ocean.
50. Let the palms of brilliance flower upon our island; we shall eat of their fruit, and be glad.
51. But for me the lustral water, the great ablution, the dissolving of the soul in that resounding abyss.
52. I have a little son like a wanton goat; my daughter is like an unfledged eaglet; they shall get them fins, that they may swim.
53. That they may swim, O my beloved, swim far in the warm honey of Thy being, O blessed one, O boy of beatitude!

54. This heart of mine is girt about with the serpent that devoureth his own coils.
55. When shall there be an end, O my darling, O when shall the Universe and the Lord thereof be utterly swallowed up?
56. Nay! who shall devour the Infinite? who shall undo the Wrong of the Beginning?
57. Thou criest like a white cat upon the roof of the Universe; there is none to answer Thee.
58. Thou art like a lonely pillar in the midst of the sea; there is none to behold Thee, O Thou who beholdest all!
59. Thou dost faint, thou dost fail, thou scribe; cried the desolate Voice; but I have filled thee with a wine whose savour thou knowest not.
60. It shall avail to make drunken the people of the old gray sphere that rolls in the infinite Far-off; they shall lap the wine as dogs that lap the blood of a beautiful courtesan pierced through by the Spear of a swift rider through the city.
61. I too am the Soul of the desert; thou shalt seek me yet again in the wilderness of sand.
62. At thy right hand a great lord and a comely; at thy left hand a woman clad in gossamer and gold and having the stars in her hair. Ye shall journey far into a land of pestilence and evil; ye shall encamp in the river of a foolish city forgotten; there shall ye meet with Me.
63. There will I make Mine habitation; as for bridal will I come bedecked and anointed; there shall the Consummation be accomplished.
64. O my darling, I also wait for the brilliance of the hour ineffable, when the universe shall be like a girdle for the midst of the ray of our love, extending beyond the permitted end of the endless One.
65. Then, O thou heart, will I the serpent eat thee wholly up; yea, I will eat thee wholly up.

V

1. Ah! my Lord Adonai, that dalliest with the Magister in the Treasure-House of Pearls, let me listen to the echo of your kisses.
2. Is not the starry heaven shaken as a leaf at the tremulous rapture of your love? Am not I the flying spark of light whirled away by the great wind of your perfection?
3. Yea, cried the Holy One, and from Thy spark will I the Lord kindle a great light; I will burn through the grey city in the old and desolate land; I will cleanse it from its great impurity.
4. And thou, O prophet, shalt see these things, and thou shalt heed them not.
5. Now is the Pillar established in the Void; now is Asi fulfilled of Asar; now is Hoor let down into the Animal Soul of Things like a fiery star that falleth upon the darkness of the earth.
6. Through the midnight thou art dropt, O my child, my conqueror, my sword-girt captain, O Hoor! and they shall find thee as a black gnarl'd glittering stone, and they shall worship thee.
7. My prophet shall prophesy concerning thee; around thee the maidens shall dance, and bright babes be born unto them. Thou shalt inspire the proud ones with infinite pride, and the humble ones with an ecstasy of abasement; all this shall transcend the Known and the Unknown with somewhat that hath no name. For it is as the abyss of the Arcanum that is opened in the secret Place of Silence.
8. Thou hast come hither, O my prophet, through grave paths. Thou hast eaten of the dung of the Abominable Ones; thou hast prostrated thyself before the Goat and the Crocodile; the evil men have made thee a plaything; thou hast wandered as a painted harlot, ravishing with sweet scent and Chinese colouring, in the streets; thou hast darkened thine eyepits with Kohl; thou hast tinted thy lips with vermilion; thou hast plastered thy cheeks with ivory enamels. Thou hast played the wanton in every gate and by-way of the great city. The men of the city have lusted after thee to abuse thee and to beat thee.

They have mouthed the golden spangles of fine dust wherewith thou didst bedeck thine hair; they have scourged the painted flesh of thee with their whips; thou hast suffered unspeakable things.

9. But I have burnt within thee as a pure flame without oil. In the midnight I was brighter than the moon; in the daytime I exceeded utterly the sun; in the byways of thy being I flamed, and dispelled the illusion.
10. Therefore thou art wholly pure before Me; therefore thou art My virgin unto eternity.
11. Therefore I love thee with surpassing love; therefore they that despise thee shall adore thee.
12. Thou shalt be lovely and pitiful toward them; thou shalt heal them of the unutterable evil.
13. They shall change in their destruction, even as two dark stars that crash together in the abyss, and blaze up in an infinite burning.
14. All this while did Adonai pierce my being with his sword that hath four blades; the blade of the thunderbolt, the blade of the Pylon, the blade of the serpent, the blade of the Phallus.
15. Also he taught me the holy unutterable word Ararita, so that I melted the sixfold gold into a single invisible point, whereof naught may be spoken.
16. For the Magistracy of this Opus is a secret magistracy; and the sign of the master thereof is a certain ring of lapis-lazuli with the name of my master, who am I, and the Eye in the Midst thereof.
17. Also He spake and said: This is a secret sign, and thou shalt not disclose it unto the profane, nor unto the neophyte, nor unto the zelator, nor unto the practicus, nor unto the philosophus, nor unto the lesser adept, nor unto the greater adept.
18. But unto the exempt adept thou shalt disclose thyself if thou have need of him for the lesser operations of thine art.
19. Accept the worship of the foolish people, whom thou hatest. The Fire is not defiled by the altars of the Ghebers, nor is the Moon contaminated by the incense of them that adore the Queen of Night.
20. Thou shalt dwell among the people as a precious diamond among cloudy diamonds, and crystals, and

pieces of glass. Only the eye of the just merchant shall behold thee, and plunging in his hand shall single thee out and glorify thee before men.

21. But thou shalt heed none of this. Thou shalt be ever the heart, and I the serpent will coil close about thee. My coil shall never relax throughout the æons. Neither change nor sorrow nor unsubstantiality shall have thee; for thou art passed beyond all these.
22. Even as the diamond shall glow red for the rose, and green for the rose-leaf; so shalt thou abide apart from the Impressions.
23. I am thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.
24. Also thou art beyond the stabilities of Being and of Consciousness and of Bliss; for I am thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.
25. Also thou shalt discourse of these things unto the man that writeth them, and he shall partake of them as a sacrament; for I who am thou am he, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.
26. From the Crown to the Abyss, so goeth it single and erect. Also the limitless sphere shall glow with the brilliance thereof.
27. Thou shalt rejoice in the pools of adorable water; thou shalt bedeck thy damsels with pearls of fecundity; thou shalt light flame like licking tongues of liquor of the Gods between the pools.
28. Also thou shalt convert the all-sweeping air into the winds of pale water, thou shalt transmute the earth into a blue abyss of wine.
29. Ruddy are the gleams of ruby and gold that sparkle therein; one drop shall intoxicate the Lord of the Gods my servant.
30. Also Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. saying: O my little one, my tender one, my little amorous one, my gazelle, my beautiful, my boy, let us fill up the pillar of the Infinite with an infinite kiss!
31. So that the stable was shaken and the unstable became still.
32. They that beheld it cried with a formidable affright: The end of things is come upon us.
33. And it was even so.

34. Also I was in the spirit vision and beheld a parricidal
pomp of atheists, coupled by two and by two in the
supernal ecstasy of the stars. They did laugh and rejoice
exceedingly, being clad in purple robes and drunken
with purple wine, and their whole soul was one purple
flower-flame of holiness.
35. They beheld not God; they beheld not the Image of
God; therefore were they arisen to the Palace of the
Splendour Ineffable. A sharp sword smote out before
them, and the worm Hope writhed in its death-agony
under their feet.
36. Even as their rapture shore asunder the visible Hope, so
also the Fear Invisible fled away and was no more.
37. O ye that are beyond Aormuzdi and Ahrimanes! blessed
are ye unto the ages.
38. They shaped Doubt as a sickle, and reaped the flowers
of Faith for their garlands.
39. They shaped Ecstasy as a spear, and pierced the ancient
dragon that sat upon the stagnant water.
40. Then the fresh springs were unloosed, that the folk
athirst might be at ease.
41. And again I was caught up into the presence of my Lord
Adonai, and the knowledge and Conversation of the
Holy One, the Angel that Guardeth me.
42. O Holy Exalted One, O Self beyond self, O
Self-Luminous Image of the Unimaginable Naught, O
my darling, my beautiful, come Thou forth and follow me.
43. Adonai, divine Adonai, let Adonai initiate refulgent
dalliance! Thus I concealed the name of Her name that
inspireth my rapture, the scent of whose body bewil-
dereth the soul, the light of whose soul abaseth this body
unto the beasts.
44. I have sucked out the blood with my lips; I have drained
Her beauty of its sustenance; I have abased Her before
me, I have mastered Her, I have possessed Her, and
Her life is within me. In Her blood I inscribe the
secret riddles of the Sphinx of the Gods, that none shall
understand, —save only the pure and voluptuous, the
chaste and obscene, the androgyne and the gynander that
have passed beyond the bars of the prison that the old
Slime of Khem set up in the Gates of Amennti.
45. O my adorable, my delicious one, all night will I pour

out the libation on Thine altars; all night will I burn the sacrifice of blood; all night will I swing the thurible of my delight before Thee, and the fervour of the orisons shall intoxicate Thy nostrils.

46. O Thou who camest from the land of the Elephant, girt about with the tiger's pell, and garlanded with the lotus of the spirit, do Thou inebriate my life with Thy madness, that She leap at my passing.
47. Bid Thy maidens who follow Thee bestrew us a bed of flowers immortal, that we may take our pleasure thereupon. Bid Thy satyrs heap thorns among the flowers, that we may take our pain thereupon. Let the pleasure and pain be mingled in one supreme offering unto the Lord Adonai!
48. Also I heard the voice of Adonai the Lord the desirable one concerning that which is beyond.
49. Let not the dwellers in Thebai and the temples thereof prate ever of the Pillars of Hercules and the Ocean of the West. Is not the Nile a beautiful water?
50. Let not the priest of Isis uncover the nakedness of Nuit, for every step is a death and a birth. The priest of Isis lifted the veil of Isis, and was slain by the kisses of her mouth. Then was he the priest of Nuit, and drank of the milk of the stars.
51. Let not the failure and the pain turn aside the worshippers. The foundations of the pyramid were hewn in the living rock ere sunset; did the king weep at dawn that the crown of the pyramid was yet unquarried in the distant land?
52. There was also an humming-bird that spake unto the horned cerastes, and prayed him for poison. And the great snake of Khem the Holy One, the royal Uræus serpent, answered him and said:
53. I sailed over the sky of Nu in the car called Millions-of-Years, and I saw not any creature upon Seb that was equal to me. The venom of my fang is the inheritance of my father, and of my father's father; and how shall I give it unto thee? Live thou and thy children as I and my fathers have lived, even unto an hundred millions of generations, and it may be that the mercy of the Mighty Ones may bestow upon thy children a drop of the poison of eld.
54. Then the humming-bird was afflicted in his spirit, and he flew unto the flowers, and it was as if naught had been spoken between them. Yet in a little while a

serpent struck him that he died.

55. But an Ibis that meditated upon the bank of Nile the beautiful god listened and heard. And he laid aside his Ibis ways, and became as a serpent, saying Peradventure in an hundred millions of millions of generations of my children, they shall attain to a drop of the poison of the fang of the Exalted One.
56. And behold! ere the moon waxed thrice he became an Uræus serpent, and the poison of the fang was established in him and his seed even for ever and for ever.
57. O thou Serpent Apep, my Lord Adonai, it is a speck of minutest time, this travelling through eternity, and in Thy sight the landmarks are of fair white marble untouched by the tool of the graver. Therefore thou art mine, even now and for ever and for everlasting. Amen.
58. Moreover, I heard the voice of Adonai: Seal up the book of the Heart and the Serpent; in the number five and sixty seal thou the holy book.
 As fine gold that is beaten into a diadem for the fair queen of Pharaoh, as great stones that are cemented together into the Pyramid of the ceremony of the Death of Asar, so do thou bind together the words and the deeds, so that in all is one Thought of Me thy delight Adonai.
59. And I answered and said: It is done even according unto Thy word. And it was done. And they that read the book and debated thereon passed into the desolate land of Barren Words. And they that sealed up the book into their blood were the chosen of Adonai, and the Thought of Adonai was a Word and a Deed; and they abode in the Land that the far-off travellers call Naught.
60. O land beyond honey and spice and all perfection! I will dwell therein with my Lord for ever.
61. And the Lord Adonai delighteth in me, and I bear the Cup of His gladness unto the weary ones of the old grey land.
62. They that drink thereof are smitten of disease; the abomination hath hold upon them, and their torment is like the thick black smoke of the evil abode.
63. But the chosen ones drank thereof, and became even as my Lord, my beautiful, my desirable one. There is no wine like unto this wine.

64. They are gathered together into a glowing heart, as Ra that gathereth his clouds about Him at eventide into a molten sea of Joy; and the snake that is the crown of Ra bindeth them about with the golden girdle of the death-kisses.
65. So also is the end of the book, and the Lord Adonai is about it on all sides like a Thunderbolt, and a Pylon, and a Snake, and a Phallus, and in the midst thereof He is like the Woman that jetteth out the milk of the stars from her paps; yea, the milk of the stars from her paps.

Hymn to Pan²⁰³

Thrill with lissome lust of the light,
 O man! My man!
 Come careering out of the night
 Of Pan! Io Pan!
 From Sicily and from Arcady!
 Roaming as Bacchus, with fauns and
 pards
 And nymphs and satyrs for thy
 guards,
 On a milk-white ass, come over the
 sea
 To me, to me,
 Come with Apollo in bridal dress
 (Shepherdess and pythoness)
 Come with Artemis, silken shod,
 And wash thy white thigh, beautiful
 God,
 In the moon of the woods, on the
 marble mount,
 The dimpled dawn of the amber
 fount!
 Dip the purple of passionate prayer
 In the crimson shrine, the scarlet
 snare,
 The soul that startles in eyes of blue
 To watch thy wantonness weeping
 through
 The tangled grove, the gnarled bole
 Of the living tree that is spirit and soul
 And body and brain—come over the
 sea,
 (Io Pan! Io Pan!)
 Devil or god, to me, to me,

My man! my man!
 Come with trumpets sounding shrill
 Over the hill!
 Come with drums flow muttering
 From the spring!
 Come with flute and come with pipe!
 Am I not ripe?
 I, who wait and writhe and wrestle
 With air that hath no boughs to nestle
 My body, weary of empty clasp,
 Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp—
 Come, O come!
 I am numb
 With the lonely lust of devildom.
 Thrust the sword through the galling
 fetter,
 All-devourer, all-begetter;
 Give me the sign of the Open Eye,
 And the token erect of thorny thigh,
 And the word of madness and
 mystery,
 O Pan! Io Pan!
 Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,
 I am a man:
 Do as thou wilt, as a great god can,
 O Pan! Io Pan!
 Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake
 in the grip of the snake.
 The eagle slashes with beak and claw;
 The gods withdraw:
 The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am
 borne
 To death on the horn
 Of the Unicorn.
 I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!
 I am thy mate, I am thy man,

Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am
god,
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to
equinox.
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I
rend
Everlasting, world without end,
Mannikin, maiden, Maenad, man,
In the might of Pan.
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!

La Gitana²⁰⁴

YOUR hair was full of roses in the dewfall as we danced,
The sorceress enchanting and the paladin entranced,
In the starlight as we wove us in a web of silk and steel
Immemorial as the marble in the halls of Boabdil,
In the pleasaunce of the roses with the fountains and the yews
Where the snowy Sierra soothed us with the breezes and the dews!
In the starlight as we trembled from a laugh to a caress
And the god came warm upon us in our pagan allegresse.
Was the Baille de la Bona too seductive? Did you feel
Through the silence and the softness all the tension of the steel?
For your hair was full of roses, and my flesh was full of thorns,
And the midnight came upon us worth a million crazy morns.
Ah! my Gipsy, my Gitana, my Saliya! were you fain
For the dance to turn to earnest? —O the sunny land of Spain!
My Gitana, my Saliya! more delicious than a dove!
With your hair aflame with roses and your lips alight with love!
Shall I see you, shall I kiss you once again? I wander far
From the sunny land of summer to the icy Polar Star.
I shall find you, I shall have you! I am coming back again
From the filth and fog to seek you in the sunny land of Spain.
I shall find you, my Gitana, my Saliya! as of old
With your hair aflame with roses and your body gay with gold.
I shall find you, I shall have you, in the summer and the south
With our passion in your body and our love upon your mouth—
With our wonder and our worship be the world aflame anew!
My Gitana, my Saliya! I am coming back to you!

Notes Used in Section Two

¹ Aleister Crowley, The Confessions of Aleister Crowley (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979), p. 816.

² Crowley, The Confessions 779.

³ Susan Roberts, The Magician of the Golden Dawn (Chicago: Contemporary Books, 1978), p. 212.

⁴ Clifford Bax, Some I Knew Well (London: Phoenix House Limited, 1951), p. 54.

⁵ [?] Mrs Emelie Tracy Y. Swett Parkhurst 1863-92: American poetess and author.

⁶ According to the 1982 Ordnance Survey Atlas of Britain, there is no such village as Knobsworthy Bottoms.

⁷ A 13th century Italian troubadour.

⁸ Gaius Valerius Catullus, 84? - 54 B.C. Roman lyric poet whose poems are mainly addressed to one "Lesbia."

⁹ The sacred shrine of Islam in the middle of the great mosque at Mecca.

¹⁰ My goddess.

¹¹ Lt.-Col. Gormley who, according to the *Confessions* (416) was a masochist, obsessed with 'obscene' language. He eventually married A.C.'s first wife Rose (née Kelly).

¹² The following are all descriptive terms in classical rhetoric.

¹³ Absinthe, a narcotic liqueur made from wormwood.

¹⁴ The Harrison Narcotic Act (1914) sought to limit the use and distribution of narcotic drugs to medical purposes by a system of registering specified classes of legitimate users.

¹⁵ One of his 'eccentric' mistresses (?) she is mentioned in his diary "Rex de Arte Regia," 3 Aug., 1916 & ff.; "The Magical Record of the Beast," 31 May 1920.

¹⁶ A confusion between buttons from the mescal cactus, which release mescaline when chewed and the drink mescal, which is made from pulque.

¹⁷ "Lilian" is described in "Rex de Arte Regia" as 'a short, plump young nigger whore,' 16 June, 1916.

¹⁸ Isaac Ben Solomon Luria, Ashkenazi (the German) 1534-72: Qabbalist and student of the Zohar

¹⁹ These are methods of searching for hidden meaning in holy texts by converting text into number (Hebrew, Greek etc. use letters as numerals) and then substituting like for like.

²⁰ Lola Auguste Grumbacher, née Oliviera. See "Rex de Arte Regia" 26 Jan., 1916.

²¹ Greek: Chrysos = gold; Stoma = mouth

- 22 Daffodil or Narcissus.
- 23 Urdu/Hindi for "Tiny -?" an uncertain and ideomatic usage.
- 24 The English wife of Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, Eurasian critic of religion and art; one of A.C.'s mistresses—with her husband's consent. See Crowley, The Confessions 773-4.
- 25 The filmsque directions may relate to the influence of a cinema personage whom he met on one of his sojourns to New York. See chapter forty-nine for further details.
- 26 There are many possibilities in this name: Helen Marshall, "Rex de Arte Regia" 05/03/15 described as an Irish-American prostitute with Taurus rising, a cheerful comfortable girl. Helen Hujus is described in the same diary on 06/27/17, and both Helen Hollis and Helen Westley in the "Magical Record of the Beast," 05/31/20
- 27 Laylah spelled this way is certainly his "Scarlet Woman" Leila Bathurst née Waddell
- 28 "Guardian of the Illuminated Ones"
- 29 Adam Weishaupt 1748 - 1830: German philosopher and founder of the Illuminati.
- 30 The Muse of history.
- 31 Pleasing, but dangerous, bewitching; as in C. opium.
- 32 Laurence Sterne 1713 - 68: Irish satirist, author of Tristram Shandy. See chap. MV. Sterne's absurdism and digressions mirror Crowley's . . . or vice versa.
- 33 Charles W. Leadbeater 1847-1934: A member of the clergy of the Church of England who became a Theosophist in 1883; subsequently became a teacher, lecturer and writer for the society while working with Olcott and H.P.B. in India.
- 34 Chas. Pathé 1863-1957: French film pioneer and inaugurator of the newsreel.
- 35 A.C. was born in 1875 in Leamington, Warwickshire.
- 36 A.C.'s mother was Emily Bertha Crowley, née Bishop
- 37 See Crowley, The Confessions 47.
- 38 As a comparison, see Crowley's account of his hermaphroditism; Crowley, The Confessions 45.
- 39 Latin: lightning.
- 40 Latin: whip.
- 41 Sir Rabindranath Tagore 1861-1941: Indian poet and philosopher who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1913.
- 42 Perhaps from Fatima, youngest daughter of Mohammed, wife of Ali.
- 43 From the names that can be traced, these are mistresses and/or prostitutes.

44 Seigneur Charles de Baatz d'Artagnan: the chief character in Dumas' The Three Musketeers.

45 The pen name of François Rabelais.

46 According to A.C., the 'Great American Artist,' his real name was Stanley Adamson. See Crowley, The Confessions 354-55.

47 An old friend of A.C.'s, once a member of his order, the A.: A.:

48 One of his mistresses, mentioned in "The Magical Record of the Beast," 05/31/20.

49 "Rex de Arte Regia" 09/03/14; she is described as a respectably married woman—whom A.C. seduced.

50 "Rex de Arte Regia" 09/06/14: Christine Rosalie Byrne, a piccadilly prostitute.

51 Victor Neuburg, an important disciple of A.C.'s.

52 Enoch Arnold Bennett 1867-1931: English novelist and dramatist.

53 Pseud. of Mary MacKay 1855-1924: English novelist.

54 Elinor Glyn née Sutherland 1864-1943: Canadian born British novelist.

55 Mary Augusta Ward née Arnold 1851-1920: English novelist, niece of Matthew Arnold.

56 Sir Thomas Henry Hall Caine 1853-1931: English novelist.

57 Baron Richard von Krafft-Ebing 1840-1902: German neurologist. A.C.'s White Stains is a rebuttal to his Psychopathia Sexualis.

58 Baron Karl Schrenck auf Notzing 1806-84: German statesman.

59 Henry Havelock Ellis 1859-1939: English scientist and man of letters who conducted research into the psychology and sociology of human sexuality.

60 Leopold von Sacher-Masoch 1836-95: German novelist who dealt with masochism and other abnormalities.

61 "Shit! I gave my lint" (?)

62 A family of British [newspaper] publishers and politicians.

63 John St. Loe Strachey 1860-1927: English journalist and editor of the "Spectator."

64 The editor of the "English Review."

65 Surgeon

66 In other words, incising the skin in order to uncover the nerve.

67 Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Magister Chirurgiae [master surgeon].

68 Cutting into and/or removing the penis; whether castration or circumcision is indicated is rather up in the air.

69 "Cut off all."

70 With a strong glottal stop, a sound like a retch.

71 Arousing. The word means that which causes blistering, but has an especial reference to the purported aphrodesiac Spanish Fly.

72 Whether he refers here to the Irish song of this name [about a beautiful coquette], or the sex scandal during the time of Andrew Jackson with Margaret O'neil Eaton is unclear.

73 Jeanne Robert Foster née Oliver [Hilarion]. This most probably refers to the account of A.C.'s "honeymoon" which they took—along with her husband! See Crowley, The Confessions 768.

74 Perhaps Herbert Charles Jerome Pollitt, one of A.C.'s friends at Cambridge, and with whom he had his first real homosexual relationship. See Crowley, The Confessions 142.

75 Like an oyster.

76 Crowley, The Confessions 49.

77 Vulgar Italian for "Mister Scrotum."

78 Vulgar Spanish for "Mister Testicle."

79 More properly spelled "Poppaea." Porphyria is an honorific meaning "the shining;" Poppaea herself was the wife of Otho, Roman governor of Portugal, and a noted beauty of her time. The emperor Nero "annexed" her for his own use.

80 From H. H. Asquith (afterwards Earl of Oxford and Asquith) Liberal prime minister of Great Britain from 1908-16.

81 From the Greek βορβορυγμός, that is, a rumbling in the bowels.

82 "Rex de Arte Regia" 05/28/17: a half Irish, half Japanese prostitute.

83 "Not a single morsel [left] behind."

84 One of A.C.'s mistresses mentioned in "The Magical Record of the Beast" 05/31/20.

85 A strong Turkish tobacco.

86 "From the netherworld" or "from hell."

87 Allah the beneficent.

88 See Crowley, The Confessions 107.

89 "Over all."

⁹⁰ Louis Umfreville Wilkinson 1881-1966 (also Louis Marlow): English lecturer, novelist, biographer and editor. A.C.'s best friend for the last forty years of his life. See Marlow, Louis. Seven Friends. London: The Richards Press, 1953. for a detailed anecdotal account. For an account with something of a different flavor, see his son's work: Oliver Marlow Wilkinson, "Aleister Crowley Rest In ?" in Dark Dimensions, Ed. Colin Wilson, (New York: Everest House, 1977), pp. 101-17.

⁹¹ Sir James Outram 1803-63: British soldier, the "Bayard of India."

⁹² Guineas or Guineas Sterling, then about \$225, something over ten times that today, figuring on the fluctuation of the gold standard.

⁹³ The following seems to be an extended anecdote played off the affair with Rose Crowley and Lt.-Col. Gormley.

⁹⁴ A rich heiress in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

⁹⁵ A.C. has done something odd here. In English this word relates to a genus of herbs related to the thistle. The Greek is possibly from Κυνάς or Κυνάριον—a dog. This would seem, then to indicate Katherine Miller.

⁹⁶ This is apparently A.C.'s bawdy translation of 2 Cor. 12, 15: "Ego autem libentissime impendam et superimpendar ipse pro animabus vestris."

⁹⁷ Anthelme Brillat-Savarin 1755-1826: French gastronome.

⁹⁸ Stomach.

⁹⁹ Gout squared. Podagra is gout when it occurs in the foot.

¹⁰⁰ Apparently some sort of a cocktail (a Crowlean Pan-Galactic-Gargle-Blaster?); the O.E.D. has nothing to say about this.

¹⁰¹ Frank Harris 1856-1931: An acquaintance of A.C.'s; a British journalist with a reputation as a liar, a boaster an adventurer and a philanderer. For an account of him, consult Wilkinson's [Marlow's] Seven Friends.

¹⁰² "Who doubts—huh?"

¹⁰³ "All rash human people shall be overthrown by the forbidden truth —libel!"

¹⁰⁴ "From the friendship of Frank Harris."

¹⁰⁵ Walter Pater (1839-94): English critic and scholar at Oxford whose influence was slightly frowned upon because of his advocated philosophy of cultivated hedonism.

¹⁰⁶ There are numerous accounts of A.C.'s climbing exploits which are to be found in the Confessions and elsewhere.

¹⁰⁷ "Hole."

¹⁰⁸ "With a second meaning."

¹⁰⁹ παντα = all; περ = Dor. περ or ποψ or Ion. κη = about [all] ; in some way or

another connected to all.

110 "The little woman will show us up [win out] in the end."

111 "Terribleness"

112 "Once out of the egg, one tends to evil."

113 "A woman abandons all [and descends to her level] into a fish."

114 "No one understands all."

115 "From below -?-" No, he doesn't have the Latin right.

116 Rupert Chawner Brooke 1887-1915: English poet whose works were especially popular with young people in the inter-war period.

117 A further reference to Louis Umfraville Wilkinson.

118 "Every form [or everyone affected] by a sick mind loves writing."

119 Edwin Clayhanger, the hero of Arnold Bennett's novel Clayhanger (one of a trilogy). A poor boy who becomes successful and loves, loses and is reunited with Hilda Lessways.

120 "Pox, and other than she, nothing at all."

121 Either "And many plums" or "And many prunes," presumably the latter.

122 Legendary princess of Athens, violated by her sister's husband.

123 A boy who was loved by Apollo, but accidentally killed.

124 A chaste youth, son of Theseus, whose stepmother (Phaedra) tried to seduce him, and afterwards caused him to be killed.

125 For the events surrounding this story, see Crowley, The Confessions 779.

126 Leon Engars Kennedy. See Crowley, The Confessions 778.

127 "Long live the madness!"

128 Prophetic. This is exactly what Israel Regardie has attempted to do. See Regardie, Israel. The Eye in the Triangle: an Interpretation of Aleister Crowley. Phoenix: Falcon Press, 1986.

129 "Virgin-childlike"

130 Literally this reads "Outside [the] boundries [of the] whole 2000 [year old] shining [or all encompassing] Church of the great holy Mary."

131 Antoine Watteau 1684-1721: French Painter.

132 Jean Baptiste Camille Corot 1796-1875: French landscapist.

133 "Now is the time of drinking, now is the time for dancing on the pulsing earth."

134 Waslaw Nijinsky 1890-1950: Russian ballet dancer of Polish descent, famous for his sustained leaps.

135 A clinometer measures the degree of slope. Therefore $\cotangent\ 90^\circ = 0^\circ$; i.e. when she was on her back.

136 John Boyd Dunlop 1840-1921: Scottish inventor, credited with the patent of the pneumatic tire. The "Humber," then, is apparently an automobile.

137 "Alas it is fled! It is the end of May!"

138 See Crowley, The Confessions 115.

139 "All forms of diseased mind love wisdom."

140 Arthur Machen 1863-1947: English novelist and essayist whom Crowley most probably met during his association with the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, where the former was known by the motto "Avallaunius."

141 John Cowper Powys 1872-1963: British novelist, poet and critic. There is a chapter devoted to him in Wilkinson's Seven Friends.

142 A mild laxative.

143 Elsie Edwards (?) mentioned in "Rex de Arte Regia" 11/14/14.

144 Ironically, see his comment in regards to Browning in chapter MV.

145 Cows.

146 This is probably a spoof on E.A. Wallis Budge, who is reputed to have been (until 1928) a member of the Golden Dawn; see Ithell Colquhoun, Sword of Wisdom MacGregor Mathers and "The Golden Dawn" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1975), p. 140. Apparently Budge, along with others such as Rev. Arthur Hugh Evelyn Lee [editor of the *Oxford Book of Mystical Verse*] and a certain Thomas Trueman held meetings in one of the rooms behind the great doors halfway up the staircase leading from the main Egyptian Hall of the British Museum.

147 Also Bunyup: the Aboriginal name for a fabulous monster inhabiting the swamps of the Australian interior; also coll. used in Australia to mean an imposter.

148 In Roman mythology, Egeria was a nymph from whom King Numa Pompilius received instruction in regard to religious institutions.

149 Either Matt. 21:44 or Luke 20:18.

150 Κοπρος = Κοπρία = Dungheap; Ο = the, (article); θεος = God: the shitpile god, or god of the shitpile.

151 Κυπρις = Cypris, and hence a title of the goddess Aphrodite. This is a pun upon the two words (see above), Κυπρις and Κοπρος or Κοπριζω, dung, ordure, manure.

152 Presumably a Nereid, one of the many daughters of Nereus; a sea nymph is typically shown playing in the waves with the strands of their hair floating free about her.

153 This is Elizabethan in character and sounds very much like many statements in the poetry of Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), but may also be simply a compilation of "Grand Exit Lines" of the same type.

154 "Tossed off body society."

155 Stanford White 1853-1906: American architect.

156 Lilian Russell 1861-1922: American vocalist and 'beauty.'

157 Euphemia Lambe: mentioned in Crowley, The Confessions 573 ff. as well as "The Magical Record of the Beast," 05/31/20.

158 "Hail Virgin, full of grace."

159 In other words, A.C.'s aquatic experience was mainly gained in small boats on his Asian journeys (Indus) and while he was at university (Cam).

160 "By Bacchus."

161 Lavinia King, a character in his novel Moonchild, modeled after Isadora Duncan, a good friend of his "Scarlet Woman" Mary d'Esté Sturges (magical name: Virakam).

162 A pun off of Zanoni, a novel by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton which A.C. found valuable for its facts and suggestions about mysticism.

163 Lytton, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, 1st Baron of Knebworth 1803-73: English novelist and dramatist.

164 Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb 1876-1944: American journalist, humorist and dramatic writer. His autobiography (1941) is entitled Exit Laughing.

165 For a description of T[hrice] H[oly] T[hrice] I[lluminated] T[hrice] I[Hustrious] Soror Aimée Crocker Gouraud, IX° O.T.O., see "Rex de Arte Regia," 01/30/15.

166 "Long live the cordial of understanding," presumably absinthe.

167 34?

168 "It is, only to begin again."

169 Frank Harris again. This episode is apparently a spoof based upon his legendary boasting.

170 "The cheese of Mr. cheese," i.e., romano cheese.

171 "Besides the tarts! Shit on New York!"

172 Perhaps the "Saida" mentioned 05/31/20 in "The Magical Record of the Beast."

173 Eugénie de Montijo (1826-1920): Spanish countess and wife of Napoleon III.

174 Wm. Ewart Gladstone (1809-98): British statesman (one of the most successful and influential ever) and author.

175 Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881): Scottish essayist and historian, perhaps best known for his French Revolution (1837) and Sartor Resartus (1833-4).

176 Edward VII; Albert Edward of the house of Saxe-Coburg (1841-1910).

177 Emily Charlotte Langtry née Le Breton (1852-1929): British actress, born in Jersey, one of the most noted beauties of her time. Also known as Lillie Langtry (the Jersey Lily).

178 "Come over here. Ned, my love, what's the problem?"

179 "Thunder and lightning, the damned pig-head!"

180 It is hardly possible, or perhaps this is all part of the joke A.C. is having on Frank Harris' style, but the Lady Devonshire here indicated seems to be Georgiana (1757-1806), daughter of the 1st Earl Spencer and wife of the 5th duke of Devonshire. She was a society figure and beauty [in her time] of renown, a friend of Fox, Selwyn, Sheridan and Dr. Johnson.

181 The first word of this series has either been misinscribed by A.C., or simply made up. It is certainly not Greek, at least in this form. The remainder is a title: the "deathless" Aphrodite.

182 For a satirical account which carries the flavor of A.C.'s attitude toward Queen Victoria, see capitulum IV: Starr, Martin P., ed. The Nameless Novel, by Aleister Crowley, (Chicago: The Teitan Press, 1986), p. 43-50. This is part one of Snowdrops from a Curates Garden.

183 Since nearly every other time in this manuscript, a proper name has meaning (even as a lampoon), it may be that the person in question is John Thomas 1805-71: English physician and religious leader who founded the Christadelphian sect (c. 1850) in the United States. On the other hand, Crowley may be punning off of the English euphemism for penis; or both.

184 See notes in chapter ten, "Lampada Tradam."

185 Lochawe, Strathclyde; not to be confused with the nearby Loch Awe.

186 See the Crowley, The Confessions 779 for the full story.

187 According to Louis Wilkinson (Marlow) in Seven Friends (p. 56), A.C. genuinely admired Browning.

188 Maitland Ambrose Payne. See Crowley, The Confessions 781.

189 Where he had a number of homosexual encounters. See "Rex de Arte Regia," 05/22/15 ff.

190 The Phallus. Osiris was chopped into several pieces by Set, but his wife Isis recovered them all—except the phallus (*not* penis, as this [phallus] is distinguished as a symbol of the godhead)—and fashioned for him an enchanted replacement.

191 For a fuller account, see Crowley, The Confessions 781.

192 Katherine Miller

193 Hilarion, also known as the Cat was one of his many mistresses, a.k.a. Jane Foster. See Crowley, The Confessions 798-801.

194 An obsolete rendering of "chow," i.e. chow-chow. This is his mistress mentioned above, Anna Katherine (also Catherine) Miller, whom he nicknamed "the Dog." See Crowley, The Confessions 781 and "Rex de Arte Regia," 08/14/17.

195 [H]Elena Petrovna Blavatsky née Helena Hahn (1831-1891): Russian traveler and spiritist, co-organizer (along with Henry Steel Olcott) of the Theosophical Society in 1875.

196 Sanskrit "consciousness."

197 An early aspiration of Crowley's; see Crowley, The Confessions 115.

198 Circa September 28, 1917 according to his diaries.

199 Read as "Vagina."

200 Aleister Crowley, "The King-Ghost," in *Gargoyles*, in The Works of Aleister Crowley, (Foyers, 1905; rpt. n.p.: Yogi, n.d.), III, pp. 107-08. Composed, mostly on horseback, on the journey from Teng Yuch to Meng-Tse.

201 Aleister Crowley, "AHA!," in The Equinox (London: 1910; rpt. New York: Samuel Weiser, 1978), I, 3, pp. 9-54.

202 Aleister Crowley, "Liber LXV," in The Holy Books of Thelema (York Beach, ME: Samuel Weiser, 1988), pp. 51-83.

203 Aleister Crowley, "Hymn to Pan," in Olla (London: O. T. O., 1946; rpt. San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), pp. 127-8.

204 Aleister Crowley, "La Gitana," in Olla (London: O. T. O., 1946; rpt. San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), pp. 116-7.

The Moralist¹

For AUGUSTUS

"Il faut être toujours s----"
Charles Baudelaire

Delaying to do the thing that's right
Is as bad as having a funk on;
Then why should we wait till
Saturday night
To get all kinds of a drunk on?
With brandy a century old in sight,
Why should we wait till Saturday
night?

If I haven't a house on the Grand
Parade,
I'll build me a hut of wattle.
The corkscrew seems to have got
mislaid?
Then smash the neck of the bottle!
Courage and will and a whack will
aid,
Though the corkscrew seems to have
got mislaid.

Anatomists say that a single wing
Isn't much for a bird to fly on.
There's not much ginger about the
spring
Of the fiercest one-legged lion.
Another bottle's the obvious thing
To get the ginger into our spring.

Beloved brethren, listen to me!
If there's one truth of divinity

Clear, it's the virtue there is in Three,
And I myself was at Trinity.
The least we can do is to seek and see
The virtues hid in the Number Three.

If much be good, then better is more,
As any logician will prove you;
It's only a step from Three to Four;
May the argument's lever move
you!
It's simply illogical not to explore
The little bit on from Three to Four.

On bread alone though a man can't
thrive,
Saint Luke says nothing of
brandy;
It may be the thing to keep us alive,
And I see there's a bottle handy.
Open it, Bill! That's only Five.
It may be the thing to keep us alive.

The Road of Excess, said William
Blake,
To the Palace of Wisdom leads
one;
Open a bottle for Wisdom's sake!
And I am the boy that needs one.
It's a long, long way, but it's good to
take—
Open a bottle for Mishter Blake!

At the door of Burgess' Fish Sauce
Shop
She stood, Oh, how does it go,
boys?

Well, "truly rural" will do for the
cop,

If you say it quiet and slow,
boys.

Why the devil should anyone stop,
When "truly rural" will do for the
cop?

I d'know 'f 't struck you, i'
shtruck me

Th'was somethin' wrong with the
pheasanf.

Say, how would a little dring,
maybe—

You'know, 'void an'thing
'npleasant?
Say, doctor, d'you prescribe it,
shee?
W'd'y' think, lil drink, maybe?

'Fence o'th' Realm Act, I'm no fool,
All tha', Tha's ri', damnation!
'Member, 'n I wazza boy a' school,
A-Thanks, Ol' top, jus' trench
ration

Zhero—overra top'sh my rule—
'Member, 'n I wazza boy a' school—
—

A Toast²

(Battle of the River Plate)

To Those Brave Men
For all their comrades

Sinking merchant-men is fun;
Chivalry is senseless,
Prove your honour as a Hun,
Murder the defenseless!

Chorus—

*Horse and bridle, whip and
spur!*

*Give the Hun the Willies!
Gentlemen! Exeter,
Ajax and Achilles!*

Noble Nordic deeds we've
done,

(Baby-killing German!)
Bomb them every mother's
son,
Jewish-English vermin!

(Chorus)

Cruiser sighted—time to run!
Well! there's one way
surer;
Scuttle quick and say we
won,
Trusting to the Führer!

(Chorus)

England, Stand Fast!³

To Winston Spencer Churchill
For my people

England, stand fast! Stand fast
against the foe!

They struck the first blow: we
shall strike the last.

Peace at the price of Freedom? We
say No.

England, stand fast!

The earth hurls thunderbolts; the sea
spurts death;

The skies drop murder; hell itself
aghast!

Answer, with steady eye and easy
breath!

England, stand fast!

England, the centuries have not sent
thee shame.

Tamer of tyrants, from thy purple
past

Thy heroes call thee, from their
heaven of fame:

England, stand fast!

England, resistless as the gales that
sweep

Thy seas, and free as their
rejoicing blast,
Roll forth again defiance o'er the
deep;

England, stand fast!

Wide-winged, see Victory flaming
from the prow,

The colours nailed upon the
plunging mast!

We have no cur or slave to follow
now.

England, stand fast!

By the strong soul of manhood firm
and free,

By thy high deeds of honour not
surpassed,

By all the valours that are yet to be,

England, stand fast!

England, stand fast! We made the
brave man's choice.

We staked our all upon the single
cast.

Winning or dying, let the heart
rejoice:

England, stand fast!

England, one soul of steel, one heart
of oak,

One voice of silver, sound thy
trumpet-blast!

Pass round the watchword through
the battle smoke;

England, stand fast!

Logos⁴

Out of the night forth flamed a star—mine own!
 Now seventy light-years nearer as I urge
Constant mine heart through the abyss unknown,
 In glory my sole guide while spaces surge
About me. Seventy light-years! As I near
 That gate of light that men call death, its cold
Pale gleam begins to pulse, a throbbing sphere,
 Systole and diastole of eager gold,
New life immortal, warmth of passion bleed
 Till night's black velvet burn to crimson. Hark!
It is Thy voice, Thy word, the secret seed
 Of rapture that admonishes the dark.
Swift! By necessity most righteous drawn,
Hermes; authentic augur of the dawn!

Netherwood, The Ridge, Hastings.

1946.

Thanatos Basileos⁵

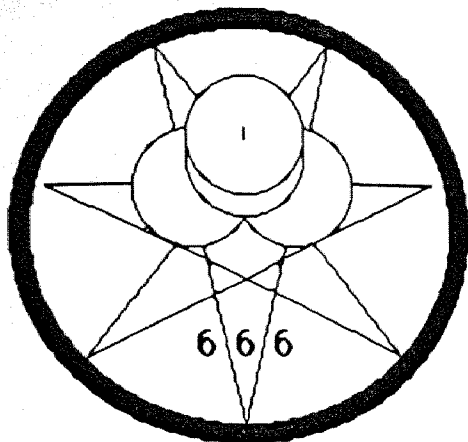
The serpent dips his head beneath the sea
His mother, source of all his energy
Eternal, thence to draw the strength he needs
On earth to do indomitable deeds
Once more; and they, who saw but understood
Naught of his nature of beatitude
Were awed: they murmured with abated breath;
Alas the Master; so he sinks in death.
But whoso knows the mystery of man
Sees life and death as curves of one same plan.

Netherwood, The Ridge, Hastings

1946.

Liber 77: OZ⁶

Liber LXXVII



"the law of
the strong:
this is our law
and the joy
of the world."

AL. II. 21

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

—AL. I. 40.

"thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no other
shall say nay." —AL. I. 42-3.

"Every man and every woman is a star." —AL. I.3.

There is no god but man.

1. Man has the right to live by his own law—

to live in the way that he wills to do:

to work as he will:

to play as he will:

to rest as he will;

to die when and how he will.

2. Man has the right to eat what he will:

to drink what he will:

to dwell where he will:

to move as he will on the face of the earth.

3. Man has the right to think what he will:

to speak what he will:

to write what he will:

to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he will:

to dress as he will:

4. Man has the right to love as he will:

“take your fill and will of love as ye will,

when, where, and with whom ye will.” —AL. I. 51.

5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart these rights.

“the slaves shall serve.” —AL. II. 58.

“Love is the law, love under will.” —AL. I. 57.

Notes Used in Section Three

¹ Aleister Crowley, "The Moralist," in Temperance a Tract for the Times (London: O. T. O., 1939; rpt. Berkeley: O. T. O., 1985), 5-7.

² Aleister Crowley, "A Toast," in Thumbs Up! (London: Chiswick, 1941), p. 6.

³ Aleister Crowley, "England, Stand Fast!," in Thumbs Up! (London: Chiswick, 1941), p. 4-5.

⁴ Aleister Crowley, "Logos," in Olla (London: O. T. O., 1946; rpt. San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), p. 103.

⁵ Aleister Crowley, "Thanatos Basileos," in Olla (London: O. T. O., 1946; rpt. San Francisco: Stellar Visions, 1986), p. 119.

⁶ Aleister Crowley, Liber LXXVII (OZ): The Rights of Man, (n.p.: n.d.) Typescript taken from the O.T.O. electronic data network and in possession of the author.